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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1899.

VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARÎM.)

CHAPTER X.

SUNDAY in modern Cairo is a very festive day, and Captain Fitzroy was not the sort of man to suffer from too much leisure for lack of engagements; but he had never looked forward to anything so eagerly as to the prospect opened to him by Margaret Grey's letter. It did not strike him that the note was stiff; that seemed only a natural consequence of the use of the third person; and he was filled with elation at the success of his wishes. It was true that it was not the lovely face filling all his thoughts that he was going to see: it was only her delegate who would meet him; but even that was something; it was a beginning, and how far it might go, Fitzroy did not stop to think. From his point of view there was no reason that it should be the end.

He dressed with care in plain clothes, putting off his dark blue Khedivial uniform for the lightest of grey summer suits; and taking the first hired carriage that he saw, he drove in good time to the place of appointment. In spite of his equipage, which chanced to be unusually shabby even for a Cairene cab, he was received with great respect by the porter, whose native sharpness enabled him to recognise

at once the manner and appearance of a person of distinction; and he was shown with many *salaams* into a small reception-room in the colonnaded building within the gate. Here he had to wait for some minutes while one of the slaves took his card to the *harîm*, and he stood absently looking about him at the dusty furnishings of the room. White-sheeted divans ranged round the walls, tall mirrors in gilt frames above them, and a rich carpet under foot; it was the usual thing, and his own room in the 'Abdin palace was exactly like it, just as characterless, uninteresting, and dusty. Was this the pattern of all Turkish interiors, he wondered? Were the rooms of the *harîm*, the rooms *she* lived in, as dull and featureless? No, that was not likely; she would be sure to have flowers about her, and other evidences of her own grace and refinement. His mind followed the messenger who had gone across the garden, and he had lost himself in the dreams that he had been living in all the week, when he heard the rustle of a skirt in the doorway, and turning suddenly, saw a slight, fragile-looking girl of about two or three and twenty standing in the room behind him. She was dressed entirely in gray, yes, in the same quiet gown of gray alpaca that had been beside him in church on Christmas morning; and

she was standing silent, looking at him with a pink flush on her cheeks and a curious intentness in her gray eyes. At that first moment of the meeting she made a favourable impression upon him, and he said to himself that she was evidently a lady and decidedly pretty.

"Miss Grey, I suppose," he said coming forward, and holding out his hand with a smile of greeting.

Margaret was hardly prepared for so friendly a salutation, and she looked rather taken aback. She had intended only to bow and she was obliged to change her mind in awkward haste.

"Yes," she said briefly, and then, glancing rather nervously at a second open doorway leading between the divans into another room, she added hurriedly: "Will you come into the garden? It is cooler and pleasanter than here, and if you have anything of a private nature to say, I think it would be better to say it there."

She led the way out, through the garden steeped in the hot afternoon sunshine and fragrant with the scent of roses and jessamine, to the archway in the wall which was the entrance to the outer garden of the *harîm*. The arabesque-covered walls of the palace rose on the right, shining yellow in the strong sunlight; but Margaret turned at once into one of the inlaid paths winding among the shrubberies of orange and lemon trees to the left, and followed it until she reached a secluded corner at the end of the garden, where straggling bushes of the crimson damask-rose grew in wild profusion under the wall, and a graceful pepper-tree, with silver-grey foliage as delicate as maidenhair, shot up into the pale Eastern sky. Here, in the dense green shade of the mandalines, a dilapidated garden-seat, of the pattern common in London parks, was drawn up, and Margaret paused with her hand on the back of it.

"We shall be quite undisturbed here," she said, "and there is no danger of our being observed or overheard. You have come about the diamond star that you found in your pocket after you picked up the little boy at Ghesireh, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Fitzroy in some surprise; "but how did you know that I found it in my pocket?"

"Because the child told us that he had placed it there," said Margaret; "he told us directly we got home."

"And you have been taking no steps to recover it?"

"No, because no steps were possible in the circumstances. We could not act without the knowledge of the Pâsha, and the lady did not wish her husband to know anything about the incident."

"Her husband,—she is married then? She is the wife of the Pâsha, the mother of that child?"

"Yes; and,—Captain Fitzroy,—I don't know if you have been long in Egypt—perhaps you do not realise the strictness of Turkish etiquette. It was not your fault of course, but from their point of view it was a very serious thing that happened. For a Turkish lady to be seen by any man other than her husband or near relative is a grave misfortune."

In her anxiety to make the risk of the situation clear Margaret was betrayed into expressing herself with an earnestness that verged upon severity, and Fitzroy stood still for a moment in astonished silence under what sounded like a rebuke. When he spoke it was with marked coldness. "I do not understand you. You say that it was not my fault; *what* was not my fault, may I ask? That I picked up a child I saw straying into danger, and gave him to his mother? That I have taken measures since to restore the ornament which the child lost? No, I certainly do not see that

I have been in fault. I cannot see that there has been any fault anywhere."

The turn that the conversation had taken was not unnatural, considering the point of view from which Margaret regarded the matter, and the character of the man she had to deal with; but it was unfortunate, and she felt that she must have blundered strangely to find herself at loggerheads with him so soon. She was not saying what she had intended; she was nervous, and painfully conscious that she was not carrying out her mission in a manner that Valda would have approved of. She did not know how to help herself, and she stood silent for a moment with compressed lips, considering how she could repair her error, and yet gain her end. A soft breath of scented air swept like a sigh over the sunny garden, stirring the delicate tracery of the pepper-tree against the blue sky, and fluttering the little red roses under the wall. It floated out the folds of a grey veil that Margaret was wearing, and as she pushed up the gauze to be out of her way, Fitzroy looked with attention at the features that were more clearly revealed. Her colour had faded, and the pale intellectual face, refined into absolute severity, was without attraction for him. It annoyed him by the suggestion of a higher standard than he cared to reach, and his handsome countenance hardened into an expression of antagonism.

"I am afraid that I must have expressed myself very badly," said Margaret, breaking the pause in the gentlest tones at her command. "I am sorry if I have annoyed you; of course there has been no fault on anyone's part, and I did not mean to infer that there had been. Only I am so very anxious that this lady should not get into trouble, and a misunderstanding is so easy where

there is not the frankness that exists between husband and wife in England. I thought you might not understand."

"Oh, I think I understand; I have not been two years in Egypt for nothing. The Pasha is jealous of his beautiful wife, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, no! Nothing of that sort!" cried Margaret, a vivid blush overspreading her face, as she saw his cynical smile. "She has never given him the slightest cause and she never will. It is nothing so vulgar as that; it is only a matter of etiquette. She has asked me to tell you that she is exceedingly grateful to you for what you have done for her, and to explain the necessity for keeping it secret. She considered that it was no use vexing the Pasha by letting him know of it. You see, it would annoy him very much, and it was purely an accident, for which nobody was to blame."

"Was *she* annoyed? Is *she* vexed about it?" asked Fitzroy with a wistfulness that broke oddly through his stately composure.

"No indeed!" answered Margaret, her voice softening. "She knows how it was, of course, and she feels nothing but the most fervent gratitude towards you. She says that you have saved her greatest treasure in the world, and that she can never repay you for it. I ought to have given you her message first. The little boy is her only child, and she regards you as his rescuer from death. She blesses you every moment of the day for having preserved him to her."

Fitzroy sighed, though his face had lighted up. "If I could see her just once to hear from her own lips what she thinks,—to give her back the star—I should like to give the jewel back into her own hands."

"That is impossible, absolutely impossible!" said Margaret firmly.

"That is what I have been trying to explain; you can never see her again."

Fitzroy looked at her,—this prim, proper little person who was opposing herself to his desire. Who was she that he should regard her? Antagonism leaped again into his eyes. "I must see her, I will see her! I do not choose to have my last word with her through you. I can see that your prejudices will not let you deal frankly with either of us, and I will see her for myself to restore the jewel. I will manage it by some means or other."

"You must not try! You could not try without bringing serious risk upon her, and it would be quite in vain," said Margaret in alarm. "I implore you not to attempt anything so wrong and inconsiderate. She will never consent to it."

"I don't want her to consent. It shall not be her doing, and she shall be involved in no trouble. I will take care of that; I will manage it for myself, and there shall be no chance of blame falling on anyone else."

"That is a thing you cannot do. If anything comes out, it will be no use saying that you have acted without encouragement from her. Nobody would believe it, and it would be she, not you, who would suffer. Suspicion would be aroused, reports would be set going, and who can say what would be the end? I warn you that if you try, mischief will come of it; Valda Hânem herself would tell you the same thing."

"Valda Hânem,—the Lady Valda,—is that her name?"

"Yes," answered Margaret, regretting the slip that she had made, but perceiving that it was now too late to repair it.

"It is a charming name."

"I think so because I associate it with her," said Margaret; "but you

do not know her. If you did,—if you could know how kind and gentle she is,—how good and devoted, and how dearly cherished in the home that she makes happy, I am sure you would not like to do anything that would risk bringing trouble and misfortune into her peaceful life."

"She is happy? You think that she herself is happy?"

"She ought to be. She has everything that she ought to want to make her happy, and she knows no other life," said Margaret resolutely. "It is a lot that many women have cause to envy."

"This Pâsha is kind to her then, and she loves him,—does she love him?" Then as Margaret hesitated, unable for an instant to meet his glance, he went on: "No, she does not; she does not love him, and you cannot say so; yet you tell me that she is happy,—what nonsense!"

"Why do you ask me such questions?" asked Margaret indignantly; "What right have you? But since you have done so, I will answer you. Valda Hânem may not love her husband quite as an English girl might do; but she is an affectionate and devoted wife, and she quite recognises how good the Pâsha is to her."

"But he is a Turk; he has other wives of course. The Circassians of his *harem*—"

"No indeed, no, no! What a detestable thing to say!"

"Not detestable at all according to the customs of the country. It is considered permissible and right,—it is the usual thing."

"Not now, not among Turks of the highest class. They are strict monogamists, and the Pâsha—oh, how little you know the facts! But I cannot talk to you about it; I could not make you understand. Only this warning I am bound to give you; if you go on with this, you will repent

it. As to the star,—have you brought it with you to-day?"

"Yes, I have." Fitzroy took a small parcel, wrapped in silver paper, from his breast-pocket as he spoke, and disclosed the beautiful jewel, which flashed like a real star in his hand. "I have brought it and I meant to have restored it to her through you, but I have changed my mind. I will keep it now until I can give it into the Lady Valda's own hands. I shall try at any rate, and if I do not succeed, then I shall find some other means of restoring it to her."

"Keep the jewel," said Margaret with decision; "she does not want it back. She told me to say that, since her little boy had given it to you, she would like you to keep it as a token of her gratitude. It is her own property, not her husband's, and she has a right to give it away if she chooses; but I persuaded her that it would not be right to do so on grounds of expediency. I said that I would not give you her message, but now I do; it is far better that you should keep it than that you should make it an excuse for seeking an interview with her. If you will only refrain from exhibiting it in this country where it might be recognised, that is all I ask."

Fitzroy wrapped up the jewel, and replaced it in his pocket. Then he looked straight at Margaret, and said very quietly and deliberately, but with an ominous flash in his eyes: "The condition you make is unnecessary. I shall not keep this ornament: I should never dream of keeping it; and eventually it will be restored to the lady. You can tell her so. The place and time when it will be done, I cannot tell you, and it may be that it will not be by my hand that she receives it after all; but certainly it will not be through you."

"In that case," said Margaret with dignity, "it is useless to prolong this interview, which cannot be more disagreeable to you than it is to me. Allow me to show you the way back to the *selâmlek*."

She preceded him along the patterned path, and she did not speak to him again. Her face was white, whiter than the pale roses that flung their clusters into the darkness of the archway, and her grey eyes were strained in a strange stare as she gazed after his departing figure; but the delicate pencilling of her eyebrows was like a straight line across her forehead, and the fine lines of her mouth were fixed and firm.

Fitzroy did not offer his hand at parting, and his stiff bow was returned only by the slightest inclination of the head on her part.

"Good-afternoon," he said formally, but Margaret did not answer; and without noticing the porter, who was smiling and salaaming in the background in the hope of *backsheesh*, he turned away in a silent rage. "I have been a fool," he said to himself before he had gone ten yards from the gate; "I have made an enemy of the only person who could have helped me. It would have been so easy for her to have arranged a meeting. What possessed me to quarrel with her?" As he made his way further into the teeming streets of the city, however, the perception came more clearly home to him that the quarrel had not been of his making. "She is not my sort, and she and I were bound to disagree," he reflected. "Detestable little prude! I suppose she imagined that I intended some vulgar intrigue, and she was prepared to act on the defensive. As if there could be any harm or danger in my meeting them on one of their drives, or in the bazaars. I consider that I have a right to

receive my thanks from her own lips, and I will claim it."

Proud, passionate, and exceedingly tenacious of purpose, Henry Fitzroy was a man of no ordinary type of character, and either by accident or intuition Margaret, in her study of his handwriting, had divined certain points in it with singular accuracy. It was a character whose faults were balanced by many good points, but all his qualities were fenced about with such an impenetrable wall of reserve that he was more respected than beloved, and there were few people who could feel that they really knew him. He was the sort of man who is known even to his most intimate friends by his surname only, and women were generally a good deal afraid of him. His boyish name of Harry had fallen from him in very early infancy, and his mother and sisters always spoke of Henry with high reverence and respect as the most important and distinguished representative of the family, though it is very possible that they felt more real affection for Jack, the foolish, fussy, and exceedingly fallible elder brother who had succeeded to the family estates, and who commanded no respect at all. The Fitzroys were refined and cultivated people, and the influences under which he had grown up, together with a natural fastidiousness of taste, had combined to make Henry Fitzroy a very polished and gentlemanly person, who felt that he had a right to think well of himself. He was accustomed to carry everything before him in society, and now, when his nature was stirred to its depths by a force that it had never known before, and his mind was set upon the gratification of what seemed to him an innocent desire, he was indignant and annoyed to find himself misconceived and opposed.

"I do not believe that my beautiful

lady herself would feel the slightest scruple about it," he said to himself. "It is only that mischievous little prig of a governess who is determined to make trouble. I will circumvent her,—I shall have not the least compunction in doing so,—and as for the Pâsha——" It was clear from the contemptuous curl of his short upper lip that Fitzroy regarded the prejudices of a Turkish husband with small consideration. Indeed, in spite of the assurance he had received from Margaret, he thought of the Pâsha as a lazy, effete, self-indulgent representative of a race that would be far better wiped off the face of the earth; and in the plenitude of his prejudice and his ignorance he was prepared to plunge into an enterprise of which he knew not the perils.

If any experienced person had been at hand to advise him, he would have been told that a stab in the back in the crowded bazaars of Cairo, or a brief application of the bowstring in the back-room of some dingy coffee-house, would very probably be the end of the adventure. And if he escaped these dangers, there were others; a pistol-shot from the marshes on the road to the Pyramids, a cup of coffee oddly flavoured,—there were many ways in which revenge could be worked out by an Oriental mind; he would disappear and be no more heard of, like so many others who had once played a part in this populous city, and no efforts of the English consulate would avail to discover his body lying quiet in the yellow mud at the bottom of the Nile.

Henry Fitzroy received no warning, and if he had, he would not have listened to it. He confided in no one. He kept the diamonds locked up in his dressing-case, and he breathed no word about the matter to any of his friends; but his mind was none the less firmly set upon his purpose.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGARET went up the marble steps of the grand entrance to the *harim* with a heavy heart. The ladies were all out driving, and the slaves, making holiday in their absence, were fluttering in and out of the palace doors like a flock of brilliant birds let loose from a cage. In their flowing robes of bright-coloured cottons they looked wonderfully picturesque as they leaned over the white marble balustrade, and they filled the air with merry laughter as they chattered with the black-coated negroes. Anâna, an old slave of between sixty and seventy, who had nursed three generations of the family, was a tyrant over the younger Circassians, and generally kept them in order with voice and hand whenever she thought they were up to mischief, but at this moment she was absorbed in the contemplation of the beauties of her fat legs. She had just emerged from a very hot bath, and with her hair, new-dyed to a bright vermilion colour, arranged under a brilliant blue head-dress, and her twinkling brown eyes freshly marked with black, she was very proud of herself. The slaves had been propitiating her with compliments upon a new pair of yellow and black striped stockings, and she sat on the red satin divan in the reception-hall, holding up her clean white cotton robes, and displaying with supreme satisfaction a pair of the thickest ankles that ever were seen.

"*Bac, Marmoselle !*" she cried, calling to Margaret to look as she passed through. "*Baczâna, pek guzdâl !* (Look here, very pretty !)"

Margaret stopped and paid the little tribute of admiration that was expected of her, but she could scarcely help laughing. It had always amused her to observe how entirely the deli-

cacy of the Circassians was confined to their faces. They would shriek as they covered their heads in a hurry from the gaze of masculine eyes ; but as to their legs they were absolutely indifferent. Most of them had extraordinarily thick ankles, and they displayed them carelessly on all occasions, looping up their draperies, and drawing forth with perfect serenity their pocket-handkerchiefs which they were tucked into their garters. Conventionality has strange laws, however, and they are manifested in curiously contradictory fashion, concerning themselves with ankles in one society, and with the hair of the head in another. Margaret could perceive an analogy in the European ladies who feel themselves perfectly respectable in the bathing-costumes of Boulogne so long as their necks are safely covered, and are equally happy in the most *décolleté* of ball-dresses, provided the skirts are sufficiently long. At one end or the other it seems necessary that the laws of convention should assert themselves in order that the delicacy of feminine feelings may be vindicated ; and Margaret reflected that, after all, the Circassians were more consistent than their European sisters in always keeping to the same standard.

The idiosyncrasies of the slaves had always interested and amused Margaret, and she did not in the least mind finding herself left to their society when the ladies went out. Invariably considerate and sympathetic with them, she had become a general favourite, and was a welcome spectator of the strange barbaric dances that they delighted in performing whenever Anâna's back was turned ; but to-day she had no heart to enter into their amusements, and she hurried away so soon as she could make good her escape. She was looking forward with despondency and misgiving to the inevitable explana-

tion with Valda, and she wished that it were over. This was not the end then, as she had so confidently hoped ; on the contrary, it seemed but the beginning of complications. What would be the effect upon Valda ? What would she say ?

It was late in the afternoon when the ladies returned from their visits, and they brought back a party of friends with them, so that Valda was unable to escape to her own rooms ; but about half-an-hour before dinner, she sent one of the slaves with a message asking Mademoiselle to come up to her, and she came half way down the grand staircase to meet her. She was dressed in a trailing Parisian tea-gown of blue-green velvet trimmed with silver lace ; and with diamonds flashing in her hair and at her throat and ears, her magnificent Southern beauty had a strange moonlight effect that was almost startling. She was very pale, but her beautiful eyes, with the dark markings under the lashes enhancing their lustre, were brilliant with excitement ; and so soon as she saw Margaret she held out her slim white hand with an eager gesture.

"I sent for you, Mademoiselle," she said in a stifled voice ; "I felt that I could not endure to wait all through dinner without knowing what has happened. Tell me,—oh, Mademoiselle, it is not good news that you bring—I see by your face that it is not. Sit down and tell me,—tell me everything."

She sat down on the wide flight of steps on which she was standing, and motioned to Margaret to take her place by her side. The richly carpeted staircase, forming a position of vantage which commanded a view of all the state apartments of the *harim*,—one leading into another with contrivances of glass doorways and great mirrors that gave a bewildering impression of space and perspective—

was a favourite resting-place of the ladies. At this hour the great rooms were growing dark, and the dim light of a few wax candles, flickering here and there in the glass lustres hanging from the ceilings and projecting from the walls, did but add to the gloom and mystery of the great hall. With a disregard for appearances, even more remarkable in the Turks than in the Irish, the slaves were allowed to stick one candle here and another there, just where light was absolutely necessary, and the effect was apt to be desolate and disorderly in the extreme ; but the ladies were accustomed to the combination of splendour and luxury with makeshifts and discomforts of all sorts, and they did not seem to mind it in the least.

Margaret sat down beside her companion under a branching lustre with one solitary candle in it, and felt that from some points of view this barbaric simplicity was not without advantages. The quietness and privacy of the place were complete ; a sound of singing and dancing, going on for the entertainment of Turkish visitors in a reception-room far within the suite of the state-rooms on the first floor, penetrated faintly through the glass doors, but there was no one anywhere near the stairs. The slaves were lazily preparing the table for dinner in the saloon down-stairs, and occasionally one of them would flit across the gloomy spaces of the hall ; but even if they had come near enough to hear, they could not have understood a word of the low-voiced conversation in French going on upon the stairs.

"Well, you have seen him at least, and without running any risks,—that is something," said Valda. "And now tell me what he said and what he did ; I want to know everything. Has he given you the diamonds ?"

"No," said Margaret. "He had them with him, but he would not give them to me; he told me that he wished to receive his thanks direct from your own lips, and he said that he intended to keep the star until he could give it into your own hands."

There was a note of despair in Margaret's quiet tones, but her face was calm and steady. It was Valda who looked aghast. "That is impossible," she said in a shocked whisper; "that can never, never be! Did you not tell him so, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, I told him so, but——" Margaret paused for a moment. "He would not listen to me; I could make no impression upon him. I tried, but I did not succeed, and I am afraid that I may have done more harm than good. I had better tell you all about it."

She gave a faithful account of the interview, and then Valda questioned and cross-questioned her until she was in possession of all the facts, and was able to form almost as clear a conception of the scene as if she had been present at it herself.

"I can see that you have been very cold and unkind in your manner to him, Mademoiselle," she said reproachfully. "Such a splendid cavalier, so brave and gallant and distinguished,—how could you? He must have thought you very cruel and discouraging."

"I don't know," said Margaret hopelessly; "I don't care what he thought of me. If only he had been discouraged! But he was not. He was determined to see you, and he will try to do it. There will be trouble,—I know there will be trouble."

"What trouble, Mademoiselle?" asked Valda with dignity. "What can he do? Without your connivance, or mine, it is impossible for him to see me, and you know that

neither of us will help him. He can do nothing, poor man! He is destined to wear out his efforts in vain, and you will not spare him so much as a thought or a word of pity. Truly I think you English ladies are too hard-hearted."

Margaret was silent. She did not think any the less of Valda for being unlike herself in this respect, but she wished that she had been guarded by that most formidable of all defences for a woman, the love of her husband already entrenched in the stronghold of her heart. It was the weakness of her position in this respect, together with her total lack of experience in the ways of the world, that made Margaret tremble for her.

"How you can possibly resist anyone so fascinating is a mystery to me," said Valda after a pause. "I have never seen anyone whom the Khedivial uniform became so well,—but he was not in it to-day,—a suit of light gray you said he wore, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Margaret unwillingly.

"No doubt it suited him just as well; he would look like a prince in any dress," said Valda with a sigh. "All the world admires him, and he is immensely sought after by the English ladies, I hear. Hamida Hânem knows all about him, and she says that he is considered to be the handsomest Englishman in Cairo."

"Hamida Hânem,—have you told her about this?" asked Margaret in a tone of consternation.

"Not the whole story of course; she does not know a word about the accident to Djemâl-ed-Din and the loss of the star. Of course I should not think of telling her that; I only said that I had observed this handsome Englishman in the uniform of the Khedive, and that I admired him. And then she laughed, and said that I was not the only one. She does

not know that perhaps in another way I am the only one. I may not be the only Turkish lady who admires him, but I think it very probable that I am the only one whom he is interested in."

She knew then that he admired her. She had read the expression in his eyes under the acacias of Ghiesreh, a look of something more than admiration. She would have been less than a woman if she had not known what it meant; but she could speak of it, she could think and dream of it, and hug the knowledge of it to her heart as if it were a cordial that could warm and support her in the gray monotony of her cold married life. That seemed to Margaret a shocking and ominous state of things, and she could not let it pass without remonstrance.

"Oh, dear Valda," she said earnestly, "let me beg you to free yourself from this infatuation! What can this Englishman ever be to you, or you to him, that you should waste two thoughts upon him? As you say, he can never enter into your life, but the very thought of him in your heart is a misfortune. To cherish it is an act of disloyalty to the Pâsha; and His Excellency is so good, so faithful and devoted to you. What is a handsome face that you know nothing whatever about, compared with a lifetime of devotion?"

"It is a romance, it is an illusion!" said Valda passionately. "It is the thing that I have longed for all my life without knowing it! And I have never tasted it, never realised what it was until now. Before you came and told me the love-stories of English and French girls, I did not even know what it might be in other lives. I had no higher conceptions about it than these poor slaves, who are something between children and animals. Now I know,—now I feel

it in my heart like a fire that burns, like a magic elixir that makes life glorious,—and you tell me not to cherish it!"

She sat crouched in her splendid draperies on the wide empty staircase, her beautiful face quivering, her diamonds flashing in the dim light, and there was a moment of silence. Margaret looked at her sorrowfully. "It is a sin," she said.

"A sin!" cried Valda, springing to her feet, and standing erect and dignified against the carved banisters. "No, Mademoiselle! It will never be that. Do not be afraid; a Turkish woman of such a family as mine is secure from any sacrifice of honour. My father was one of the Sultan's chiefest generals, the son of generations of soldiers, and I am not his daughter for nothing. I can suffer if need be, but I will never bring a stain upon the honour of my family."

"It is not that,—it is not anything of that sort that I am afraid of," said poor Margaret with burning cheeks. "It is your own happiness, and your husband's, which must be affected through yours, that I see at stake, and I cannot help longing to save you. Forgive me, dear Valda——"

"You do not know me, Mademoiselle. You have heard stories no doubt here in Cairo of the doings of some of these Egyptian ladies,—but we are not like them. They use their *yâshmâks* as a mask for licence, and some of them do terrible things. You know what is whispered about the English soldiers who disappear from their regiments, and are put down as deserters; they have not deserted at all really,—they are dead,—they have been killed by the slaves of these wicked women. If I were one of them, I should think nothing of arranging secret meetings in the garden with anyone whom I liked. We are safely guarded, everybody

thinks, but who can guard a woman who cares to take the trouble to evade her restrictions? The very security of her husband's mind makes it the more easy for her to deceive him. I could tell you of instances——"

"Ah, do not, do not!" cried Margaret desperately. "Dear Valda, don't talk, don't even *think* of such things! They can only poison your mind, and destroy your chances of happiness. Rest satisfied with what you have. Believe me, it is more than is given to many of the women whose freedom you envy, and it should be enough to content you. By thinking about romance, by letting your mind dwell on illusions, you are playing with edged tools, and you risk losing your whole peace of mind. It is a frightfully dangerous game; give it up, dear Valda, give it up before it is too late and the mischief is done."

But the mischief was done already, and the warning came too late,—Margaret saw it in the beautiful face. Valda did not answer, but she held up her hand with an involuntary gesture that was even more expressive than the strange look in her eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

"*MADemoiselle*, there will be a representation of the *GODMOTHER OF SHARLLIE* at the theatre to-night, and I have secured a box for Madame; shall you like to accompany her?"

Margaret had come in at the end of a hot afternoon to find the Pâsha resting in his wife's sitting-room; he had just returned from a levée at the Khedive's palace, and it had been a wearying and exhausting afternoon for him, but he had driven round through the town in the heat, in order to secure a box which he had heard was vacant, and he was looking forward to the pleasure he thought his announcement would afford. He

had been a little disappointed by the manner in which Valda had received it. She had thanked him without enthusiasm, almost with indifference, and she was now lying on her sofa drawn up to the side of his, looking with a smile of languid amusement at Margaret's suddenly brightened face.

"I should like it of all things," said Margaret eagerly, "if there is really room for me,—if Madame does not want anyone else——"

She hesitated and glanced for a moment at Valda doubtfully. Since that interview on the stairs, now more than a week ago, she had become uncomfortably conscious that she had forfeited her place in Valda's confidence; she had been supplanted by Hamîda Hânem, and she was not sure that Valda might not prefer her own countrywoman as a companion at the play. But it was not in Valda to be ungracious, and as she read the meaning of the appealing glance, she smiled encouragingly. "No, I don't want anyone else. You will be able to explain to me anything that I don't understand, and I shall enjoy it much more with you. You must certainly come, *Mademoiselle*."

Margaret was relieved and delighted, and she was in such high spirits all the evening that Valda laughed at her.

"You needn't go to the trouble of dressing," she said to her at dinner; "not a soul will see you. We shall drive to a special entrance where nobody is ever about except the slaves who attend the ladies; and through the grating before the box it is impossible for any eye in the theatre to penetrate. I shall not even wear my *yâshmâk*,—as we shall be driving in the dark it will not be necessary; a shawl over my head will be enough."

In spite of this declaration, however, both ladies did go to some little

trouble in adorning themselves for the occasion, and their pains were not wasted; for a festive feeling in the mind seems to demand some external demonstration, and it is by no means entirely for the sake of an effect to be produced upon beholders that the need of personal adornment seems to be felt by women. Valda put on a Turkish gown of green and gold brocade that was a favourite garment of hers because it was loose and comfortable, and she had diamonds in her hair, and a great silver clasp set with diamonds at her waist. She was so beautiful that whatever dress she wore seemed to suit her better than anything else she could have selected; but in this she looked like a queen, and on one person at least its effect was not thrown away. The Pâsha was not given to paying compliments; but this evening, as he escorted the two ladies through the *selâmlek* to their carriage on the other side, he was struck by his wife's great beauty, and he suffered his admiration to escape him. "I think you grow more beautiful every day, Valda," he said fondly; "you are absolutely perfect to-night."

They were walking along a great empty corridor lighted only by the candle in the swinging lantern that the Pâsha carried, and Valda, with a lace handkerchief thrown over her head, was regarding with apprehensive glances the row of closed doors all along the right hand side of the passage. Since Margaret had found out the convenience of the *selâmlek* as a means of passing from one side of the palace to the other, she had used it freely, and Valda, when she had a cold or was in a hurry, would sometimes go that way too; but she always covered up her face carefully before venturing on the risks of it, and without an effective veil she was not happy, even with her husband by her side to guard her.

The Pâsha did not seem at all nervous about the possible chance of encountering anybody. He knew that if any occupant of the place were to make an appearance, a single word of warning from him would be enough. The man would turn his face to the wall in an instant, and wait until they had gone past. He was very secure in the possession of his wife, and he walked beside her with an air of pleasure and pride that touched Margaret even more than his involuntary tribute of admiration. Valda was not insensible to the tone of worship in his voice, and she held out her delicate hand towards him with a little gesture of acknowledgment which was full of grace and sweetness, but as she did so, she said laughingly: "You are certainly an unblushing flatterer, Pâsha! How can you possibly see what I look like in this den of darkness? *Pîff!* how horrible it smells! It is plain that men do not understand how to make their habitations pleasant as we do."

Valda, who kept her rooms full of fresh roses and mignonette, and bought strips of flannel soaked with attar of rose at twenty-five shillings a yard to lay between her dresses, could never pass through the musty air of the *selâmlek* without venting her disgust in this funny little exclamation; and she would sometimes follow it up with remarks calculated to seriously offend the inhabitants of the place had they been overheard. Margaret had remonstrated, but Valda had replied in very audible tones that she did not care,—she only hoped that her words might reach the right ears and produce a salutary effect.

The Pâsha, however, accustomed to the air of the *selâmlek*, did not notice anything particular about it; he was more interested in the subject of Valda's appearance. "Oh, I could

see what you looked like before you left our rooms," he said; "they are lighted brightly enough, and I noticed that you had got yourself up with especial effect to-night. Don't you think she has, Mademoiselle?" he asked, turning to Margaret.

"I don't know," said Margaret smiling; "I don't think that Madame could make herself otherwise than beautiful if she were to try."

"No, she could not; and yet she does try, you see. She gets herself up like this, and what is the object? No one will see her except her husband, who is already sufficiently enslaved—Ila! who is that?—*Déstur!*"

He stopped short as Valda gave a little scream, and turned towards him, burying her face upon his shoulder. There was a sound of rapid steps on the stairs leading from this part of the *selâmlek* into a back yard of the palace, and a man, with a tall, stooping figure and a long, pale face that looked the longer and thinner for the crimson fez above it, appeared in the doorway. He stood for an instant as if bewildered, but at the warning cry of the Pasha he turned and disappeared like a shot by the way that he had come.

"It was only Mûheddin Bey, my brother's lame secretary," said the Pâsha laughing. "Poor old Mûheddin, he is so short-sighted that he can scarcely see an inch beyond his nose, but in any case he would not be a dangerous person; he is singularly unsusceptible to the charms of feminine beauty."

"That is lucky for him, since he is so ugly," remarked Valda. "I never saw anything so hideous as that way he has of craning with his neck, and poking out his long straggling beard. How I detest beards,—I hate a man with a beard."

The Pâsha smiled under his soldierly gray moustache, as he unlocked the

door leading into the vestibule of the unused rooms at the end of the corridor. "It was scarcely worth while dressing up to fascinate him, Valda," he said mischievously. "Mûheddin Bey is a regular misogynist, and that, no doubt, is the reason that he has never married. It is not often that a Turk remains a bachelor, but I really believe that poor Mûheddin is afraid of women. I find that you have been disturbing his peace of mind very much lately, Mademoiselle."

"I!" exclaimed Margaret in amazement.

"Yes, you, Mademoiselle. He came to me a few days ago, and asked me very seriously if I was aware that a lady was to be seen passing through the *selâmlek* every night. I suggested that she might be an angel, but he was not inclined for joking, and he got so angry at last that I had to explain the matter to him. You may now rely upon it that his door will always be kept carefully locked at the hour when you may be expected to go by."

The Pâsha was in a mischievous mood that evening it was clear, and he could not resist the temptation to tease Margaret as well as Valda. He asked her if she shared in his wife's objection to beards, and if she would not think it worth while to rescue a really clever man from the hopeless state of forlorn bachelorhood into which he was sinking. "He is not poor," the Pâsha said, "and I should be delighted to settle a handsome dowry upon you, if you would like to make a match of it. What do you say?"

Margaret knew how to take a joke, and she laughed heartily at the notion of the Pâsha setting up as a match-maker for her benefit; but Valda took his proposals seriously, and repudiated them with indignation. "How can you suggest such a thing

Pâsha? Such an old monster, such a tiresome, shabby, ugly old man! Of course it is not likely that Mademoiselle would care to marry a Turk at all,—but a man like Mûheddin Bey—*piff!* Now if you could find her a nice handsome young Englishman whom you could engage as a secretary, so that there would be no danger of her ever wanting to go away, that would be something.”

Both Margaret and the Pâsha were overcome with laughter at the earnestness with which this view of the matter was urged, and Valda joined in. They were a very merry little party as they made their way along the interminable passages of the *harim*, but as soon as they reached the reception-rooms they had to sober down. Here the ladies and the strange slaves were to be seen gliding away into corners and shielding themselves with their veils at the approach of a man, and the Pâsha instantly assumed the impassive aspect of grave decorum that he always wore when he passed through this part of the palace.

He came down the steps of the grand entrance to hand the two ladies into the closed carriage that was waiting for them in the garden, and he looked benignantly in upon them through the carriage window as he wished them good-night. He was going to the theatre himself that evening, but as it is against the rules of Turkish etiquette for a veiled lady to be seen in the company of a man, he could not go with his wife, and his own carriage was waiting for him at the entrance of the *selâmlek* in the outer courtyard.

“*Bon soir, mesdames, et bon amusement,*” he said, bowing as the negro sprang to his place on the box; and he had already closed the carriage door, when Valda put out her hand with an appealing gesture.

“I wish you would come with us, Pâsha. It is quite dark, and not an eye would see you. You would like it, wouldn’t you, Mademoiselle, and you wouldn’t mind making room for him——”

“Yes, do come, Pâsha,” exclaimed Margaret, springing to the little seat so as to leave room for him by Valda; “why on earth shouldn’t you?”

“It is an unheard of thing that you ask,” objected the Pâsha; “it would be quite shocking and improper, and there would be no end of a scandal if I were seen,” but his tone seemed to indicate that he was ready to be persuaded.

“You won’t be seen,—that is just it,” said Valda. “If you lean back in the corner by me in your dark uniform, there is not the slightest danger of your being seen. I wouldn’t urge you if there were.”

“Do come, M. le Pâsha!” said Margaret smiling.

“Come, Pâshajim!” coaxed Valda, and the endearing term in her caressing voice was irresistible.

He laughed, and pretended to hesitate a little longer, demurring against having to turn Margaret out of her place; but she made it sufficiently clear that she did not mind, and then he only waited to send an order to his coachman before he sprang into the carriage.

“This is most irregular,” he said laughing, as the landau dashed out of the gateway, and he threw himself back to avoid being seen by the guards as they rose to salute; “most irregular and improper, and I am afraid that I am encouraging you in lawless habits. Do you realise, Mademoiselle, that this is the very first time that I have ever driven out with my wife?”

Margaret thought that it was an innovation that he seemed to enjoy. In the gleams of light that flashed

into the carriage as they went past the street lamps, she could see how happy and delighted he looked. Valda had given him her hand to hold, and his other arm, thrown to the back of the carriage, looked suspiciously as if it were round her waist.

"I think it is great fun," said Valda, "and I wish you would come oftener. It is entertaining to have a man to go out with,—don't you think so, Mademoiselle?"

It was entertaining upon that occasion, Margaret was quite ready to agree. The Pâsha was like a school-boy out for a holiday, and the drive came to an end only too soon for him. When they came near the theatre, he got out at a dark corner, and went on foot to the main entrance, while the carriage drove on to the side-door of which Valda had spoken.

Margaret had seen CHARLIE'S AUNT more than once in London, and the French version (without Penley, and with new points in dubious taste,) was scarcely an improvement upon the original; but she was in a mood for enjoyment that evening, and the gladness in her heart made the whole world seem bright. The box that she and Valda occupied was one of the best of the covered ones, and the fine wire netting over the front, though it made it look like a prison window from below, was not too close to interfere with a view of the stage from inside. Valda was keenly interested in the play, delighted with its humours, and charmed to find that from Margaret's explanations she was able to follow the intricacies of the plot. The evening was most successful, and she came home in the gayest spirits, looking forward so eagerly to a repetition of it the next evening that the Pâsha laughed at her enthusiasm. He prophesied that she would not care for the Wagnerian opera

advertised for the next performance, but he made no difficulty about her going, and she again invited Margaret to be her companion.

"How I love going out in the evening like this!" Valda exclaimed delightedly as she and Margaret were again whirled through the brilliantly lighted streets; "I should like to go to the theatre every night of my life."

She was in a glow of anticipation, expecting to enjoy herself again as she had done the evening before; but it is strange how seldom a pleasure will suffer itself to be repeated. The circumstances were changed; the Pâsha was dining out that evening, and going on to the theatre with his friends afterwards; thus he was not of the party in the carriage, and both ladies missed his kindly fun more than they cared to allow. From behind the lattice of her box Valda looked out for him among the red fezzes that were thickly dotted about the stalls, but she failed to discover him before the play began.

The piece that night was the opera of *Sigurd*, by a French composer of the school of Wagner, and it was well staged and finely acted. It was a first-rate opera, but Valda, who had never seen anything of the kind before, was first astonished and then disappointed. She knew too little about European music to be able to appreciate the orchestra, and she could not understand why the actors should scream out all their sentiments in song. It was much more difficult for her to grasp their meaning than in the play of the night before, and she was glad when the first act came to an end. In the interval before the second act, Margaret tried to give her some idea of the argument, but she soon found that Valda's attention was wandering, and that she was more interested in observing the

occupants of the European boxes in the theatre.

"That is Mrs. X.," she said, pointing out a lady with a pretty delicate face, and a *rivière* of diamonds on her white neck and shoulders, who was sitting in the front of one of the most conspicuous boxes, with two men behind her; "the one we met driving with the Prince G., don't you remember? That is the Prince bending over to speak to her now. Look, she is laughing—Allah, Allah, Allah!—the customs of these Europeans! Look at the diamonds she is wearing,—isn't it a shame? He will have none to give his poor wife when he marries."

Valda seemed to know all about the European ladies who were present, the wives of the Consuls of different nationalities, and various other ladies of rank and standing, and she pointed them out to Margaret with amusing and rather cynical observations upon their characters and histories. She was interested in the men too, and as the *entr'acte* came to an end, and the stalls began to fill again, she bent her opera-glass upon them to make out those whom she knew by sight. "I cannot see the Pâsha anywhere," she said, sweeping the lines of the men's faces with her opera-glasses; and then, suddenly, she gave a violent start, and Margaret saw her hand tremble as she tried to steady the glass.

"Have you seen him?" Margaret asked; but Valda did not answer, and when she lowered the glasses it was clear from her expression that it

was not the Pâsha whom she had found. "*C'est lui, c'est lui!*" she murmured with a white face and shining eyes. "*Oh, mon Dieu, c'est bien lui!*"

Margaret caught up the glasses that had fallen from her hand, and looked to see whom she had seen. Alas, there was no room for mistake. It was Fitzroy. He was sitting immediately opposite, and his clear-cut profile and finely-shaped head seemed to make all the men near him look common. He was distinguished from them no less by the pride of his bearing than by the faultlessness of his attire, and he looked a very perfect gentleman; but was he? Margaret asked herself this question as she looked at him. She looked long and intently, noticing every detail of his appearance, from the impassive expression of his deep-set eyes to the little lock of fair hair which, in spite of close cutting, would wave over his forehead; and then, suddenly, as the glass shifted in her hand, she caught sight of the Pâsha. She saw him for a moment,—the kindly rugged face with melancholy blue eyes and long gray moustache under the crimson *turbâsh*—but as she looked the lights were turned out, and a sudden mist came before her eyes. The violins began to sing, and the wild suggestive Wagnerian music filled her ears and her senses. She listened to it as if in a dream, and it seemed to her like the revelation of depths in human nature that she had never before sounded.

(To be continued.)

A MISTAKEN ADMIRATION.

TWICE within the last few months Lord Salisbury has admiringly referred to the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States' Senate. In his speech to the Constitutional Club the Premier expatiated on the great advantage it must be for a Minister to meet persons not of his own political faith and explain to them the reasons for his actions; and again at the opening of Parliament he professed to envy a nation possessing a Committee of Foreign Relations, a Committee which could secretly receive explanations that Ministers were only too glad to give.

Lord Salisbury's admiration is doubtless genuine, but it is founded on ignorance as to the real relations existing between the Secretary of State and the Committee. Theoretically the Committee is the recipient of confidential communications from the Secretary; probably that was the intention of the Fathers of the Republic, but like a great many other American institutions it has in this latter day assumed a character foreign to that which its creators intended. As a matter of fact the Secretary of State does not meet persons not of his own political faith, and does not explain to them the reasons for his action, until all the world knows those reasons. In the Senate the majority is given a majority representation on the Committees. If the Republicans control the Senate they also control the Committees, and any question of a political character coming before a Committee is treated as a political subject and dealt with according to party politics. In the

Committee the rule of the majority governs; the votes of six men outweigh those of five. If the five Democrats are opposed to the reporting of a bill or a treaty, or endeavour to amend it, and find the six Republicans united in support of the measure or resisting an amendment, they are powerless. They may interpose further obstruction in the Senate, but they can accomplish nothing in the Committees.

Lord Salisbury, however, apparently sought to convey the impression that before the bill or treaty reaches the Committee the Secretary of State has discussed its provisions or term with the members of the Foreign Relations Committee, members of his own political party as well as those to whom he is politically opposed; and as a result of this confidential discussion the Opposition is fully informed as to his plans. He seemed even to intimate, although he did not say so in exact terms, that the effect of this free interchange of views between the Secretary of State and the members of the Opposition may lead to a modification of details to meet the objections of the minority.

There could not be a more erroneous impression. Actually, and in practice, the Secretary of State rarely takes the members of the Foreign Relations Committee, even of his own party, into his confidence on matters of high importance, and so rarely indeed does he consult with members of the Opposition that when he does it is exceptional enough to attract attention. Of course I refer now to matters of the first magnitude. If

the State Department wants the salary of a consul or a minister increased, (a proposal always likely to arouse the animosity of the Congressional economists) or if it thinks Congress is indifferent to the President's recommendation for suitable provision for the representation of the United States at an international scientific, or other Congress, the Secretary of State not only may, but frequently does ask the members of the Committee on Foreign Relations, his party associates as well as his political opponents, to lend their influence to secure the desired legislation. In America, as in Europe, men are after all very human; whether in a Republic or a Monarchy, most men are only too glad to be asked a favour by a Secretary of State and to be able to grant it. But in great affairs of State, in the conduct of secret negotiations, the members of the Committee seldom know anything of what is going on, and generally their first information is gleaned either through the Press or after they are placed in possession of the facts, when the President is forced under the Constitution to take them into his confidence.

A slight knowledge of the American parliamentary system explains this apparent lack of confidence. In America there is no responsible Ministry. The President under the Constitution is charged with the conduct of foreign affairs; with him and not in Congress lies the initiative. Congress may formally instruct the President to abrogate a treaty or recognise a new government, and the President need not regard these instructions as mandatory. That was the issue raised by Mr. Olney, when Secretary of State, which so aroused the anger of the Senate. The Senate recognised the belligerency of the Cubans, and President Cleveland,

acting under the advice of Mr. Olney, coolly ignored that recognition. Mr. Olney contended that the Senate had arrogated to itself functions which were vested in the President alone, and that the action of the Senate had no more legal weight than that of any other well-meaning body of gentlemen. But while the President can initiate, the conclusion rests with the Senate. The Secretary of State, under the direction of the President, negotiates a treaty, but that treaty, to become effective, must receive the assent of the Senate. In the case of a treaty it would be manifestly impossible for the Secretary of State, while negotiations were still pending, to take the members of the Foreign Relations Committee into his confidence. In the first place he would not care to entrust these details to eleven men, for the simple reason that these eleven Senators would discuss the question with their party associates, either to ascertain if the provisions met with their approval, or else to prevent an agreement by arousing public sentiment. Again, it must be apparent that if this system prevailed secrecy would cease to exist. The eleven men are not yet born who can preserve the silence of the grave; and if it is impossible to hope for concealment among eleven how much more impossible is it to expect that ninety men (the membership of the Senate) would respect the injunction? I venture the assertion that had the provisions of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty been known in advance of their presentation to the Senate, the treaty would never have reached that body. It is absolutely certain that the Peace Commissioners would never have been able to agree upon a treaty had the Senate known the details so soon as the Commissioners reached a conclusion.

It has been asserted that the

British parliamentary system places too much power in the hands of a few members, and that the American system is better and more democratic because it divides the responsibility. In America there is government by Committee instead of government by a Ministry readily responsive to the public will. Practically all legislation in Congress is the creation of the Committee. The entrance to both Houses of Congress is through the doors of their Committees. In the Committees the majority always rules. In matters political, or in matters requiring special or expert knowledge, in nine times out of ten the Houses accept the verdict of their Committees. Take the case involving the right of a member to his seat. Members excuse themselves for simply voting as their party directs and without knowledge of the facts because, they say: "We cannot be expected to read six or seven hundred pages of printed testimony, or decide upon the delicate legal questions raised. The Committee, the members of which are lawyers, have done that and it is sufficient for us to know what their conclusion is." It is so in the case of a tariff-bill, an appropriation-bill, or almost any general or special legislation. The Committee is the conscience-keeper of the House, and, like Abraham's bosom, it is broad enough to offer shelter to all the faithful.

In truth the American parliamentary system has little to commend it to Englishmen. Far too much power is lodged in the hands of a few persons who exercise the most autocratic powers, who may be able to wreck their party and bring ruin to the country, and yet are able to escape all responsibility. Startling as these assertions may sound, they are capable of exact demonstration.

No bill can reach either House until it has been reported upon by a Committee. In the House of Representatives (the Commons of England) the Speaker, who is elected by the majority, has the appointment of all Committees. His power is absolute. Being a party man he gives a majority representation on all Committees to men of his own party, but there is no limit on his selections. He may, and does, reward a friend by assigning him a place upon an important Committee; he punishes an enemy by banishing him to a Committee which exists in name only and is never required to report; he packs a Committee by appointing men who are favourable to his own legislative policy. This is not regarded as disgraceful; it is looked upon as the Speaker's rightful prerogative. For instance, the present Speaker, Mr. Reed, being a believer in the gold standard takes very good care that a majority of his Banking and Currency Committee shall share his views on the question of currency, precisely as the last Democratic Speaker, Mr. Crisp, a silver-man, placed none but silver-men on guard.

It may be contended that this is simply the logical recognition of the rule by majority; that in a country which is supposed to exist by the minority yielding to the majority it is fitting for the party in power, necessarily the party of the majority, to be absolutely in control of government and solely responsible. One would not quarrel with the system if the facts justified the theories on which they are predicated, but practice and theories are antagonistic. The country seldom holds Congress responsible for anything; it is the President who must answer for all sins of omission and commission. The President, however, while exercising a very powerful indirect control over Con-

gress, has no direct influence. He recommends, but Congress does as it sees fit. If the President and Congress are of the same political party they generally, but not always, manage to maintain fairly harmonious relations; if, as sometimes happens, one or both branches of Congress are of the opposite political party, it is a constant struggle between the White House and the Capitol to obtain party advantage. While at the quadrennial elections Congress, as well as the President, is elected, actually everything is subordinated to the struggle over the Presidency; politicians are willing to lose the House of Representatives if they can secure the Presidency. Consequently attention is centred on the Presidential candidate; candidates for Congress are in many cases almost lost sight of, and it is the candidate for the Presidency who stands as the embodiment of the party, who is held responsible for the mistakes of Congress, and who is the representative of the policy to follow from his election. An unpopular Congress may be the means of defeating a candidate whose advice it may have persistently disregarded but of whom the country makes a vicarious sacrifice. The President may not be responsible for the extravagance of Congress, or for any one of a dozen things which arouses the resentment of the electors; but the President being the party in its concrete form, the easiest way the outraged elector has of venting his anger is by defeating the candidate for the chief magistracy.

It has been said that a member of Congress may bring ruin to his party or the country, and yet not suffer. An illustration will suffice. When war was declared against Spain both army and navy were in no condition to meet a first-class Power; the supply of ammunition was insufficient, and

the coast-defences would have afforded little opposition to a nation possessed of a small fleet of first-rate battleships properly manned and officered. The man more responsible for this state of affairs than any other is Representative Cannon, of Illinois, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, who has persistently fought the appropriations repeatedly asked for by the naval and military authorities. Like many other men representing inland constituencies, Mr. Cannon has never properly appreciated the value of a navy; his habits of thought and training make him grudge every dollar of the public money appropriated, and his rural constituents, to whom £100 is wealth and the £1,000 a year paid to a member of Congress a fortune beyond their desires, applaud Mr. Cannon for what they call his economy. Mr. Cannon, therefore, so long as he cares to remain in Congress, has simply to cater to his constituents and ignore the rest of the country. So long as the voters of his district are satisfied, it makes no difference to him what the people of New York, or Boston, or San Francisco may think. The fact that a member of Congress is frequently abused by other parts of the country endears him all the more to his constituents, and strengthens his hold upon the district.

The object of the creators of the American Constitution was to provide an executive having co-ordinate powers with the legislative branch of the government, but the functions of both were to be independent. So fearful were the Fathers of the Republic of anything approaching control of the legislature by the executive that they hedged in the latter by a series of restrictive provisions with the object of making Congress a check upon the President. Theoretically perfect, an ideal instrument as the American

Constitution has been called, the Fathers with all their wisdom were not able to see that at times this independence, or rather this divorce between President and Congress would lead to weakness occasionally, to annoyance and confusion frequently. The country looks to the President to carry out a policy, but he is powerless unless Congress is pleased to assent. He has no means of informing Congress as to that policy except by a message in writing, which is the official method of communication between the executive and the legislative branches of the government, or by the unofficial method of a letter to one of his adherents, or a speech in one of the Houses by a man who is recognised as a spokesman of the administration and whose utterances are accepted as semi-official. In their desire to keep separate and distinct the legislative and executive branches of the government, the framers of the Constitution built a moat and forgot the draw-bridge, which may be a good thing if a state of siege is to be perpetually maintained, but a decidedly inconvenient thing if the passage of the moat has to be attempted several times a day. Because of this system in the United States there is no such thing as a government programme. The President makes certain recommendations in his annual message to the two Houses, and from time to time during the course of the session he communicates with them; but the legislative programme is left entirely to the party-leaders in Congress, who if they are of the President's party may still not entertain his views, and if they are of the opposite party will be very sure to totally disregard them. Hence, while the President may be elected on a certain well-defined issue, as Mr. McKinley was in 1896, Congress may proceed to subordinate that issue and devote its energies to some-

thing entirely different. In 1896 Mr. McKinley was elected on the definite promise that the Republican party would reform the currency if they were returned to power, and Congress, disregarding that pledge, immediately proceeded to the enactment of a tariff-bill, which was decidedly objectionable to many of the men who had voted for Mr. McKinley.

In the European understanding of the word there is no such thing as a Ministry in America. The President is autocrat and premier in one; the members of the Cabinet are merely moderately well paid clerks, charged with an endless amount of petty, vexatious work, who have absolutely no power either to originate or execute a policy, and who are as much subordinate to the President as the Cabinet Minister's private secretary is to his chief. To be a member of the Cabinet is to be assured a recognised social position; and if the member of the Cabinet is rich, if he is fond of entertaining and being entertained by his friends, if he has a family enjoying the social gaieties of Washington, one can understand why men intrigue and contribute large sums to the party's campaign-fund to win a portfolio. But the usurpation of power by the President during the last two decades has kept many men out of the Cabinet who would unquestionably have given strength to the administration. The late Representative Dingley was offered the Treasury portfolio by Mr. McKinley, but there was no reason why Mr. Dingley, the leader of his party on the floor of the House, should surrender his individuality and influence to merge himself in the obscurity of the Cabinet and be placed in a position where his responsibilities would have been many times greater, his annoyances increased tenfold, and his actual authority reduced to nothing. If members of the

Cabinet were permitted to occupy seats in the House or Senate, at least two members of the present Cabinet would have been taken from Congress ; but as that is impossible, and as the change cannot be brought about except through the means of a constitutional amendment, which is almost equally impossible, the irresponsible Ministry will continue to exist in the United States.

So long as there is no Ministry readily responsive to popular sentiment, government by Committee will continue, government by Committee which destroys individual responsi-

bility and brings men too much under the domination of the party-machine. Government by an autocratic Ministry may at times be dangerous, but the people always have it in their power to upset the Ministry. Government by Committee (whose tenure of office is fixed) which is not a part of the Ministry, is more dangerous. The people have no redress during its lifetime ; and when it expires it is easy for the individual members to escape their responsibility by throwing the onus on that nebulous institution, the Committee.

A. MAURICE LOW.

THE REALM OF CONSCIENCE.

How far conscience is the product of intuition, and how far of education, would be an interesting subject for inquiry,—on a proper occasion. For the present, however, I do not propose to attempt so difficult a problem. Let it be sufficient to say that most civilised States have in modern times recognised the force of conscience, howsoever produced, and, if they would avoid the most mortal conflict that political authority can be called upon to wage, the wisdom of interfering as little as may be with the religious sentiments of their subjects. Yet, in spite of that fact, if temporal government be essential to temporal existence, there must of necessity be a limit to the direct influence which conscience may be permitted to claim over the daily life of a nation, and the experience of centuries has enabled us to draw a well-defined line of demarcation between the political and the religious spheres. The complex machinery of civilised existence, if it is to work smoothly, requires the guidance of a definite and unfluctuating policy, even though the result of that policy be the occasional doing of evil that good may come; and if that guidance be entrusted to the gusty caprices of individual intuition chaos will be the inevitable consequence. It is to be feared that the extension of the right of what is, somewhat erroneously, termed conscientious objection has rather obscured the dividing line between the provinces of conscience and of political expediency, and has introduced an element which can hardly fail to embarrass government in the future.

The decrease of small-pox may, as the anti-vaccinationists assert, be due to a general increase of sanitation and cleanliness, and not to vaccination. Even the doctors appear to be divided on the question. But, nevertheless, the vast preponderance of educated and expert opinion in the United Kingdom is soundly orthodox on the point, being firmly convinced that the immunity from the attacks of this scourge enjoyed by the present generation is mainly due to inoculation with vaccine. Thus the recognition of rights of conscience in a sphere with which, in truth, hygiene is solely concerned, not only has a tendency to confuse the distinction between matters of spiritual and matters of temporal interest, but at the same time violates a principle which, beyond all others, is the pivot upon which the body social turns. That principle is that a collective unit, such as a State, can only continue its corporate existence upon the assumption that the opinion of the majority of individuals of which it is composed is the unanimous opinion of its component parts. A State cannot, any more than can an individual, hold two opinions upon the same subject at the same time; and since the recognition of physical force as the controlling element in human affairs is the foundation and justification of the State, a government is compelled to assume that the will of the majority of its subjects is correct, and to be guided thereby to the practical exclusion of the minority's opinions. Minorities have no rights, and properly so; for

if the opinion of the majority must be assumed to be correct, that of the minority must equally be assumed to be wrong. The disregard of a minority's wishes, therefore, although it may at times appear to be arbitrary and unjust, is in reality perfectly justifiable. In return for the protection and privileges with which membership of the body corporate endows him, the individual tacitly agrees to surrender the freedom of action and judgment which might be his under other conditions; and if on any question his opinion happens to coincide with that less generally supported by members of the body, and he is consequently coerced into a course of which he does not approve, he finds his compensation in the probability that in other matters he is forcing his will upon his neighbours, and also in the possibility that, in regard to this very subject on which he is at present in a minority, he will in the future find the majority of his fellows siding with him, and be able to turn the tables on those who now have the upper hand.

It is, moreover, inconsistent to admit the rights of the conscientious objector in the case of vaccination, and to deny similar exemptions to the plague-stricken natives of India (where the opposition is infinitely more a matter of religious sentiment), to the opponents of the muzzling order, and to the Christian Scientists. If the anti-vaccinationists are wrong, the consequences of exemption are likely to be far more disastrous to the community than would follow a remission of compulsion in the two last instances at all events. The difference in these cases lies mainly in the ability of the objectors to make their voices heard; for a government, if objection to a measure be expressed with sufficient violence, is apt to throw consistency to the winds, and yield to clamour

the indulgence which it would deny to sober argument. It finds it difficult to gauge with accuracy the extent of the agitation; it hears the voice of the dissatisfied minority, but the contented majority is silent because matters are at present in its favour, and before it awakes to the danger of the situation the mischief is complete.

In substance there is little to choose between the positions of the anti-vaccinationist and the Christian Scientist. It may be conceded that there is an element of truth underlying the theories of the latter; but his fault lies in attempting to apply his methods to a far larger area of disease than that in which it is even remotely probable that they can be successfully employed. No doubt there both has been and is a great deal of trickery and fraud in the ways of the Faith-Healer, and a deplorable amount of ignorance on the part of those who seek his advice. "It would," Brigham Young is reported to have said on one occasion to a man who, having lost a leg, made a pilgrimage to Salt Lake City to seek the Prophet's assistance, "it would be easy for me to give you another leg, but it is my duty to explain to you the consequences. You are now well advanced in life. If I give you another leg, you will indeed have two legs until you die, which will be a great convenience; but in the Resurrection, not only will the leg which you lost rise and be united again to your body, but also the one which I now give you; thus you would be encumbered with three legs throughout eternity. It is for you to decide whether you prefer the transient inconvenience of getting along without one leg till you die, or the deformity of an extra leg for ever." The patient chose to bear the ill he had rather than to risk that of which he had no experience; and his de-

cision was doubtless gratifying to his adviser.

It is impostures such as this which have brought Faith-Healing into greater disrepute than it perhaps deserves, and have given rise to such stories as the following which appeared in a recent issue of a weekly journal, and which I will venture to repeat at the risk of its being known to the reader.

One of the most appalling stories about Christian Science that has yet come to light has just been communicated to me. Its authenticity is vouched for, though I do not desire to be numbered among its vouchers. A gentleman met with an accident which resulted in his being left with one leg shorter than the other. Medical Science failed to put him to rights, and in despair he determined to try what Christian Science could do. He was introduced to a "Healer," who was said to have had miraculous successes with similar cases. Unfortunately the lady had engagements on the Continent, and was only able to see him personally once. She, however, commenced her treatment at this interview, and departed for the Continent, promising to continue the course *in absentia*. In Christian Science absent treatment is very much the same as present treatment. So it proved in this instance. The leg began to grow. It continued to grow. It got as long as the other, but it showed no disposition to stop growing at that point. The owner became alarmed. He made enquiries after the absent Healer, but failed to find her. His leg kept on growing, and in despair he advertised in the newspapers in the hope of stopping the absent treatment, but without success. His leg is now three inches longer than the other, and is still growing.

The cynicism of the general public has its justification in the conspicuous and inevitable failure which has attended the treatment in two recent and notorious cases. It is impossible to conceive that the mere belief of the patient in the probability of his recovery can have any effect in such purely physical diseases as, for instance, angina pectoris or aneurisms.

It is still more inconceivable that the treatment should be remedial where the patient entertains no such belief. Yet that that is the case is the claim of the Christian Scientist. "The question is often asked," says one of the votaries of the system, "in what does the Christian Science healing differ from the Faith-cure?" And he answers the question by stating that, while in the case of Faith-Healing the patient must believe in his cure, in Christian Science faith is not a necessity; patients have frequently been helped, or entirely cured, without knowing that they were being treated. It will, he admits, expedite the recovery if the patient takes sufficient interest in the methods employed on his behalf to read suitable books on the subject, and converse profitably with the Healer; for "prayer to a personal God affects the sick like a drug that has no efficacy of its own, but borrows its power from human faith and belief. *The drug does nothing because it has no intelligence.*" This remarkable assertion is supported by the writings of another prominent member of the sect. "Christian Science," remarks Mrs. Eddy, "divests material drugs of their imaginary power. . . . The uselessness of drugs, the nothingness of matter and its imaginary laws, are apparent as we rise from the rubbish of belief to the acquisition and demonstration of spiritual understanding. . . . When the sick recover by the use of drugs, it is the law of a general belief, culminating in individual faith that heals, and according to this faith will the effect be." The last sentence would seem to argue that personal belief in the treatment adopted is rather essential to, than merely expeditory of the cure. To prove, however, that this is not the case, it may be mentioned that Christian Science does not hesitate to exercise its

mysteries upon the animal kingdom. The Scientists have experimented with the happiest results upon a dog, "a noble thoroughbred, of great sagacity and intelligence." The first experiment consisted in conveying commands to him entirely through mind. Not a word, we are told, was spoken, but his mistress would say to him mentally, "Carlo, come here," or "Carlo, lie down," and although the thought sometimes had to be repeated *mentally* a number of times, yet it would reach him ultimately, and occasionally he would respond "almost immediately." This experiment would perhaps be more convincing had we any precise knowledge as to the length of its duration, for there is no positive proof that Carlo's lying down was not as much due to physical exhaustion on the patient's part as to mental compulsion on the operator's. The most hardened sceptic, however, can scarcely fail to be convinced by the following tests :

One day his master discovered an appearance to which he gave the name *mange*. All the dogs around were having it. It was catching. Dr. So-and-so had pronounced it mange, and prescribed a mixture of sulphur and castor oil, &c., which was to be applied *externally* in such a way that Carlo, in attempting to remove the preparation with his tongue, would get a dose into his system. But here the mistress interposed, and insisted that Carlo should be subjected wholly to mental treatment. The result was entirely satisfactory. The appearance vanished as it came. Again, the experiment of placing Carlo entirely under the intelligence of his master's mind and thoughts for a certain period was tried, and compared with the effects of leaving him wholly under his mistress's mind. In the former case he soon exhibited every symptom of dyspepsia and indigestion in every form to which the master was subject, and in a very marked degree. But under the thought of the mistress, every symptom and appearance vanished at once. He soon attained a perfection of physical condition which constantly attracted the notice of every one.

This speedy restoration to health was obviously dictated by courtesy and common prudence, since, after the susceptibility to mental influence which this remarkable animal had previously shown, any other line of conduct would have been a serious reflection on his mistress's personal condition and appearance. Although, of course, perfectly immaterial, I will add that the writer of the above passage is a lady,—possibly the mistress of the canine dyspeptic. Let us return, however, to the remedial qualities of medicine.

The common idea, we are told, that drugs possess inherent curative virtues involves an error. Arnica, quinine, and opium could not produce the effects ascribed to them were it not for imputed virtue. It is, in short, purely a matter of fancy ; men think that these drugs will act in a particular way on the system, and consequently they do. The property of alcohol is, it is courageously asserted, to intoxicate ; "but if the common thought had endowed it simply with a nourishing quality like milk, it would produce a similar effect." The author of this statement was possibly unaware of the fact that until the middle of the seventeenth century whisky was used solely for medicinal purposes, which renders it probable that the intoxicating effects of the liquor were discovered long before there was any intention to profit by them. Again, not one in ten of the persons who become tipsy by the use of alcohol to-day drink with that express intention ; the last thing that a man anticipates, in drinking as in war, is the probability of himself becoming a victim, although he is fully prepared to see everyone about him succumb. Nor, on the hypothesis that alcohol has no inherent power, would it be easy to explain why one man should

be more easily intoxicated than another, or why it should require more than a single glass to render any man unconscious. Such a theory, in fact, scarcely needs refutation, for it is notorious and beyond the possibility of contradiction that animals are affected by drugs when they have no knowledge that they are taking them, and that large doses will act upon their systems when small doses have not the slightest effect.

But, proved beyond dispute as these facts are, they fail to disturb the equanimity of the Christian Scientist. His ambition soars to still higher flights of fancy. To quote Mrs. Eddy again: "If a dose of poison is swallowed through mistake, the patient dies while physician and patient are expecting favourable results. Did the belief cause death? Even so, and as directly as if the poison had been intentionally taken.

. . . The few who think a drug harmless, where a mistake has been made in the prescription, are unequal to the many who have named it poison, and so the majority opinion governs the result." That is certainly not a little curious; for if the drug be harmless in itself, and the faith of the patient or physician be all that is required to obtain a result beneficial or harmful, the very existence of a belief in an advantageous effect should have been sufficient to produce the result expected. It is difficult to see why a general belief in the destructive qualities of a perfectly neutral substance should override the individual faith in its curative effects upon a particular occasion. Or is it that the general belief of mankind gives the drug inherent qualities which it did not obtain from Nature? Such minor inconsistencies, however, have no power to dismay the devotee of Christian Science, and not content with the

denunciation of our most cherished medicinal theories, he extends the lash of his scorn to our daily bread. In the picturesque language of Mrs. Eddy "gustatory pleasure is a sensuous illusion." It is true that she would not absolutely prohibit the use of food, that she even goes so far as to admit its desirability in our present sinful state; but she promises us that, when we come to a better understanding, we shall find that our "bodies are nourished more by truth than by food." As, however, her statement of the question is a marvel of close and accurate reasoning, it will be desirable to give it in her own words.

Admitting the common hypothesis that food is requisite to sustain human life, there follows the necessity for another admission in the opposite direction,—namely, that food has power to destroy life, through its deficiency or excess, in quality or quantity. This is a specimen of the ambiguous character of all material health-theories. They are self-contradictory and self-destructive,—“a kingdom that is divided against itself, that is brought to desolation.” If food preserves life, it cannot destroy it. The truth is, food does not affect the life of man; and this becomes self-evident when we learn that God is our only life. Because sin and sickness are not qualities of soul or life, we have hope in immortality; but it would be foolish to venture beyond our present understanding, foolish to stop eating until we gain more goodness and a clearer comprehension of the living God. In that perfect day of understanding, we shall neither eat to live, nor live to eat.

It may be observed that while exercise in moderation is exceedingly beneficial, over-exercise is apt to produce disease of the heart; but the further dissection of this remarkable argument may be left to the reader, who, it may be, has hitherto cherished the mistaken impression that the greater part of mankind even now has higher aims in life than eating.

But assuming that Christian Science

is a mask for a great deal of imposture, and a still greater amount of ignorance, it is impossible to dismiss the mental treatment of disease as a mere farrago of nonsense. The power of suggestion in a certain class of ailments cannot be disputed. The cure of patients by bread-pills is said to be not unknown in the medical profession; and although these cures are usually confined to cases of hysteria and such like imaginary complaints, it would seem to be indisputable that even in physical disease the patient's mental condition may exercise a beneficial or injurious effect upon his physical welfare. It would be unwise, without farther inquiry, to either affirm or deny the truth of a hypothesis which has been put forward in America, to the effect that there is a subconscious, or subjective, mind at all times amenable to suggestion, while possessed of powers not owned by the objective mind, including a control over the physiological and pathological processes and a faculty known as telepathy. The idea will, no doubt, be dismissed by many as ridiculous; but that has often been the reception of propositions which have subsequently become the common-places of every-day existence. A thousand remarkable discoveries in every branch of science warn us that in such cases as these the only proper course is to keep an open mind, carefully examining the evidence brought forward in support of them, while ready to admit the truth if the test be satisfactorily passed. Every one, probably, has heard of men being branded with cold iron, and of a criminal being done to death by listening to the dripping of water which he believed to be his own life-blood. The authentication of such cases is difficult, for they do not occur now in countries where they can be scientifically tested, and we must be wary of accepting

reports handed down to us from a more credulous age; but if we allow the possibility of their correctness, we are also driven to admit that Faith-Healing may be an effectual remedy in other than purely nervous maladies. Indeed, a very close connection has been recently established on thoroughly credible testimony between psychical treatment and the disappearance of warts, as well as in a number of other cases in which, perhaps, one would more naturally expect to find the patient's mental attitude playing a pronounced part.

Dr. Buckley in his work on Faith-Healing¹ gives, on the authority of Dr. Tuke, the two following instances of an astonishingly rapid and unexpected cure of warts, after the ailment had long defied the usual medical applications. "In one case," Dr. Tuke declared, "a relative of mine had a troublesome wart on the hand, for which I made use of the usual local remedies, but without effect. After they were discontinued, it remained *in statu quo* for some time, when a gentleman 'charmed' it away in a few days." Again, the daughter of a friend of this witness had been long troubled with warts on her hands, to which caustic and other remedies had been applied without success. A gentleman, happening to call, noticed them and asked how many there were; the girl said she did not know exactly, but believed about a dozen. "Count them," he said, and took down the number, remarking, "You will not be troubled with your warts after next Sunday." Dr. Tuke tells us that by the day named the warts had disappeared and did not return.

According to the bias of the reader the result in these cases will be described as a mere coincidence, or as a remarkable example of the ascendancy

¹ FAITH-HEALING AND KINDRED PHENOMENA, p. 20; London, 1892.

of mind over matter. Several, however, of the following instances for which I am also indebted to Dr. Buckley, go a considerable way to establish the truth of the proposition that a patient's belief in the course of treatment adopted will at times be efficacious in cases which are not solely due to hysteria or hypochondria. At all events they cannot all be ascribed to coincidences.

During the siege of Breda in 1625 scurvy became so prevalent in the town that the Prince of Orange was about to capitulate. The medicine had run short, but one of the physicians bethought him of trying the following experiment. Three small phials were given to each physician, and as the contents were not in fact sufficient to cure two patients, it was publicly given out that three or four drops of the medicine would impart a power of healing to a gallon of liquor. "The effect of the delusion," says Dr. Frederic Van der Mye who was present, "was really astonishing; for many quickly and perfectly recovered. Such as had not moved their limbs for a month before were seen walking the streets, sound, upright, and in perfect health."

Metallic and wooden tractors, stated to act as a galvanic battery, although in reality the effect was purely mental, are reported to have cured cases of chronic rheumatism in the ankle, knee, and hip, where the joints were swollen and the patient had been ill for a long time; and even a case of lockjaw of three or four days' standing was cured by the same means in fifty minutes, after the physicians had lost all hope. Dr. Buckley states that he has himself tested this principle, and has found that the application of a silver dollar wrapped in silk to ulcerated teeth, when the patient had been suffering for many hours, or even days, relieved

the pain forthwith; but when the true effect of the remedy was explained, its magic power was at once lost. In 1867 a well-known public singer, on the evening of his concert, was taken dangerously ill with great nausea and intense headache. Two applications of the silver dollar to his forehead at once relieved him, and he performed a full programme with his usual energy. The next case, an instance of inflammatory rheumatism in a bad form, is vouched for by Dr. Buckley personally, he having taken a prominent part in the cure. The patient was terribly swollen, and could not move, nor bear to be touched:

I said to Mr. Faulks, "You shall now have an illustration of the truth of the theory you have so often heard me advance." He mildly demurred, and intimated that he did not wish to be mixed up in anything of the kind. But, after making various remarks solely to inspire confidence and expectation, I called for a pair of knitting-needles. After some delay, improved to increase confidence and surround the proceedings with mystery, operations were begun. One of the hands of the patient was so swollen that the fingers were very nearly as large as the wrist of an ordinary child three years of age. In fact, almost all the space between the fingers was occupied, and the fist was clenched. It was plain that to open them voluntarily was impossible, and to move them intensely painful. The daughter informed us that the hand had not been opened for several weeks. When all was ready I held the needles about two inches from the end of the woman's fingers, just above the clenched hand, and said: "Now, Madam, do not think of your fingers, and above all do not try to move them, but fix your eyes on the ends of these needles." She did so, and, to her own wonder and that of the daughter, the fingers straightened out and became flexible without the least pain. I then moved the needles about over the hand, and she declared that all pain had left her hand except in one spot about half an inch in diameter.

The power of the king's touch to cure scrofula was widely credited in

bygone centuries. Charles the Second is said to have touched nearly a hundred thousand victims of this complaint, and the second James on a single occasion touched eight hundred persons in Chester cathedral. William the Third, more conscientious or less sympathetic than they, refused to attempt the exercise of this power, and in consequence, Macaulay tells us, brought down upon his head an avalanche of tears from the parents of suffering children. The religious deemed his refusal impiety, while his enemies asserted that he dared not try to exert a power which belonged only to legitimate kings. The gibe of the latter seems, however, to have been undeserved, since an ancient writer assures us that "the curing of the King's Evil by the touch of the king does much puzzle our philosophers, for whether our kings were of the house of York or Lancaster, it did cure for the most part."

Sir Humphrey Davey is stated to have cured a case of paralysis quite unintentionally. He placed a thermometer under the tongue of the patient merely to ascertain the temperature, whereupon the latter at once claimed to experience relief. The same treatment was continued for a fortnight until the patient was entirely cured.

The above instances are clearly not cases of merely imaginative ailments. There was absolute physical disability, and the cure was effected by means of the patients' belief in the treatment. The explanation, established by the experiments of Hunter and others, is that the concentration of attention upon any part of the human system affects the sensations, and produces a change in the circulation, a modification of nutrition, and finally an alteration in structure. Such an explanation would sufficiently account for the miracles of Lourdes and the

favourable results actually obtained by Faith-Healing. It would not account for the higher claim put forward by Christian Science to be able to cure where there is in fact no credence of the treatment on the part of the patient, and we must conclude that such claims are founded on insufficient data.

The system of Faith-Healing would be held in higher estimation were its votaries a little less eager to seize upon every scrap of evidence which appears to be even remotely in their favour, and to magnify it into positive proof of the soundness of their views. They take no account of failures or relapses, for fear of detracting from the glory which they consider that their cures confer upon their religion; and in many of their apparent successes the malady supposed to have been cured is not authentically proved to have ever existed. Want of will and energy is the cause of a large number of ailments, and these may be cured by any sudden excitement, or by a powerful will in another, as well as by the Faith-Healer. A burning house, or a shock of earthquake, may cause the apparent paralytic to walk even more speedily than a dawning faith in his own powers induced by religious exercises. The following story is an excellent illustration of the ease with which the cure of a serious physical injury may be claimed as the result of faith, when in fact due merely to an unwonted exercise of will on the part of patient or operator. A young American lady had for a long time been ill, suffering great pain and quite unable to walk. It was before the day when the Röntgen rays enabled a medical adviser to see through his patient physically as well as mentally, and one of the most famous surgeons in New York declared, after careful examination, that she had diseases of

the breast-bone and ribs which would require incisions of so severe a character as to be terrible to contemplate. Three times he came with his instruments to operate, three times the parents were unable to bear the idea and the operation was postponed. At last another adviser was called in. After a most searching examination of the patient, the new doctor said suddenly: "Get out of bed, put on your clothes, and go down-stairs to your mother in the parlour." The patient obeyed, took a walk next day, and shortly made a complete recovery. The case was in sober truth solely one of hysteria, the diagnosis was incorrect, and the only remedy required was the application of a stronger will than the patient's own; but what a magnificent advertisement such a case would have afforded to the Faith-Healer or the Christian Scientist, if only it had come in his way! There would have been the certificate of the surgeon as to the terrible nature of the ailment, and the patient obviously sound again after the treatment; who thenceforward could have ventured to deny that the one thing was cause and the other effect? That similar cases do in fact occur among the Faith-cures we may feel sure, but that the claims put forward are exorbitant need not blind us to the underlayer of truth. We must winnow the chaff from the wheat, but need not reject the wheat because of the quantity of chaff. That the mind-cure has a foundation in natural laws, and that concentrated attention, with faith, can operate efficiently in nervous diseases, and may even relieve, and indirectly cure, rheumatism, sciatica,

neuralgia, and certain other inflammatory conditions, we may admit; but when we are asked to believe that the dead may be raised, or that medicine is unnecessary and of itself ineffectual, our experience compels us to refuse assent to such propositions, and to scrutinise very closely the less unreasonable and incredible statements of those who put them forward.

The question then arises as to what should be the attitude of the State towards those who profess these theories in their extreme form. It is clearly a case of conscience; is the State to bow to the conscientious belief which it has good grounds for deeming erroneous, to the probable injury of some of its members? The answer is that so far as concerns the adult member who, of his own free will and at his own expense, indulges in these practices, he should be left to his own devices, since interference will be useless, and is more likely to spread than to check the disease. But when it is sought to enforce these theories upon children of tender years, it becomes the duty of the State to step in and claim for the youthful citizen that he shall be treated in accordance with the generally accepted ideas of the time in which he lives. The right of the parent does not extend to making experiments upon the persons of his children, and if the State is to claim certain rights of control over its adult members, it must extend its protection to them in infancy, even at the risk of appearing to persecute their natural guardians.

SPENCER BRODHURST.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

HIGH up over the sea it stands, the little village of St. Agnes, between the sky and the olive woods, sometimes among the mists of the mountains; and from the summit of its rocks, four streams rush and gurgle downwards to the four valleys, to the north and south, the east and the west. I found it one sunny evening in February as I journeyed northward from the coast with my donkey Grisa, laden with sea-shells and pretty things from Genoa for the children at home. We had walked all day, Grisa and I, at first through the steep olive and lemon groves over stony ways, and up steps, crossing every now and then little water-courses, the water-brooks of God, as the people called them, happy and singing after the recent rain. Then we had come to the pines, and the violets grew fewer and fewer, and the mountains greyer, till at last we were alone on the hillside, two little moving black dots amidst a world of grey. Our last halt had been at the mouth of a cave, where I had kindled a fire and made myself a cup of tea for my twelve o'clock breakfast, and Grisa had eaten dainty morsels of white bread soaked in tea, like the good beast she was, yet truly preferring the thistles which grew around, but not liking to say so. The old cave, high on the hillside, looked straight out to sea, down the deep valley. It was the house of some hermit or anchorite in the old days when such people were wanted, before our new time came and swept out the rubbish, and began to litter the world for itself. Indeed even yet over the doorway there remained the

old legend, *Christo La Fece, Bernardo l'Abito, 1528*; and though Bernard was dead and gone, and Christ seemingly going, the cave still remained there, a good shelter, even for those who can make the best of things, a spacious hostelry for all those passing wayfarers since poor Bernard slept of nights on his rock-floor and dreamed that curious dream of the Middle Age, that he was thereby pleasing God.

Grisa and I (with some reluctance, for we were tired, having been afoot since dawn) started again after an hour's rest, walking till the sea faded away into just a bluer ribbon between a blue sky and the grey-green of the olive woods. The country was wilder here, and more lonely; and every now and again one got a glimpse of the snow, on a far-away peak in a different land it seemed, so far was it, —could it, could it be Switzerland?

As the sun went down we had come in sight of a rough stone crucifix by the way, and I halted Grisa and sat down on the little stone staircase that led one up to the foot of the cross, to look at the sun setting there in the west behind the mountains of Esterel. The whole earth seemed to have taken on a new and shining garment. There was some rare suggestion as of gold-dust in the air, and slowly I seemed to become conscious of the sound of falling water, a sound that had never left us all day, but which suddenly seemed to become lively, as it were, to become separate from the mere spinning of time that goes on always whirring past us, only seemingly silent. Presently, as I

watched the sunset or as my gaze was fixed for a moment on some clear patch of sky overhead, a great star would rush towards me out of the distance, and then suddenly stop and twinkle there, nearer than before but after all, as it seemed to me, so very far away. It is always thus; I have looked for the stars from childhood, having learnt it from the old nursery days when one could curl oneself (one was small then) on the window-sill in the twilight, and watch for stars while nurse prepared tea, and the firelight was playing on the ceiling, and the shadows dancing and leaping in the half darkness.

Presently it was almost dark, as dark as it could be while the sky in the west was still rosy or faintly living; and Grisa and I went forward, hoping to reach the village, now visible almost above us, before the night in very truth set in. We had trudged on for another mile when, out of the darkness that hung like a great grey curtain on either side of the way, a child leapt suddenly, and without a moment's hesitation dropped on its knees in front of me, so that I had to halt Grisa very abruptly to prevent her trampling on him.

He was a curious looking little being. A mass of yellow hair, rough and unkempt, tumbled over a round face red and rosy as the face of an English child, a thing rare in these parts; his eyes were large and were looking at me half in surprise, half in awe, while his dirty hands, held in front of his nose, clasped and unclasped themselves in evident eagerness or curiosity.

"Well," said I, "and when are you going to let me by?" I expected the usual request for a sou, but the child, for he was little more, looked at me for a full minute in silence before answering.

"So you have come, Monsignor," he said, "you have come to-night; but it was to-morrow you should have come."

"I see you were expecting me," I cried; "but, as you see, it is getting dark, and I wish to reach the village as soon as possible, so you will show me the way, will you not? Come, let us go on."

"You will go to St. Agnes," said he, in great surprise; "you will go to our village, and you will stay there against to-morrow? Eh, but yes, Signor, I will show you the way very gladly indeed."

He took my hand a little timidly at first, but more trustingly, more lovingly as we trudged on; and, before we had gone another mile he was sitting perched on the donkey among the parcels and the flowers, holding my hand still, and looking in my face with large wondering eyes.

The way was more level now, and though Grisa was tired she could not have felt his little weight among so many other things; and occasionally he would chirrup to her some little song that surely helped her somewhat, for she picked up her feet and we covered another mile. And then we came on the village quite suddenly, a long straggling, cobbled way, steep and rough, and built in long steps. On one side, for the first hundred yards, houses rose, scarcely more in their draughty dirtiness than hovels, while on the other was sheer rock and precipice. The whole place was indescribably dirty, and as we ascended, and the houses grew up on both sides of us, just a narrow strip of deep blue sky, with a star or two peering down on us between the buildings, was all that was left of the deep night that had crept on us for so long till at last it had seemed just to lay its cool hands over our eyes half an hour before.

Under the arches of houses built over the street, past long straggling stone staircases that seemed to lead one had to guess where,—perhaps to some witches' nook out among the straw and cobwebs—while here from a grated window, scarcely a foot wide, the grunts of the cattle came mingled with the sound of human voices, singing or praying slowly, rhythmically, up the street we went, till a level square, with a great tulip-tree growing in the middle, told me I had come to the market-place. I walked to the parapet to see the view, which was wonderful; a thousand feet or more below lay the sea, with the moon just coming up out of the East and painting the world in silver and gold. It was so calm that I could see Sirius riding like a great lily reflected on the shell-like surface of the water, while above Orion threw his right arm across heaven and pointed ever eastward. Everything was absolutely silent save for a kind of music in the air, which seemed not indeed to be separate from that stealthy movement of night, creeping up so ceaselessly; the music of the spheres indeed, I thought, while under the olives a great white sheep stirred and hobbled to another tree.

"Little boy," I said, "little boy, I have brought you so far for love; and now for love you must take me to the inn." But he had gone, stolen away as I watched the sea and the night, setting store by such things as I do.

I turned to lead Grisa back to the street, that I might inquire my way of someone, when I became aware that I was not alone, as I had thought, but that indeed the square was full of people, full of men and women intent on something, intent, as I instantly saw, on praying. In long lines they knelt there under the stars, chanting monotonously, led by

a white-haired old priest,—a village at prayer, swaying slightly as one man to the music of the words and the rise and fall of the chanting.

Presently I saw my little friend peep out from somewhere behind the worshippers and come towards me. "You will come this way, Monsignor, will you not?" said he; "and oh, be very careful not to be seen."

He seemed so eager that I followed him silently, and it was only when we had once more turned into the street and were climbing again that I ventured to say: "Tell me, then, what they are praying for; St. Agnes' day is gone by, is it not?"

He looked at me shyly, and smiled as he answered: "They are praying against to-morrow, of course, Monsignor."

He was ahead of me leading Grisa, and I could not see his face, save now and again when he turned to look at me so earnestly. "To-morrow," said I, "and pray what may to-morrow be?"

"To-morrow," said he, "as all the world knows" (he laid such stress on the *world*), "is the last day, and the Gran' Signor will once more come back to us."

So to-morrow was the last day, alas, alas, and all the world knew it! And I looked far away to my left where the West was, and there, like a faintness on the lowest hills, were the lights of Monte Carlo. "And so the Christ comes to-morrow," said I.

"Yes," he answered, quickly; "why have you come to-night, Monsignor?"

"I am returning from Genoa," said I, "where I have been busy; and I am going home to my little children as fast as may be."

"And have you brought them anything?" said he.

"Of course," I answered.

He said no more, but led me on

till we came to a narrow alley, that turned down hill at right angles to the street.

"Is the inn here?" said I.

"No," answered the boy, from the donkey's head; "but it is not good that you go to the inn. I will take you to my house."

"But no," said I; "you must let me go to the inn."

"Inns are no place for you," said my guide, in his manly little way; and so I meekly followed.

We came to the house at last, dingy and desolate, for his parents, he informed me, were praying in the square, and had been doing so for the last week. He took me to his own little bed, brought me bread and milk and some eggs, then modestly bid me lie down and sleep, for, said he, "The Christ comes to-morrow."

I was awakened very early in the morning by the sound of groaning and chanting. I rose, pulled on my clothes, and walked out into the street. The whole village and mountain-side were covered with mist, drifting and white and damp. It was cold and there was no sign of the sun; the daylight was only sufficient to show where one was going. I found my way back to the square; there were still some people praying, but the sound of chanting and groaning came from below, and I turned to the side nearest the street and looked down upon a sea of white mist drifting almost like smoke hither and thither. The path wound down the mountain here, I knew, though I could see nothing for the mist, but the groaning and the chanting kept reaching me from the depths. Presently I saw something moving, something black that straggled its arms wide and moved clumsily. Next moment I knew it was a crucifix; and yet no, it was not a crucifix,—and yet again it was a living crucifix,

a huge black cross borne on the shoulders and the outstretched arms of a man in a black robe and cowl with slits for the eyes; and as I looked, though he was a hundred feet below me, I saw his eyes blaze with enthusiasm and passion, and his body crouch to the chant; and then he was lost in the mist. And then came another and another, till I had counted forty-four men and women bearing the cross. Surely this little world was indeed celebrating the second coming of Christ, and indeed all the world must know that it was the last day.

Still they came, as it were across my mind for a moment, and then plunged once more into the mist. I shivered, the morning was cold, and I had had no coffee nor even a mouthful of wine. I felt a touch on my arm.

"So you have come." It was my little companion of last night. "I knew you did not wish to be known last night, Monsignor," he said, with a wise nod of his head, "so I gave you my bed, while I watched. But now you have come, what do you mean to do?"

"I?" said I. "I am going on when I have had some breakfast."

He seemed surprised. "But I thought when you came, it was the end of all," said he.

I looked at him for a moment; evidently his long night-watching had made him silly, as though he were drunk; I had seen such things before among the mountains. "I am going home," said I, "to my little children."

"How I hate you," said he, "oh, how I hate you!"

"Hate me? What for, my little fellow?" said I.

"Oh, they have told me about you," he went on; "they have told me how you will spoil it all, and burn it all, all this and this, that I love so much. Already they have taken my man-

dolin and sold it to buy candles for you ; and you are come now at last to spoil the sun, and to take away the sea that shines, as precious things shine, in the morning. And the flowers were beginning to come again, and the streams to grow young again and not to speak with such gruff voices ; but you will spoil it all,—how I hate you !”

“ But,” said I, “ I shall do nothing of the sort.”

He looked at me half doubtfully. “ You won’t ?” he said. “ Ah, but they told me you would ; they know, they are very much afraid, people do not tell lies who are very much afraid.”

“ They told you,—who told you ?” said I.

“ Father Agnolo,” said he, “ and all the people say so.”

“ But Father Agnolo doesn’t even know me.”

“ Father Agnolo not know you !” said he. “ Why, he has been to Rome and seen the Pope, and so of course he knows the Gran’ Signor, who always comes on an ass and a colt the foal of an ass. Eh, but you, Monsignor, he knows you well. Why even I knew you !”

So that was it then, and I was — surely the mist must have got into my head ; and the groaning and the mourning and the chanting and the crucified men and women, were they for — ?

“ Come with me, little boy,” said I, “ and we will get Grisa, my donkey, and harness her, for I must be getting home to my little children.”

He came with me reluctantly, and seemed as though he would have asked my pardon for offending me and making me sad. He certainly was not in the least afraid of me, and I wondered, till I remembered how he hated me, and then I wondered no more.

As we harnessed Grisa and ate our breakfast, I explained, as well as I could, that I was not that one who he believed me to be. But it was not until we had reached the top of the hill, whither he had accompanied me on my way, and the path once more sloped downwards into the olive woods that he was convinced ; for then the sun was up and the mists were scurrying away like guilty ghosts, and the groaning and the chanting were far away, and indeed somewhere overhead a bird sang.

As I wished him good-bye, he smiled at me and said : “ And so of course I am not to hate you any more, and I am going to buy a new mandolin with your gift, Monsignor, and I will make a song for you like the birds that we both love.”

“ And,” said I, “ may be when the Gran’ Signor comes one day, he will be better than they say.”

“ My faith, I believe you !” said my little friend.

EDWARD HUTTON.

PALMERSTON'S QUARRELS WITH COURT AND COLLEAGUES.

IN the Memoirs of Henry Reeve Professor Laughton included some letters written to Reeve by Sir Arthur Gordon (now Lord Stanmore) shortly after the publication of the third series of Greville's Memoirs. In these letters Lord Stanmore says that in several cases within his own knowledge Greville knew nearly all about the secret transactions of which he writes, but not quite all. For instance: "He was kept specially in the dark about the real history of Lord Palmerston's resignation in 1853, which is all the odder because he very nearly found it out. Hardly anybody does know what lay behind, though the difference about Reform was a very real one so far as it went, and quite sufficient to justify, at all events ostensibly, Lord Palmerston's virtual dismissal." Again: "I have never known a secret better guarded than the fact, which after a lapse of four and thirty years one may, I think, mention, that Lord Palmerston's resignation on that occasion was not voluntary, and that he was, in fact, extruded. But to be sure half the Cabinet did not know this; and it was their ignorance, coupled with Newcastle's and Gladstone's dislike of Lord John, that brought him back again." And in a later letter, Lord Stanmore wrote: "He had given great offence to the Queen; and his colleagues, at least his most important colleagues, distrusted his action in reference to pending negotiations, Lord Clarendon especially resenting the intrigues he was carrying on. Things being in this state he announced his hostility to Reform,

and it was determined to take advantage of this announcement to remove him; and removed he would have been, but for the two causes I have noted." Ten years have elapsed since this was written, but the true story has never yet been fully told. Lord Stanmore himself, in the Life of his father, the Earl of Aberdeen (which he wrote for the Prime Ministers Series), touched upon the subject very briefly, here again using the phrase *virtual dismissal*.

Some of the papers of Lord Aberdeen, and of others concerned in the transaction, have not yet been given to the public; but so many memoirs of the period have now been issued that it is possible, in the light of Lord Stanmore's disclosure, to construct, with some care and inquiry, what may be considered an authentic narrative of events which must form an important chapter in the history of the relations between the Crown and its Ministers during the present reign. No statesman in British history can match with Lord Palmerston in length of ministerial service. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the annals of any constitutional country would disclose another instance of a man who held office in so many administrations, extending over so long a period; yet he is, so far as is publicly known, the only Cabinet Minister who has been dismissed from office by Queen Victoria, and now it appears that two years after that historic occurrence he was "virtually dismissed" again.

Entering Parliament in 1807, on the fall of Grenville's Ministry of All

the Talents, Palmerston, then twenty-three years of age, was at once appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in the Tory Government of the Duke of Portland. Two years later, when Spencer Perceval, with much trial and trouble, formed his Cabinet, Palmerston might have been a member of it as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he mistrusted his immature powers and took the office of Secretary at War outside the Cabinet. All through the fifteen years' Administration of the Earl of Liverpool he remained in this position, apparently without any desire for promotion; but when Canning came in he took a seat in the Cabinet, remained there during the brief reign of Goderich, and continued under the Duke of Wellington, still in the same post of Minister at War. After twenty-two years of office he seceded, with other friends of Canning, when the Duke in 1829 got rid of the moderate element in his Government. Throwing off his Toryism in the nick of time, he qualified for admission in the following year to the Reform Ministry of Earl Grey as Foreign Secretary; and in this office he remained (with the intervals of Peel's two Administrations) until his downfall at the close of 1851. Then men thought his career was at an end. "Palmerston is smashed," said the men in the clubs after the Parliamentary explanations in February, 1852; and Disraeli, meeting Lord Dalling on the staircase of Ashburnham House, said in his peculiar manner (as Lord Dalling records), "There *was* a Palmerston."

But the clubmen were mistaken. They did not yet know the extent of that judicious intrepidity (or should it be called good luck?) which constantly brought Palmerston to the surface. He had his "tit for tat with John Russell" and was in Lord

Aberdeen's Ministry before 1852 was out. Recovering quickly from his slip in December, 1853, he was in the Cabinet all the rest of his life with the exception of a year and a quarter, and was Prime Minister for nearly ten years. He was, in fact, a member of every Administration from 1807 till his death in 1865, except the two of Sir Robert Peel and two of Lord Derby (which extended altogether over less than eight years) and three of these four he was invited to join. It would be difficult indeed to find a parallel to this extraordinary career.

The question involved in the crisis of 1851 has been generally regarded as one of high constitutional principle; and not without reason, as one would think that nothing less could justify the ignominious dismissal of the second man in the Government; but after considering all that can be said for the Court, for the Prime Minister, and for the Foreign Secretary, the reasonable conclusion appears to be that the question was after all rather one of expediency and of temperament than of principle. On the one hand, it cannot be denied that on some occasions the Foreign Minister must act on his own responsibility, without consulting either Crown or Cabinet; on the other it is admitted that he should not commit the country to a definite line of policy on any important matter. The question is how far the principle of collective decision should be modified in practice by the expediency of individual action.

The Queen's views on foreign affairs were those of the Prince Consort, and on broad principles of policy the Prince and the Minister seem to have differed rather in degree than in essence. Both favoured a more active policy of intervention in the affairs of other nations than would be

sanctioned by public opinion in these days, the Prince approaching nearest to modern ideals. "We are frequently inclined," he wrote to Stockmar in September, 1847, "to plunge States into constitutional reforms towards which they have no inclination. This I hold to be *quite wrong* (*vide* Spain, Portugal, Greece) although it is Lord Palmerston's hobby; but on the other hand I maintain that England's true position is to be the defence and support of States whose independent development is sought to be impeded from without." A few months later, in the House of Commons, Palmerston said: "I hold that the real policy of England is to be the champion of justice and right, pursuing that course with moderation and prudence, not becoming the Quixote of the world, but giving the weight of her moral sanction and support wherever she thinks justice is, and wherever she thinks wrong has been done." One would have thought that the authors of these declarations would have no difficulty in reconciling their policy, the warmth of the Minister being moderated by the caution of the Prince.

But the methods of the Minister and of the Court were not the same. "Lord Palmerston," says Sir Theodore Martin, writing from the Court's point of view, "was somewhat prone to forget, in his enthusiasm for constitutional freedom, that as England was not prepared to wrest it for other countries from their sovereigns by force of arms, despatches full of unpleasant truths unpleasantly put could only occasion sore and angry feelings towards this country, without advancing in any degree the cause which they were intended to serve." In these circumstances the Queen insisted that all despatches should be submitted to her and to the Prime

Minister in ample time for consideration, and that her objections and suggestions should receive attention. But it was here that the practical difficulty arose. It appears, from a letter written by Lord John Russell to the Prince Consort, that during the year 1848 no fewer than twenty-eight thousand despatches were received or sent out at the Foreign Office. Mr. Ashley (in his *LIFE OF PALMERSTON*) gives an illustration of the galling effect which sometimes attended the necessity of submitting so many documents to the Queen. During the discussion on the Spanish Marriages in 1847 he says: "Lord Palmerston lost three weeks in answering a communication from Guizot by having to send drafts backwards and forwards while the Court was moving about in a cruise on the Western Coast. Guizot, in his subsequent notes and despatches, was always throwing this delay in his face, but his tongue was tied and he was obliged to accept the rebuke in silence."

Early in 1845 we find Lord John Russell, in reply to one of the complaints, suggesting that Her Majesty "should give every facility for the transaction of business by attending to drafts as soon as possible after their arrival;" to which the reply was that the Queen only requires "that she should not be pressed for an answer within a few minutes, as is now done sometimes." Lord Palmerston assented to the arrangement, but still complaints were made from time to time of despatches being sent without submission, or altered after approval, or not altered as required. As Sir Theodore Martin points out, the Queen recognised that policy was beyond her control, that her duty was fulfilled when she had pointed out the probable mischiefs of a policy at once irritating and unfruitful, but she did claim the right to be consulted; and the Prince did not

mince matters in a letter of April 2nd, 1850, written on behalf of Her Majesty to the Prime Minister :

The Sovereign has a right to demand from Lord Palmerston that she be made thoroughly acquainted with the whole object and tendency of the policy to which her consent is required, and having given that consent that the policy be not arbitrarily altered from the original line ; that important steps be not concealed from her, nor her name used without sanction. In all these respects Lord Palmerston has failed towards her, and not from oversight or negligence, but upon principle and with astonishing pertinacity against every effort of the Queen. Besides which Lord Palmerston does not scruple to let it appear in public as if the Sovereign's negligence in attending to the papers sent to her caused delays and complications.

No instance is given of this, and it is clearly at odds with the aforesaid quotation from Mr. Ashley. It will probably strike the reader as strange that such a letter as this could be received by any Premier without leading to the resignation of the Minister accused. Indeed, this seems to have been the Prince's view, for in the following month, on learning that the proceedings in connection with the Don Pacifico claims had led to the recall of the French Minister in England, he wrote as follows to Lord John Russell : " Both the Queen and myself are *exceedingly sorry* at the news your letter contained. We are not surprised, however, that Lord Palmerston's mode of doing business should not be borne by the susceptible French Government with the same good humour and forbearance as by his colleagues." Lord John seems to have felt the sting of this laconic communication, for three days afterwards he wrote to the Queen expressing his determination " no longer to remain in office with Lord Palmerston as Foreign Minister." So says Sir

Theodore Martin, but there is no trace of such a determination to be found in Sir Spencer Walpole's *Life of Lord John*. At any rate nothing came of it, and in the following month Palmerston raised himself to a high pinnacle of fame and popularity by his Don Pacifico speech, consolidated the power of the Ministry, scattered all the elements of opposition, and stamped himself upon the minds of the English people, according to Lord John's own long-remembered words, as emphatically a Minister of England.

It was probably owing to this firm re-establishment of Palmerston that the Queen now determined to send to the Premier a Memorandum which, Sir Theodore Martin says, had been drawn up " after the most serious deliberation, long kept back by a feeling of kindness, and only forced from the Sovereign by the continued imprudence and insubordination of the Minister." It was the subsequent reading of this document in Parliament (or rather the last three paragraphs, for the preamble was never made public until the *LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT* appeared) that, more than anything else, led to the conclusion that Palmerston was finally " smashed." It was dated from Osborne August 12th, 1850, and was as follows :

With reference to the conversation about Lord Palmerston which the Queen had with Lord John Russell the other day, and Lord Palmerston's disavowal that he ever intended any disrespect to her by the various neglects of which she has had so long and so often to complain, she thinks it right, in order to prevent any mistake for the future, to explain what it is she expects from the Foreign Minister. She requires :

1. That he will distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she is giving her royal sanction.
2. Having once given her sanction to

a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. Such an act she must consider as failing in sincerity towards the Crown, and justly to be visited by the exercise of her constitutional right of dismissing that Minister. She expects to be kept informed of what passes between him and the foreign Ministers before important decisions are taken based upon that intercourse; to receive the foreign despatches in good time, and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they must be sent off.

The Queen thinks it best that Lord John Russell should show this letter to Lord Palmerston.

We shall see presently Lord Palmerston's explanation of his reasons for not resigning on receipt of such a document as this. To Lord John Russell he made no complaint, merely pleading great pressure of business, promising to revert to the old practice of having copies made for the Queen of all important despatches, and hinting that he might require a few additional clerks. But that he was very sorely hurt appears from a Memorandum left by the Prince Consort of an interview he had with Palmerston, at the latter's request, on August 17th.

He was [wrote the Prince] very much agitated, shook, and had tears in his eyes, so as quite to move me, who never under any circumstances had known him otherwise than with a bland smile on his face. He said that . . . to differ from a policy or to condemn it was only to condemn his judgment, and a matter of opinion upon which differences were natural and to be expected, but the accusation that he had been wanting in respect to the Queen, whom he had every reason to respect as his Sovereign and as a woman whose virtues he admired, and to whom he was bound by every tie of duty and gratitude, was an imputation on his honour as a gentleman, and if he could have made himself guilty of it he was almost no longer fit to be tolerated in society.

The Prince, in reply, reminded him of the innumerable complaints and remonstrances, and said the Queen made every allowance for pressure of business and would be sure to receive his denial of any *intentional* want of regard, but that she had felt that things could no longer go on so. The document then proceeds:

The Queen had often,—I am sorry to say latterly almost invariably—differed from the line of policy pursued by Lord Palmerston. She had always openly stated her objections, but when overruled by the Cabinet, was convinced that it would from political reasons be more prudent to waive her objections; she knew her constitutional position too well not to give her full support to whatever was done on the part of the Government. She knew that they were going to battle together, and that she was going to receive the blows that were aimed at the Government, and she had these last years received several, such as no Sovereign of England had before been obliged to put up with, and which had been most painful to her. But what she had a right to require in return was that before a line of policy was adopted or brought before her for her sanction she should be in full possession of all the facts and all the motives operating. She felt that in this respect she was not dealt with as she ought to be.

Further explanations followed, in which the Minister, while making no objection to the principle contended for (the Prince had, indeed, made an important admission of the limitation of the Sovereign's right of control), pointed out the difficulty of his position. Next day the Prince told Lord John Russell all about the interview, remarking that Lord Palmerston was so low and agitated as "almost to make me pity him," and Lord John said he thought what had passed had done a great deal of good.

But, strange to say, little more than a month passed before Palmerston was in a worse plight than ever over the Haynau affair. General Haynau,

of the Austrian Army, came to London, contrary to the advice of his friends, for he was generally supposed to have been guilty of gross cruelty to the Hungarian insurgents, with whom the English people sympathised. Visiting Barclay and Perkins's brewery Haynau was set upon by the men there and badly maltreated. Palmerston, whose own opinion was that the General's visit to this country was a wanton insult to the people, said in a private letter to the Home Secretary (Sir George Grey), that instead of striking him the draymen should have tossed him in a blanket, rolled him in the kennel, and sent him home in a cab. Palmerston had, however, to make some sort of apology to the Austrian Government, and a draft of his note to their Ambassador in London was sent to the Queen and the Prime Minister, who both disapproved of one of the paragraphs. But it turned out that Palmerston had sent the note without waiting for the approval of either. They instructed him to withdraw the despatch, and though he said he would rather resign his office he eventually submitted, withdrew the note, and sent another without the obnoxious paragraph.

After this the friction took several forms before the crisis came. Kossuth and other Hungarian patriots visited England in the autumn of 1851, and it was semi-officially announced that Palmerston intended to receive them. The Queen and Lord John Russell considered this would be an insult to the Austrian Government, and after several ineffectual attempts to dissuade the Foreign Minister from his purpose Lord John wrote him a peremptory letter on October 30th forbidding the interview. In hot haste and hot blood Palmerston sent him the following reply :

Panshanger, Oct. 30th, 1851, 6 p.m.

MY DEAR JOHN RUSSELL,—I have just read your letter of to-day, and am told your messenger waits for an answer. My reply, then, is immediate, and is, that there are limits to all things ; that I do not choose to be dictated to as to who I may or may not receive in my own house ; and that I shall use my own discretion in this matter. You will, of course, use yours as to the composition of your Government. I have not detained your messenger five minutes.

Yours sincerely, PALMERSTON.

Not five minutes ! Observe the pride the man takes in an impulsive decision. Lord John was cooler. Replying two days later he said the question was one to be "decided by argument and not by passion," adding, "If my letter was too peremptory, yours was, I think, quite unjustifiable." The whole question was brought before the Cabinet, who agreed with the Premier, whereupon Palmerston again gave way and did not receive Kossuth.

But this difficulty was scarcely out of the way when another arose. Palmerston received at the Foreign Office a deputation of English sympathisers with the Hungarians, and in an address they presented to him the Emperors of Austria and Russia were described as "odious and detestable assassins." It may readily be supposed that the Minister was not personally very much shocked by this language, seeing that he had written two years before in a private letter to our Ambassador in Vienna, "The Austrians are really the greatest brutes that ever called themselves by the undeserved name of civilised men ;" but it was, of course, extremely improper to allow such terms to be addressed to him as Her Majesty's Foreign Secretary. When reports of the affair appeared in the newspapers the Queen was highly indignant, and wrote to the Premier for an explana-

tion. Palmerston rather made light of the matter, and put the blame upon "a penny-a-liner." By desire of the Queen, Palmerston's conduct was again placed before the Cabinet, but they declined to come to any formal resolution. The object was, no doubt, to get the assent of his colleagues to his dismissal, but this was not required constitutionally, as was very soon proved. There does not, therefore, appear to be much point in Sir Spencer Walpole's observation that, "However much the Queen may have regretted the decision at which the Cabinet thus arrived, her knowledge of her duty as a constitutional Sovereign was too accurate to suffer her to dispute it. She gave way." The real point was that Lord John had not yet screwed his courage to the sticking-point.

This Cabinet Council was held on December 4th, and curiously enough Palmerston had the day before committed the indiscretion which led to his downfall. On the 2nd Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, had startled Europe with his *coup d'état*, dissolving the Assembly, placing the Opposition leaders under arrest, and taking the power into his own hands. Palmerston had long seen that either Napoleon or the Assembly must fall, and his opinion was that the solution which gave most promise of stability was the one which now occurred. Consequently when Count Walewski, the French Ambassador, called upon him on the 3rd to inform him what had happened, he expressed satisfaction with the bold and decisive step taken by the President. This expression he regarded as unofficial, but Walewski at once sent word to Turgot, Napoleon's Foreign Minister, that the British Government approved what had been done. Meantime the Queen, on hearing of the *coup d'état*, had

written to Lord John urging that Lord Normanby, our Ambassador in Paris, should remain perfectly passive and neutral. The Cabinet on the 4th approved this, Palmerston apparently saying nothing of his observation to Walewski the day before, and instructions were sent accordingly. Normanby hastened to inform Turgot of the instructions he had received, which was quite unnecessary, and was thereupon told that the British Foreign Minister had taken the side of the President.

Normanby wrote home expressing surprise and some natural indignation; but his indignation and surprise were nothing to that of the Queen when this despatch was, in due course, sent to her. She wrote to Lord John Russell that she could not believe the truth of the assertion, and told him to ask for explanations. Palmerston received this request on the 14th, but did not reply until the 16th, when, as he afterwards explained, he sat up till four o'clock in the morning after a hard day's work writing a long explanation of the reasons for his opinion, but stating that Walewski had placed a high colouring on his words. On the same day he had written a reply to Normanby, in which he said it was "not for the British Secretary of State nor the British Ambassador to pronounce judgment" upon the act of the President. At the same time he repeated his opinion that what had happened was the best thing for France.

Next day, the 17th, Lord John wrote to Lord Palmerston, stating that the question was not whether the French President was right or wrong, but whether the British Minister should have expressed an opinion which was not authorised by the British Government. He added:

I must now come to the painful conclusion, while I concur in the foreign

policy of which you have been the adviser, and much as I admire the energy and ability with which it has been carried into effect, I cannot but observe that misunderstandings perpetually renewed, violations of practice and decorum too frequently repeated, have marred the effects which ought to have followed from a sound policy and able administration. I am therefore most reluctantly compelled to come to the conclusion that the conduct of foreign affairs can no longer be left in your hands with advantage to the country.

He concluded by offering Palmerston the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. Palmerston wrote next day declining this offer, and expressing his readiness to give up the seals of office when required. Then Russell cut the affair short with the following curt letter.

Woburn Abbey, Dec. 19, 1851.

MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—I have just received yours of yesterday. No other course is left to me than to submit the correspondence to the Queen, and to ask her Majesty to appoint a successor to you in the Foreign Office. Although I have often had the misfortune to differ from you in minor questions I am deeply convinced that the policy which has been pursued has maintained the interest and the honour of the country.

I remain, yours truly, J. RUSSELL.

There was, of course, no hesitation at Court in taking the Premier's advice, and the dismissal was at once formally approved. It was unlike the Prince Consort, however, to write so bitterly of a fallen enemy. "You will readily imagine," he wrote to Lord John Russell, "that the news of the sudden termination of your difference with Lord Palmerston has taken us much by surprise, as we were wont to see such differences terminated in his carrying his points and leaving the defence of them to his colleagues and the discredit to the Queen." This was certainly not true of the Haynau and Kossuth affairs. "That you could hope to control him,"

added the Prince, "has long been doubted by us, and its impossibility is clearly proved by these last proceedings. I can therefore only congratulate you that the opportunity of the rupture should have been one in which all the right is on your side." Mr. Evelyn Ashley italicises these last words, as proving that the dismissal of Palmerston was an event which had been long contemplated, but there is abundant proof of that in the other documents which have been cited, and if they did not suffice yet stronger proof is to be found in the Memoirs of the Duke of Coburg, which were not available to the biographer of Palmerston. Writing to his brother of the year 1851 Prince Albert said: "The year closed happily for me in that the man who has embittered our whole life . . . has himself cut his own throat. 'Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself' is an old English proverb with which we have often tried to console ourselves, and which has been verified in this case." The tension must indeed have been great when the calm and gentle Prince could write thus of one who had forced from his own jealous colleague the declaration that he was emphatically "a Minister of England," and who had shown such bitter grief at the suggestion of disrespect to his Queen.

There was, of course, no ground whatever for Palmerston's suggestion that his fall was brought about by a conspiracy of the autocratic Governments of the Continent, but certain it is that they hailed it with exultation. At home people were utterly unable to understand the situation, and Palmerston did nothing to enlighten them. "When a man resigns," he said to Lord Broughton, "he is expected to say why; when he is removed it is for others to assign reasons." This Lord John Russell

did when Parliament met, in a masterly speech which put Palmerston entirely in the wrong, and the discarded Minister made but a lame defence. He was dumfounded by the reading of the Queen's Memorandum of August, 1850. In a subsequent conversation with the Duke of Bedford, which he placed on record, he said he considered it unhandsome to him and very wrong to the Queen for Lord John to have read the Memorandum. The impression created was that he had submitted to an affront (the hint at dismissal) which he ought not to have borne. His friends had expressed surprise that he did not resign on receiving it, but his answer had been, "that the paper was written by a lady as well as by a Sovereign, and that the difference between a lady and a man could not be forgotten even in the case of the occupant of the throne." This is rather artificial. The real reasons were probably those which he went on to add, that he did not suppose the Memorandum would ever be seen by anyone besides the Queen, himself, and the Prime Minister; that his resignation would have given to his adversaries the fruits of the triumph which he had just achieved with the aid of his supporters, and that he would have been bringing to the bar of public opinion a personal quarrel between himself and his Sovereign.

On the rights and wrongs of the dispute the reader can form his own opinion, but it is worthy of note that Lord John Russell himself, writing many years afterwards, criticised adversely his own action in the matter. In his autobiographical notes written in 1875 he said: "Baron Stockmar . . . seems to have acquiesced in the opinion that my conduct on that occasion was dilatory and undecided. My own judgment upon it is that it

was hasty and precipitate. I ought to have seen Lord Palmerston, and I think I could without difficulty have induced him to make a proper submission to Her Majesty's wishes and agree to act in conformity with the conditions to which he had already given his assent." Lord Derby, writing to Henry Reeve after the death of Russell, said: "I suppose he was forced by the Court into his quarrel with Palmerston, which was the trouble of his later official life and caused those uneasy struggles to recover a lost position which did him harm."

As we saw at the commencement, Palmerston was not long under water. Within a few days after the Parliamentary explanations on his dismissal he brought about the defeat and resignation of Lord John. He wisely declined to join Lord Derby's short-lived Ministry, and he became Home Secretary in the Coalition Cabinet formed at the close of 1852. The Court made no difficulty about his appointment to the Home Office; indeed Her Majesty had agreed in February (Lord Malmesbury notes) to his taking office under Lord Derby then, "but not to lead the House of Commons." Probably the opinion was entertained that he would be less dangerous in the Tory than in the Liberal ranks.

From the first Aberdeen found his team an awkward one to drive; Russell especially was in a perpetual state of fidget. I believe I am correct in saying that within eighteen months of the formation of the Government he tendered his resignation, or offered or threatened to do so, at least six times. He started with the Foreign Office and the lead of the House of Commons; then he led the House without office; afterwards he was President of the Council, and finally in January, 1855, he

really did resign and helped to defeat the Government on Mr. Roebuck's motion for an inquiry into the conduct of the Crimean War. The fact is, Russell thought all the time he ought to be Premier, and Lord Aberdeen was willing and anxious to make way for him (as he had promised to do when the Government was formed) so soon as an opportunity occurred, but the other members of the Cabinet would not assent to the change. Russell was, indeed, a more embarrassing subordinate to deal with than Palmerston, but Aberdeen could not afford to get rid of him. Into the details of the negotiations which preceded the Crimean War it is unnecessary to enter here. It will suffice to express the opinion that had either the Russophile policy of Aberdeen or the Turcophile policy of Palmerston been consistently followed the war would never have occurred, and to say that Russell supported the Home Secretary's view much more frequently than he supported that of the Premier. It is quite certain that these differences on the Eastern question had a real connection with Palmerston's "virtual dismissal" in December, 1853, with which we have now to deal, though they were not the immediate cause of it.

There were five persons only who had anything to do with this dismissal, the Queen, Lord Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham (First Lord of the Admiralty) and the Earl of Clarendon (Foreign Secretary). The reasons actuating them were various. What was the nature of the "great offence" Palmerston had given to the Queen, Lord Stanmore does not say, but we should probably be near the mark in supposing that the feeling against him at Court, which was particularly strong at this time, was partly due to the fact that he was vehemently working

for a marriage between Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck) and Prince Napoleon (the absurd Plon Plon). Knowledge of this fact was confined to a very narrow inner circle. Greville did not learn it till some time afterwards, and then he failed to note the influence it probably had on the events of December. Early in February, 1854, some one told him (the name of his informant is left blank even by his intrepid editor, but we know now that the information was correct), that Palmerston had been strongly urging this match on the Queen and "had written heaps of letters to press it, having been in constant communication about it with Walewski (the French Ambassador) and the Emperor himself." They had made such a point about it that the Queen had thought herself obliged to consult the Princess Mary herself, who would not listen to the suggestion. Greville's informant added that Palmerston did not make the proposal more palatable, nor recommend himself more to the Court, by suggesting that Prince Napoleon would be preferable to any little German Prince. Other notes made by Greville at this time show that there was a suspicion in high quarters that attacks on the Prince Consort in certain English newspapers were instigated from France with the connivance of Palmerston.

As to the other parties to the extrusion, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon found themselves hampered and embarrassed by Palmerston's attitude on the Eastern Question. He persistently urged stronger measures against Russia, whereas the Premier and the Foreign Secretary were working for delay, conciliation, and the concert of the European Powers in diplomatic measures to maintain peace. Though they had been thwarted by Russell as well as by Palmerston,

they hoped to be able to control Lord John if he lost the backing of the Home Secretary. Sir James Graham was moved by somewhat similar motives, and by warm sympathy with Russell. Russell's only concern was for his Reform Bill ; so far as foreign affairs were concerned, he did not relish the loss of Palmerston and the prospect of having to meet him as a critic in the House of Commons.

While the five were thus actuated by various minor motives they were all agreed that Palmerston ought not to remain in the Cabinet after he had pronounced his hostility to the leading features of the Reform Bill, which was to be the principal ministerial measure of the next session. This he had done when Russell laid his plan before a committee of the Cabinet in November, and early in December he had stated his objections verbally to Aberdeen. Still no overt step was taken until Palmerston had put forward his objections in writing, and thus committed himself definitely. On December 10th he forwarded to Lord Aberdeen the copy of a letter he had written to Lord Lansdowne (a member of the Cabinet without office) in which he stated that he could not agree to the proposals either for enfranchisement or disfranchisement, that he did not think the measure could pass through the two Houses, and that he "did not choose to be dragged through the dirt by John Russell."

Lord Aberdeen sent a copy of Palmerston's letter and enclosure to Sir James Graham, who communicated their substance to Lord John, adding that it was clear Palmerston hoped by raising the war-cry to drown the demand for an extension of the suffrage. He advised Lord John to take the "nobler and better part" of proposing a sound but popular measure of Reform, and co-operating in Aberdeen's efforts to honourably

maintain the peace of Europe. Acting on Graham's advice Russell saw the Premier next day (the 12th) and they came to an agreement on all points. A letter of virtual dismissal was drawn up by Aberdeen, and after being approved by Russell, Graham, and probably Clarendon, it was sent to Palmerston. - It was in these terms :

The objections you have stated to the proposed measure of Parliamentary reform in your letter to Lansdowne have now been fully considered by Lord John and by Graham. I have already assured you that a sincere desire existed to meet your views, and, if possible, to obviate your objections ; but they appear to be so serious as to strike at the most essential principles of the measure. Under these circumstances we feel that it would be impossible to make any such alterations as could be expected to afford you satisfaction. I very much regret the necessity of making this communication to you, although I concur in the propriety of the decision that has been adopted

Palmerston at once resigned. Lord Aberdeen urged Russell to take the Home Office, but he resolutely refused, and on his suggestion, and with the assent of the Queen, the place was offered to Sir George Grey. Meantime the existence of the Government seemed to depend upon Lord Lansdowne. Palmerston had evidently expected the veteran Whig to follow his example, as he largely shared his views on Reform. But powerful pressure was brought to bear upon Lansdowne to remain in the Cabinet. He consented to take no steps for the moment, but in a letter to Lord John Russell he expressed the view that the whole Cabinet should have been consulted before a step so important was taken, and he declined to attend any meeting of it until he had further opportunity of considering possible modifications in the Reform Bill.

The Cabinet met on Saturday, the 17th, and had to deal not only with their own internal affairs but with a startling development in the Eastern imbroglio, news having been received on the 13th of the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope. Curiously enough this untoward event has been ascribed as the cause both of Palmerston's resignation and of his withdrawal of it. Mr. Evelyn Ashley, endorsing a remark of Kinglake, says: "The fact is he [Palmerston] was gifted with the instinct which enables a man to read the heart of a nation, and he felt that the English people would never forgive the Ministry if nothing decisive were done after the disaster at Sinope." On the other hand Lord Stanmore (in his *LIFE OF ABERDEEN*) considers that Palmerston, in requesting that his resignation might be cancelled, was "moved, no doubt, by the news of the battle of Sinope." Both these suggestions are negatived by the fact that Palmerston resigned just after the news was received, and before the Government had had time to consider it. When they did consider it, on the 17th, they decided to wait for further news from Constantinople before taking action.

This decision, or, rather, this lack of decision, precipitated another crisis, for Lord John went home in a bad temper and wrote a bitter letter of complaint to Graham, winding up with the usual threat of resignation. He was reconciled a few days later by the acquiescence of the British Government in the suggestion of the French that the Allied Fleet should enter the Black Sea and shut the Russian Fleet up in Sebastopol. This step, which had for some time been recommended by Palmerston, led directly to the Crimean War. There is some doubt, I believe, whether the Cabinet did not agree to it on the

17th, but their deliberations seem to have been somewhat confused by the conjunction of crises.

Lord Lansdowne was not the only Minister who resented the extrusion of Palmerston. Mr. Gladstone (Chancellor of the Exchequer) had at this time no absorbing love either for Russell or for his Reform, — three years later indeed, he seriously thought of rejoining the Tories under Lord Derby; and in conjunction with the Duke of Newcastle (Secretary for War) and Sir Charles Wood (Secretary of the India Board) he actively promoted a movement for the restoration of the discarded Minister. None of these were acquainted with the whole circumstances of the case. They seem to have believed that Palmerston had been told that no alteration whatever could be made in the proposals for Reform, and he did not deceive them. Finding that Lansdowne had not left the Cabinet with him, he was ready enough to avail himself of the golden bridge. The movement met with little encouragement in high quarters, but there were ominous mutterings among Palmerston's friends; the existence of the Government was undoubtedly in peril, and Aberdeen, while indifferent to office on personal grounds, believed that his fall would make war inevitable. With the assent of Russell he announced that, while no overtures could be made to Palmerston, they could not refuse to consider an unconditional withdrawal. Accordingly Palmerston wrote on December 23rd:

I find by communications which I have received during the last few days from several members of the Government that I was mistaken in inferring from your letter of the 14th inst. that the details of the intended Reform Bill had been finally settled by the Government, and that no objection to any part of those details would be listened to. I am informed, on the contrary, that the whole arrangement is still open to discussion.

Under these circumstances, and acquiescing as I have all along done in the leading principles on which the proposed measure has been founded, I cannot decline to comply with the friendly wish expressed to me on the part of many members of the Government that I should withdraw a resignation which they assure me was founded on a misconception on my part, and therefore my letter to you of the 14th may be considered cancelled if it should suit your arrangements so to deal with it.

There was a great outcry at the time about the resignation, and all sorts of insinuations were thrown out. The Prince Consort was accused of endeavouring to get rid of the one man who was prepared to stand up against Russia; and long afterwards Kinglake, in a note to his *HISTORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR*, expressed the opinion that Parliament ought to have inquired whether any of Her Majesty's constitutional advisers had been guilty of undue complacency to the Crown, or of intriguing against a colleague. This was written after the publication by Sir Theodore Martin of the Prince Consort's letter to Stockmar on December 23rd, 1853.

No one will believe the true cause of his resignation—his dislike of Lord John's plan of Reform—and treachery is everywhere the cry. It is the Eastern Question that has turned him out, and Court intrigues! Uncle Leopold and I have been his enemies. . . . What you will chiefly marvel at is that after all this Palmerston is again anxious to join the Cabinet, and has been negotiating with this view, maintaining that his resignation has not yet been officially accepted, and that Aberdeen and his

colleagues are not indisposed to admit him again if Lord John, who is mortally offended, will give way. Palmerston has manifestly repented the step, for he hoped that Lord Lansdowne, who has now made up his mind to stay, would go out with him, and that the whole Ministry would be blown into the air Palmerston will now give up his objections to Reform "for Lord Lansdowne's sake" and from a patriotic desire to save England's honour in the East. One almost fancies oneself in a lunatic asylum

The ellipses occur in the letter as transcribed by Sir Theodore Martin, and they give colour to the theory that there were other matters behind Reform in which the Court was specially interested, that Palmerston's mines were met by counter-mines, that if he was intent on blowing up the Ministry others were intent on blowing him up, and that having frustrated his design on Lord Lansdowne the Court were not a little chagrined that he should come in again by what was practically a subterfuge. The Prince wrote the literal truth when he said Palmerston's dislike of the Reform scheme was the cause of his resignation, and as Lord Stanmore says, his action in this respect was quite sufficient to justify his extrusion; but when all the papers come to be published it will probably be found that this was another case of "giving a rogue rope enough." Only in this instance the wily old dog succeeded in cutting the rope before the breath was out of his body.

JAMES SYKES.

A SUMMER'S DREAM.

LIKE the flush of pleasure on a pale face, like the dance of delight coming suddenly into serious eyes, so are the flush and the dance of summer-flowers over the erstwhile wintry snow-fields of Finland. When I saw these clustering children of the soil as they shot up between the mossy stones, as they nodded along the ditches, as they rippled along the borders of the pools, and spread themselves swaying and billowing like a broad banner, gala-wise, over the fields, I could scarcely contain myself. I wanted to cry out *beautiful, beautiful*, in many languages; for in one the whole of the beauty could not be expressed, not even in the luscious Russian *kraceva*, conjuring up, as it does from its derivation, a vision of harmonies in all manner of reds, that colour most rare to those who look upon snow for half the year. But the harmonies here were not in red only, for the furrows were empurpled with giant bells, and limpid blue wrapped itself about the feet of the boulders; a glimmer of gold lay over the fields and a dazzle of silver about the edges of the lakes, while pink challenged yellow and scarlet purple close under the shadow of the pines or far out in the open sunshine.

The vitality of the human could not vie at all with this vegetative vitality. The pale-hued peasant leisurely handling his hay, piling it high on the low sledge (now doing its summer service of sliding along stubble instead of ice) sank into insignificance amid his environment of flowers girdling the shorn field like a huge garland. Perhaps the differ-

ence lay in that they had slept under the snow and he been wakeful, possibly hungry, above it, so that they, but not he, throbbed with the joy and wonder of resurrection. It seemed to me that in them the land was singing a loud, jubilant doxology, singing it in colour instead of in sound, but with as just and rare a music.

Never to be forgotten is that journey through the flowers; they carpeted the country, while the furniture of it consisted of the mirrors of a hundred lakes, of the dark tabular stretches of a thousand pines, of the grey graces of humble wooden huts with their tawny haystacks taller than themselves. I could not touch, I could only see and seem to hear the flowers,—to hear their light flirtations with the butterflies, the silken rustle of their petals as they danced upon the stalk with gentle deprecation to the music of the wind, the inner laughter of their hearts as they ministered with pollen and honey to the fussy bees. Though I longed to touch them, to watch perhaps the day's life, a fairy life, of but one of them, I could not; for I was standing on the platform of a train, which ran indeed without hurry though a little too fast for a snatch at the flowers crowding like curious children about the steel track of the engine. But no journey could be more joyous, more open to the dash of the wind and sometimes of the shower, to the flash of the sunshine and the scent of the hayfield.

At the end of the journey came new music, but no cessation of the flowers. The doxology was sung now in the foam-fall of living waters on

their exuberant way from one great lake to another, and eventually to flow under the quays of Petersburg, bearing their great burdens and shining more constrainedly about the green islands of the city. Here, however, they slid in silver current, shook in golden spray, eddied in snowy foam with a stormy joy. They gathered it from their great leap between the sentinel pines with the impetus as of a holy inspiration that surged and swayed and sang long before it could subdue itself to the silence of a river. When the rocks around are white in snow and all the flowers at their feet are dead or sleeping, the moving waters challenge that whiteness with their whiteness, that stillness with their restlessness, and their loud doxology knows no pause, nor they any resurrection. Their praise, in their continuity, is of continuity; they are ignorant of *alpha* and of *omega*, unlike the flowers; these get their share of spray-shower from Imatra as they venture, some of them, like stars out of a cloud, from the shelter of the pines, straying to look over the brink and smile at the awful raging of the waters. "What a life, what a plight, this of perpetual wrath!" they seem to be saying to themselves; and some of them perhaps sigh, but most of them smile with sunny eyes, never noting that the thundering wrath of the waters is a mere frolic with the rocks, like in spirit to their own dainty frolics with the wind, only that the Fall is a giant while they are fairies.

The pines in their dark battalions may be representative of Finland's winter; straight and stern in rank like well-drilled soldiers disciplined to identity of pose and uniformity of movement, they may express the spirit of enduring strain, of the fine, stern tension of a season that locks the lakes to the land in one white bond

of silence, and stays the pulsing waves of water and of sap as by mesmeric passes imperative to induce trance. But the flowers in their turn are representative of Finland's summer; theirs is the prerogative to fly first the variegated flags of festivity, to flutter the signal of recreative joyousness, to dance over the greensward like the heralds of holiday such as Finland seems justifiably to keep all summer, not only in field but in city, not only on land but on water. Her fairest utterance of this is in her flowers, but she utters it too in the canoes that swing their burnished sides and silken flags in the lap of water about her islets. She utters it in the turreted and towered bright wooden *dachas*, or *chalôts*, that lift their heads, ruddy or golden, from the blue pines which are ever a tufted crest upon those islets. She utters it in the pleasure-craft that creep lazily in and out the winding silver channels wrapped about the pink of the rocks, the green and gold of the sward; in the larger steamers, radiant with gay garments and jubilant with chatter and laughter, that splash their white way through the broader water-paths and over the wider lakes. She utters it in the flower-laden markets of her exquisite little towns, which themselves strike holiday-notes of colour and of form in their quaint, eyeless, pre-medieval castles, ruddy of roof and weather-stained of wall, with splashes of softest harmony, while under them group the peasants, pale in face and hair, but clad in faded lilac, or pink, or blue, with an orange kerchief, or a green kirtle, or a rose-coloured jacket protesting of youth and freshness through all this soft serenity of decay. She utters it in some professional march of her choirs through the boulevards of her beautiful capital, as they go to unveil the bust of some beloved poet, to honour

art and give expression to a virile nationality in open-air song, declamation, and orchestral music on a height that dominates city, gulf, and busy quay. Music, flowers, sunshine, the art of a lovely life that takes leisure to cast fine bronzes, to build fine halls of learning, to loiter about Olympus without shame-facedness,—these are characteristics of the fair little city whose commerce hides very exquisitely behind its art, not only in the manner of its markets but also in the fashioning of its streets. The long line of little boats rocking under its quay with little cargoes of butter, *smitåna* (soured cream), or dark red berries from the woods, all in their dainty little wooden tubs, and every boat of them embellished with some little bouquet or two of flowers at prow or keel,—these are as if art were sweetly simulating commerce, as if buying and selling were a pretty pastime with the peasants, as “keeping shop” is with children.

Such a dilettante commerce it is! Yet enough for the peasant to live by whose fare is frugal as his speech but perchance as healthful, who makes his own shoes, weaves and dyes his own cloth, builds his own house, and wears his good steel knife with a hardy brow; for so it becomes the progeny of ancestors who must yet recently have been hunters. Thus, though Helsingfors has shops with a fine aristocratic air about them, it is not they that I remember, but the green of her parks, the gaiety of her gardens, the glister of her spires, the stateliness of her columns with that red glow of quaint cone-roofs on slender ancient towers and that silver of the sea playing sweetly about her distant pines. I remember, too, how her radiant women and light-hearted men walked with the swing of holiday in their steps, as if to music, though they were, perchance, leisurely

busy, and how the bearing of her military in resplendent uniforms was courtly and fine as the bearing of her pines themselves. And these have never faltered from their dignity through the countless centuries.

They crowded round me once, these pines, thick and heavy, as it seemed, with all the stillness of the centuries, with the death and the birth that they covered under their ever-dropping needles which are first for a crown to the head and then for a shroud to the feet. This was on a night spent wakefully with burning candles, because of puerile terrors, in the airless cubicle of a wooden hotel, perched, as it was, on a long slope where wild strawberries straggled along the pathway and where miles of dark blue forest meandered behind an uneven way to the inland seas, sheltering stores of rich beauty under their swartheness. My puerile terrors were lest beetles should accost me and make night frightful, being, as it was, fearsome. For all along the spacious corridors and stairs of this hotel, with their striped Swedish carpets and their prevalent odour of resin, lay the helpless forms of kicking *coleoptera*, floated in upon the odour of the pines doubtless and now in piteous plight, each one prone upon his black back. I had already, lifted upon the ambulance of a scrap of paper, cast one out from my cubicle window to perish or to prosper in the hot shadow of the wood. I feared much the intrusion of another such visitor, black, uncomely, and ungainly far beyond Edgar Poe's Raven; and I also feared lest with it might come I knew not how great an army of mosquitoes, for these too bivouac perpetually among the pines. The night was direful, breathless, hot to suffocation. Speechless, motionless, every sigh among their tufted needles stopped, every crackle of their golden

branches stilled, the pines stood round in awful steadfastness, spell-bound custodians of the yellow wooden house. The heat of their resinous breathing, a Gehenna-like zone, girdled it close. Laden with the tragedies of the centuries, their darkness, their coffins, their skeletons, this breath of the forest drifted into the frail light of my candles, fondly set there to make to the night burnt-offerings of flimsy insect-flesh. Such nights are long. In this one I had second-sight for all the dark secrets of the forest, all the potential horrors of its leaping, jumping, flying, fluttering, creeping, crawling, flapping things under its velvet moss-flooring, among the tangled curtains of its foliage. It was fevered with visions of a raging insect under-world, seasoned with shudders at the whirr of metallic wings, until Nature took shape as a magician, stooped over the black furnace of the forest, with stealthy fingers dipping into life to mix and model, make and unmake, creatures from the coiled confusion. As charnel-house, as breeding-house the sultry wood lifted up to me her centuries, and the sameness of them in their strange activities of birth and death seemed like the gathering of a shroud over my head. I became as full fraught with the futility of being as the airy holocausts of my candle-flame.

But such a night was the price and its purchase was the morning. The price was paltry, the purchase was large. Then the eternity of doing and undoing lost its futility and found its momentousness. For the face of the Infinite is sad in profile but glorious in that full, forward accost which comes with the morning. The spell lifted with soft stirrings from the woods at dawning,—the gentle current of coolness trickling through the twilight, giving the pine-needles to drink

of dew in their dryness, filling fresh baths for the ever-thirsty mosses, letting drop upon the round red-golden tables of the *fungi* vanishing gems to roll and be lazily lost in the heart of a lily-bell,—the climbing of a sun in flames up the black ladder of serried pines, thence to survey lake and creek, canal and cornered pasture where the woods divide,—these were a part of the purchase. But perhaps these were not enough to clench a bargain which should overreach the torment of the night? I do not know; I only know that to one who watches thus, caressive and personal becomes his hold upon the full-blown flower of the day; it has opened under his eyes, it is as though he had participated in its production. And having met time, a day, full-face, he finds that he is confronting a jubilant eternity.

The tragedy of a night too intimate with Nature may have left me asking if there were also comedy in Nature, and left me perhaps answering that there was not; and for the dignity of this abstinence I thank her, and know that I can the more fully trust her if she never jests. But human nature cannot yet sustain so noble an abstinence; for human nature is the sport of time still, realising but charily the limitless, whereas Nature gossips familiarly with the infinite. Such a reflection might well come home to me when I strayed into the interior of one of those tall, old-world castles which hold some entrances to Finland's many water-ways. The tides of time trickle in green and rusty stains adown their whitening walls as they stand silent, austere, with red-capped turrets, at the very water's edge, like gateways to the isles. Within I imagined them grim, vacant, chill, and dust-wreathed, for they keep their dignity of to-day as by courtesy for their prowess of

yesterday, silent, stern, but superannuated. I was mistaken ; they are not merely medieval figure-heads but may one day yet send the thunder of cannon to reverberate through wood and lake. In this one of them I encountered a personage older than themselves and they are very, very old. It was in a long broad chamber once solemnised by usage as a church. Low on the walls, high around the pulpit, and behind the altar were many paintings, quainter in conception and in execution than I can give idea of. There were eager portrayals of an anguish which threw face and form awry, graphic delineations of ecstasy which threw them awry in a contrary direction ; there was a portrait of the devil solidly taken from life with more fanciful, aerial, floating figures of uncomfortably winged angels, while great effort and the serious pains of a glowing imagination had told the stories of the Crucifixion and of the Judgment with consummately unskilful skill. Many portraits of Old Testament celebrities panelled the walls north, west, and south. It was among these that I happened upon the one which interested me the most, in that

I came away from the interview, though laughing, with the serious impression of how much human nature is, as I said, the sport of time, how seldom it leaps the fence to find infinity. For I happened upon Noah sitting lonely upon Mount Ararat, and wearing a wide-awake hat, with other items of clerical attire. He looked forlorn, and so did Mount Ararat, which I might have mistaken, had Noah and the roaring flood not been there, for the Pyramid of Cheops. But I recognised Noah through the ages in spite of the shadow of his wide-awake, of the evidences of neuralgia in his countenance. I could not but be sorry for him, as the sport of fashion as well as of time.

And with satisfaction I left pictures and men for flowers, for the sweet unspoiled and smiling sisterhood of the rocks, the fields, the woods, the waters, whose faces and whose frocks are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, so free from the contemptible fluctuations of fashion, that Noah himself in the wide-awake of to-day would know them for old acquaintances, though him certainly for a good reason they might but haltingly recognise.

VESPER AT HUELGOAT.

THE way that leads to Huelgoat is a pleasant way of fern banks, pebbly brooks, and deep pine woods, with a wind always rushing like the sound of the sea among the branches. As one nears the village there is a hill to climb, then a sharp turn to the right, and we are in the narrow street amid the sunset and the hurrying people and the clamour of bells.

The small square woman is Madame Broquet. Madame made her economies in early life; her children are well placed, and she is consequently at her ease. Her black hair is well oiled, tightly plaited, and secured by a long pin, with a silver ball at both points, projecting well beyond either ear. Her cap has a flat crown of lace, with a large frill of white muslin standing out round her sweet brown face. The bodice of her good black cloth dress is cut low to give room for her silver beads, and the skirt stands out like that of a lady of the court of Henry of Bourbon. It is not all Madame Broquet, however; something is due to wool and horsehair. Madame is a well-proportioned woman, and cannot rise to the inexorable necessity of Breton fashion without extraneous help.

She turns out of the market-place at the stone cross and climbs the short path to the church on her way to do what she has done every day for the last two years. In the porch she stops. Can it indeed be two years since Zélie Golard's wedding, two years since her son Jules, whose profession is to let carriages for hire,

received a friendly letter from Golard, the hairdresser, telling of his daughter's marriage and suggesting that her old playmate Jules should drive her to church, and afterwards take the bride and bridegroom and the wedding-guests, a little turn, say to Carhaix, where in the Faisan Doré the feast was spread? And Jules had been only too ready,—but, for that matter, who would have hesitated or looked for ill luck? And with a sigh little Madame Broquet entered the church, and sinking into a chair fumbled for her rosary. She raised her eyes to the plaster figure of Mary draped in her garish blue-starred robe, murmuring, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now and in the hour of death, Amen." It was cruel to think how near that dreaded hour was creeping to her son Jules, although she prayed and prayed.

The figure of Mary had a child in her arms, which always set Madame Broquet thinking of Jules when he was a baby, thus interfering sadly with her prayers. Jules had been a beautiful baby, round and brown, an only son, precious beyond words. It was piteous to think of one's hopes and ambitions undone by a shower. Yet it had sufficed. Jules had gone forth handsome and smiling, with gaily-decked horses to drive Zélie Golard's wedding-party to Carhaix. Midway the sky clouded and the rain fell, a summer deluge, sudden and stormy. Prévost, the butcher, stopped short in the middle of one of his loudest roars; he was proud of his high notes, was Prévost. "Listen to that!" he

would say ; then his ruddy face would take a darker tone, and the veins on his neck swell, as a sound like a fog-horn rent the air. At the moment the weather changed, he had been engaged in singing,

Mon père m'a donné un mari.

Mon Dieu quel homme ! Quel petit homme !

which he considered both tuneful and appropriate. Porquier (he who married Alice Duvanchelle) seated by the driver, was laughing loudly,—there was no joke Porquier enjoyed so thoroughly as he enjoyed his own. Golard, the hairdresser and host, looked round apprehensively at the heads of his guests, all of which he had himself dressed before starting. The bride's hair he had arranged à l'*Imperatrice*, and if the large flat curls over each ear did not remain in position it was not for lack of *pommade à la violette*. "Quick, quick, the umbrellas !" he shouted in despair. "Ah ! sacré bleu ! And I crimped her till I dropped with fatigue, and look now, a drowned cat !"

Next day people learned that Broquet reposed himself after his fatigues, and so on for many days. Doctors came from Lannion, doctors came from Morlaix, from north and south, from east and west, but they brought no healing. From Perros-Guirec came Dr. Godet, a little man with high heels and a cornelian ring. He stood on one side of the bed, and Madame Broquet on the other, with an anxious face and a blue apron, having been surprised at an early hour in the morning. Between them, long and brown and aching, lay Jules. "So, Madame," observed the little man, summing up a long dissertation, "this is what I propose for our invalid ; a good milk-soup,—yes, yes," he insisted, answering a protesting groan from the bed, "it is thus with articular rheumatism—a good milk-

soup ; above all, no meat." And down the stairs he went, leaving Jules to his milk-diet and discontent.

Then had come a period of improvement and hope, and a chair in the sun, neighbours leaning over the garden-railing, friendly faces peering through the tall hollyhocks. "What, Jules, thou art down at last ! Thou art better then ?" But then followed Autumn, with its yellow leaves and chill airs, and despair.

There were steps in the church. Madame Broquet raised her eyes to the altar.

She went through all this each evening from the beginning, coming back with a contrite heart to her neglected prayers. What had she done to merit such a fate ? Surely she had sinned exceedingly before Jules's life could be taken from her as a punishment. She must reform, but how ? Now in the matter of vegetables ; "I will do my best," she said to herself, admitting to having been carried away last week. She was not usually quick-tempered, but to have one's cherished tulip-bulbs cooked for artichokes ! "Ah, *quelle Marie !* Holy monks and hermits, pray for us. St. Anastasia, pray for us," she murmured, joining from time to time in the Litany of the Saints which was going on. "What an aggravating girl ! Is it permitted to be as silly as that ?"

She turned ; there was Madame Bonvalet beside her. "And Jules ?" whispered the new arrival.

"Nothing new," sighed Madame Broquet. "For the rest, it was the artichokes that annoyed me for the moment." And forthwith she related the episode of the tulip-bulbs.

"The Pardon at St. Pol de Leon is next week ; do you take Jules ?" inquired Madame Bonvalet.

"What is the use ?" sighed his mother. "He has not the strength."

"Nevertheless the bell cured Elise Pol, she who had hysterics and no appetite for six years, living the while on sugar and water."

"White of egg, I heard," observed Madame Broquet. "Holy Martyrs all, pray for us."

"Sugar and water," insisted Madame Bonvalet. "Holy Patriarch and Prophets all, pray for us. In any case," she argued, "they tolled the bell over her and she has been well ever since; but there are some without faith."

Service over, the two friends walked home together in the dusk.

"Do you recall him as a baby, Madame Bonvalet?"

"But perfectly; he is the same age as Juliette." She answered shortly; this perpetual talk of Madame Broquet's affairs was trying, in that it left no room for her own.

"Ah! there again, thy Juliette; why was she so difficult? Jules would have worked for her; with us she would have been well placed. The Doctor asked me whether he had any sorrow on his mind. I replied, 'Sir, in this world it comes to all.' He insisted; then I said: 'Certainly not; he stays at home; his mother occupies herself with him; his business thrives;' but I thought of Juliette. Then, Madame, the Doctor said: 'He is doubtless well cared for, and with attention to milk-diet he will soon be re-established.' It is a long drive to Carhaix, so I gave him wine, *vin supérieure*, and gingerbread. 'Good-bye, Madame Broquet,' he said; 'take heart, and above all, no meat.' He is kindly, that Godet. What was I saying? Ah yes, Jules was a magnificent baby, a marvel; such intelligence is rare, and what a good disposition! What a love of animals, — 'Good-morning, Mouche,' to the

cat every day. Mouche was his adoration."

"But, Madame Broquet, what folly to occupy one's self thus with a cat!"

"Folly, you say, Madame Bonvalet? M. le Curé said it gave proof of a beautiful character, to love all the works of the good God. Now thy Juliette was amiable and pretty, but what sorrow to have a child with crooked legs!"

"Sad indeed!" said Madame Bonvalet. "I thank the Holy Mother it was never my lot."

Madame Broquet stopped in the road. "Dear friend, it is not possible that you never remarked the legs of Juliette! I remember as though it were yesterday, Broquet looking from the window: '*Ciel!*' he exclaimed, 'regard then the legs of Juliette Bonvalet.' 'Silence, *mon ami*,' said I; 'if it is the will of the good God that the legs of Juliette curve, we can but offer our sympathy to Madame her mother, at the same time thanking Him that He has seen fit to award straight legs to our son. It is for nothing that we have done that this privilege has fallen to us; we have on the contrary too often merited that the legs of Jules should curve as do those of Juliette Bonvalet.'"

"Thou dost lie, Madeleine Broquet! It is hard to suffer one's daughter's legs to be spoken of injuriously." Madame Bonvalet answered with a control borne of the knowledge of the superiority of Madame Broquet's investments.

"Calm thyself, Marthe Bonvalet; if thy daughter's legs are straight, then was my child's love of animals a beautiful trait, and not folly, as thou didst name it."

"There, there, thou art so soon angry, Madeleine Broquet."

"One should reflect before speaking, Marthe Bonvalet."

THE SONS OF HAN.

DURING the late Welsh Coal-Strike it was given out that colliery-owners, weary of the British miner's vagaries, were about to fill his place with the more docile Chinese. But the report was not believed; on the contrary, it was received with ridicule and contemptuous laughter, so blissful is the ignorance of the English workman and his leaders. In Australia, or the United States, the bare hint of a move so daring, would raise a storm of indignation such as would be allayed only by a prompt and emphatic denial. The labouring classes of those two countries are indeed not less ready to welcome the emigrant stranger than their brethren on this side of the water; but they draw the line at the Sons of Han. Mere prejudice, says the politician and the doctrinaire; but it is not. A new problem has arisen to vex the peace of the world, and, so far, the Colonies and the Western States of the Union alone have met it in practical shape. It is not they who are prejudiced, but the Englishmen who laugh at their fears. Their dislike of the Yellow Race is founded on bitter experience and a sound national instinct. The average Briton knows nothing more of the Chinese than he learns from history, a sight of the Chinese Ambassador in a London pageant, or the caricatures in the comic papers. But he has a theory, expressed in a sounding phrase; and this he hurls at the heads of people, who, having discovered its hollowness by the light of intimate personal knowledge, are wiser than himself. A theory is valuable only in proportion to its capacity for squaring with the facts of life.

For, look at it as we will, the

steady increase in the volume of Chinese emigration is one of the most serious questions of the time, Fifty years or so ago it had no existence, and up to 1895 had become acute only in the lands bordering on the Pacific. In that year, however, the Japanese, having exposed the weakness of the Government at Peking, caused the Far Eastern Question suddenly to loom up on the European horizon. Now it is a cloud which shadows the future prospect of every country in the world. As the roads made by Rome facilitated the advance of Goth, Vandal, and Hun, so the English steamship seems destined to be the means by which the uttermost part of the earth may be reached by the Mongolian hordes of Eastern and Central Asia.

As yet the great check on emigration is tradition. In patriarchal China a man's first duty is to his parents; his second is to his ancestors, and neither can be adequately performed in a foreign country. This is especially true of the latter, which, at short intervals, involves a ceremonial of the most tedious kind. Moreover it is commonly believed that the only road to the Celestial heavenly kingdom lies through the Celestial earthly kingdom ruled by the Manchu Emperor; and burial anywhere but in China means the loss of eternal happiness. For this reason the Chinaman is the only emigrant who, when he leaves home, has to think of death as well as of life. So thoroughly is it done, that no matter where he dies among the "red-haired barbarians," his bones are absolutely certain of sepulture in the family vault. The steamers which ply be-

tween Treaty Ports and such cities as Vancouver and San Francisco, Sydney and Melbourne, are thus the medium of this gruesome traffic.

Besides sentiment, social influences are at work to keep the Chinese at home. To emigrate is to lose caste, and, not so long ago, was a crime for which the penalty was death. "All officers of government, soldiers and private citizens," ran an old law, "who clandestinely proceed to sea to trade, or remove to foreign islands for the purpose of inhabiting and cultivating the same, shall be punished according to the law against consorting with rebels and enemies." The very poor and the scum of the seaports not being included in this statute, do as they please; and so largely have they availed themselves of the privilege, that in 1891 between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 were returned as residents of foreign countries. The following table shows how they were distributed in that year and twenty years earlier.

Country	Number in 1891	Number in 1871
Australasia ..	42,521	31,114
Canada ..	9,129	4,388 (1881)
Cape of Good Hope ..	221	—
Chili ..	924	136
Dutch East Indies ..	454,000	310,000
India (1896) ..	38,504	13,300
Hawaii ..	21,916	5,916
Hong-Kong ..	210,995	120,539
French Indo-China ..	2,000,000	1,000,000
Japan ..	3,642	—
Korea ..	4,000	—
Macao ..	74,750	64,029
Natal ..	77	—
Philippines ..	100,000	35,000
Siam ..	1,500,000	600,000
Transvaal ..	1,000	—
Protected States of the Malay Peninsula ..	295,700	—
Straits Settlements ..	227,989	1,400
Trinidad ..	1,006	1,400
United States	107,475	63,199
Total ..	<u>5,093,849</u>	<u>2,250,421</u>

In this table the Chinese, numbering not less than 150,000, in the West Indies and South American Republics are not included, as they are, for the most part, the flotsam and jetsam of the coolie trade, and therefore not emigrants in the true sense of the term. For a different reason the number of the Chinese in Southern Siberia has also been omitted. The first census of the Russian Empire having been taken only last year, nothing but the preliminary statement has been issued, and so there are no trustworthy statistics as to the Mongolian advance Westward. That it is steady there can be no doubt, or Russian officials would not regard it seriously; and this, on good authority, we know they have begun to do. There would be a curious irony in the situation did destiny allot the heaviest burden of consequences to the country which is now preying on China in defiance of treaty-pledges and the unwritten law of nations. America and Australia, with the Pacific Ocean as a barrier, may be able to check the course of this ancient Empire's over-flowing population; Russia, with a land-frontier, will find it impossible.

It has been estimated by a well-known statistician that, since 1815, the Atlantic highway has been crossed by 30,000,000 of people on their way to the Americas and the outlying parts of the British Empire. Such a migration is unparalleled for magnitude in the world's history; but so quiet and gradual has it been, that only statesmen and thinkers have awakened to its enormous significance. To a similar movement in the East, however, they are blind; perhaps because the human intellect has bounds and nineteenth century emigration has none. Yet it is only too true that the flow of Chinese across the Pacific, since 1850, has been fully as great as the flow across the

Atlantic from all Europe ; or to put it more clearly, between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 of Mongolians have within the last half century left their native land for countries whose civilisation has little in common with their own. The rill of 1840, which lost itself in the East Indies and Annam, is in this year of grace, 1899, a mighty river encompassing three quarters of the globe, and sending forth branches in every conceivable direction. When her Majesty the Queen came to the throne, and for many years afterwards, the Yellow Man was unknown beyond the south-eastern corner of Asia, in which he has lived from the very dawn of history. Now he is a familiar figure in every continent and island from Peking to Havana. The only race which is more ubiquitous is the Anglo-Saxon. But because it has not yet invaded Europe, Western civilisation mistakes the decay of an organisation for the decay of a people, foolishly lulling itself to sleep with the recitation of Chinese inertia and Chinese superstition. Of these silent, yet irresistible forces, which make the Chinese a power wherever they go, it knows nothing. But all too soon it will learn; the greed of European Governments has made that a certainty, by breaking down the barriers which have hitherto saved the world from being inundated by a Mongolian flood.

That Chinese emigration, on a large scale, must exert a vital influence on the future of mankind, there can be no question, and, in spite of Western indifference, it is one of the greatest problems of the time. We are told by men, who keep their eyes fixed on the Americas, that the migration of European peoples Westwards has revolutionised the world. And so, in a certain sense, it has. But civilisation, so far as its essential principles are concerned, stands exactly

where it did. Not one ideal has been lost ; art and literature are animated by the same spirit ; science has developed rapidly on the old lines, and so have commerce and trade. All that has been radically altered is the balance of power. Therefore, whatever may be the case of individual races, mankind has gained more than it has lost by the Atlantic folk-movement of the century. The horizon of the average man has widened infinitely ; the standard of living among the masses has reached a very high level, and the chances of happiness have increased a thousand-fold.

The Chinese invasion is of another kind. True it is like the corresponding movement of the West in its industrial character : it also progresses along ocean highways, and is nearly equal in volume ; but there the resemblance ends. European emigrants, with all their diversity of manners, customs, and strong racial antipathies, belong to the same great family of nations. They share, too, a common civilisation, and a religion which, if divided into sects, is based on one inspired Book. Moreover, when they cross the sea, they find themselves among kinsfolk who, in spite of New World conditions, worthily carry on the traditions of the Old. The Mongolian, on the other hand, is an isolated member of the community wherever he goes. He belongs to a branch of the human family from which Western civilisation has drawn little or nothing ; between him and a European therefore stretches a gulf as wide as the distance between East and West. In dealing with the Chinese, a shrewd observer once said it must always be remembered that they are nearly certain to take a course exactly opposite to the one we ourselves should take in similar circumstances. Europe's real antipodes is China, so little sympathy

is there between its people and the rest of mankind. Their origin is hidden in the mists of remote antiquity, and up to the middle of the present century they were able to maintain a policy of exclusiveness so complete as to be unique in the annals of nations. Hence Chinese civilisation, unlike the cosmopolitan civilisation of the West, is the absolute expression of Chinese genius; for as far as we are aware, it owes nothing to any other source, and therein lies the secret of the Hermit Kingdom's strength, perhaps also of her weakness at certain periods of her history, as, for instance, at the present time. So deeply rooted in the national character are Chinese modes of thought, habits of life, law, government, and social institutions, that any change must necessarily wear the aspect of revolution. For this reason the Celestial is an insoluble element of the population everywhere but in the east and south-east of Asia. Other emigrants adapt themselves to their new home by losing the characteristics of the old; he never does. His pride and his conservatism are equally invincible. He will learn all that the West has to teach him for the sake of gain, but for no higher purpose; in heart and mind he is always Chinese. It is not we, Red-haired Barbarians that we are, who represent culture and civilisation, but the Sons of Han, who were a power when the civilisation of the West was born on the banks of the Nile, and are so still, now that it is growing to maturity on the banks of the Thames. They look upon all other peoples as upstarts, mere creatures of yesterday, pupils in the school of wisdom from which, long ago in the centuries, they graduated with honours. For even in boyhood the Celestial is invested with the expression of dignified old age. There is something sphinx-like

in his air of antiquity and mysterious suggestiveness, his immobility, and the curious expression he gives of knowing that for which other men are seeking. When brought into close contact with him, a European feels that while the innermost recesses of his mind are open to the gaze of the almond-eyed, he is baffled by the Oriental's imperturbable air of calm superiority.

But the iron wall of resistance which the Chinese present to the foreign ideas and habits of life, is not their only point of difference from their Western rivals, the English alone excepted. They are seldom or never accompanied by a family. In other words, the Chinese emigrant is always an adult male; his womankind stay at home, a habit which in some quarters is counted to him for immorality. But this hardly squares with his reputation for filial piety, and dislike is ever a biased judge. In truth he is no worse than other men; but he has strong prejudices, and it is in obedience to one of these that he leaves wife and children in China.

No doubt the system is radically bad, but the evil lies in its consequences, not in the motive which prompts it. The Flowery Kingdom, by checking the flow of female emigration, is making a last stand to preserve her time-honoured policy of exclusiveness. Bowing to need, she permits her starving sons to seek a living in the land of the White Devils; but she will not let her daughters go; knowing very well that the man who leaves his family at home is almost certain to return. And herein lies the third great difference between European and Mongolian emigration. The former is always an outgoing tide, the other a tide which has its ebb and flow. Or, to put it in another way, of the Teutons,

Celts, and Slavs who settle in foreign countries, not more than five per cent. are able to return; of the Chinese, at least ninety per cent. return. There are thus two distinct movements of population in the Pacific, incoming and outgoing, and of the two one is only less than the other. United it equals, if it does not exceed, in volume that better known folk-movement which is in its turn transforming the face of the Western world. In 1851 the number of emigrants who left Hong-Kong was 8,000; in 1871 it was 12,992; in 1882 it was 79,000, the largest yet recorded; in 1895 it was 73,138. The annual average of the years from 1885 to 1889 was 69,796. From various causes the number fell in 1865 to 5,000, in 1891 to 45,162. The emigration returns of this little island, which has been aptly called Europe in Asia, are even more remarkable. In 1884 the number was 73,767; in 1891 it was 105,199; in 1895 it was 112,685. But Hong-Kong, if the greatest, is not the only centre of the Yellow movement; it has rivals in the Treaty-Ports and in Macao. There is also a constant flow of population from Yunnan into Laos and Tonquin, but it is dwarfed by that which takes its way by sea. Singapore, second only to Hong-Kong in the volume of its Celestial immigration, is practically a Chinese town. In 1882 the number of arrivals was 100,000; in 1891 it was 126,088; the number of departures bore the same relation to the number of arrivals that it always does. Penang is another port in which the ebb and flow of the Chinese invasion is very marked, and the same may be said of Bangkok. But the Siamese, though they have taken to civilisation kindly enough, have not yet been seized with the Western mania for statistics, and so trustworthy figures on this im-

portant subject are not to be had. Australasia has, by timely legislation, checked the Celestial advance, so that the thousands who yearly flocked to her shores thirty or forty years ago are now hundreds. California, owing to the venality of her officials, has been less successful; but she, too, is able to produce an immigration return which at any rate shows no signs of increasing. In 1891 not more than 5,995 Chinese arrived in San Francisco; whereas in 1875 they numbered 18,021. In Canada their number grows greater every year, though there it has not become a burning political question as it is in the United States and the Australias, perhaps because the manufacturing industries of British Columbia are yet in their infancy. It will thus be seen that even in those countries whose legislation is most prohibitory, the Chinaman advances and still advances. Where he is received on equal terms with others he eats up everything, like the plague of locusts in the land of Egypt.

Lastly, the Chinese emigrant, unlike his European rival, is unwelcome in any community whose civilisation is of the West. Wherever he goes he is confronted by a never-ending wall of fees, poll-taxes, laws and regulations. In Australasia legislation of this kind dates as far back as 1877, when the Queensland Legislature passed the Gold Fields Act Amendment Act, which provided that all Asiatic and African aliens should pay £3 for a miner's right, while Europeans and Americans were paying only ten shillings; and £10 for a business-licence, whereas only £4 was charged to others. That this measure was directed solely against the Chinese was obvious enough, as there were no Africans or Indians in the Colony. But the Governor refused his consent, and another bill was brought in even

more stringent than the first. This was the Chinese Immigrants Regulation Act, which stipulated that the master of every vessel carrying Chinese passengers to any Queensland port should, before making entry at the Customs, deliver to the Collector a list of the Chinese on board, and pay a deposit on each of them. No ship was allowed to carry more than one passenger for every two hundred tons of registry. Unfortunately, however, neither of these two acts was found to work well in practice. They were therefore repealed, and another was passed in 1878, which forbade Asiatic or African aliens to mine on new gold-fields, a field being defined as *new* for three years after proclamation. In New South Wales and Victoria similar measures became law. Since 1880 in obedience to the pressure of public opinion even more drastic legislation has been passed. Masters of vessels are forbidden under heavy penalty to bring more than one Chinese to every three hundred tons burden, and a poll-tax of £100 is charged on landing, except in Western Australia, where the tax is £10, and in South Australia where no poll-tax is imposed, but masters of vessels are permitted to carry only one Chinese to every five hundred tons burden.

In California repressive measures against the Chinese were taken very early. The first wave of the flood struck San Francisco in 1848; yet by 1856 an act of the State Legislature had been passed imposing a tax of fifty-five dollars on every Chinese emigrant. Two years later all Chinese were "prohibited from entering the State or landing at any port thereof, unless driven on shore by stress of weather, or unavoidable accident, in which case they should be re-shipped." From 1853 onwards a miner's tax, varying from four to

twenty dollars a month, was enforced against them alone, though the act was aimed at all foreigners without distinction. In San Francisco they are persecuted in another way which, if more petty, is no less harassing. A Laundry Ordinance imposes a license-fee as follows: on laundries using a one-horse vehicle two dollars per quarter; two horses four dollars per quarter; no vehicle fifteen dollars per quarter. As the Chinese generally use the bamboo pole and panniers the object of the ordinance is clear. Equally vexatious is the ordinance which compels vegetable pedlars to pay ten dollars for a license if they travel on foot; two dollars if they drive a waggon; and another which provides that any person convicted of civil offence must have his hair cut from his head to a length of one inch, a lasting disgrace to the Chinaman. The Cubic Air Ordinance requires that no person must let on hire any tenement house where the capacity of the rooms is less than five hundred cubic feet for every person sleeping there. This city regulation is enforced against the Chinese only. By an act of the Legislature, 1863, it was provided that Mongolians should not be witnesses in an action or proceeding to which a white person was party. As for water and gas rates, they are always higher to Chinese than to other citizens, and rents are in the same proportion. In 1880 the Government of the United States induced the Government at Peking to modify a certain clause in the Burlingame Treaty of 1868 so that it read: "The Government of the United States may regulate, limit, or suspend such coming or residence, but may not absolutely forbid it." In 1886 China, irritated at the treatment her subjects received in the Western States, offered of her own.

free will "to establish a system of strict prohibition under heavy penalties of her labourers immigrating to the United States, and likewise to prohibit the return to the United States of any labourers who had at any time gone back to China, in order that the Chinese labourers may gradually be reduced in numbers, and causes of danger averted and lives preserved." The result was the Chinese Treaty of 1888, which absolutely prohibited Chinese immigration for twenty years; though any Chinese labourer having lawful wife, child, parent, or property to the amount of one thousand dollars in the United States was permitted to leave the country and to return on consideration that he obtained a certificate from the Collector of Customs and returned within one year. But China refused to ratify, and an Exclusion Bill was immediately passed, which made it unlawful for Chinese, who had once left the United States, to return to its shores. That they still do so, however, is proved by statistics; for, as a matter of fact, California has not yet found any white labourers to fill their place, and so a natural law defies the feeble instrument of party-feeling and political necessity, and will continue to do so as long as the economic conditions of the State remain as they are.

But popular ill-will against the Chinese, not content with repressive legislation, vents itself in another form. In the Australias a mob of miners fired the huts of the hated stranger and destroyed his property. Individuals were, also, roughly treated in the streets of Sydney. In 1878 came the great shipping-strike, in which all the servants of the Australian Steam Navigation Company were engaged. They refused to work with Chinese, and backed by public opinion they gained their point, though the

struggle was long and bitter, involving both sides in enormous loss. But, happily for the fair name of the Colonies, the violence of the mob stopped short of murder. In the United States it did not. The Celestial, whose plodding industry and patience under insult aroused the ire of the more aggressive elements of the population, was stoned in the streets, mobbed in his house, and constantly abused and ill-treated. The Committee of the Californian Legislature, which inquired into the Chinese question in 1862, declared that eighty-eight cases had been reported to them of Chinamen having been murdered by white people, eleven of whom were known to have been murdered by collectors of the foreign miner's license-tax, sworn officers of the law. Only two of the murderers had been convicted and hanged. In September, 1885, the Chinese mining-labourers in Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, on refusing to join in a strike, were set upon by the whites, twenty-eight were murdered outright, fifteen wounded, and many others driven from their homes, while their property, valued at 147,000 dollars, was either destroyed or pillaged by the rioters. The legal investigation, according to an American judge, was a travesty of justice. Other outrages followed in California and Washington. Naturally the Chinese Minister claimed redress, which was, however, slow in coming; and in 1888 he sent to the State Department a list of forty Chinamen who had been murdered, while up to that time not one of the murderers had been brought to justice. Of outrages on the Chinese, like legislation to check their too victorious career, there is no end.

The Celestial is therefore the pariah of emigrants everywhere but

in Malaysia, Indo-China, and the East Indies, where he is all-powerful. On that account his success in the United States, Canada, and the Australias, is the more remarkable. The emigrants of all other nationalities are allowed to compete with natives on equal terms, but he never; their incoming is checked only when they are criminals and paupers, his in any case. That is to say, the prejudice against the European emigrant is chiefly social; against him it is both social and racial. That he manages to hold his own is due to his untiring industry and thrifty habits of life. For though we must all admit that the immigration of Chinese is undesirable in the English-speaking world, it would be most unfair to deny to them the possession of many fine qualities. Weighted as they are by tradition, they must be both enterprising and courageous to leave home at all; to gain a living, much less a competence, in the face of hostile legislation in a foreign land, they must have patience, intelligence, and adaptability. To these they add unrivalled manual dexterity, a great capacity for organisation, and the instincts of a born merchant.

In consequence they are a growing force wherever they go. Early in the century not more than a few thousand were resident in foreign countries, chiefly in the East India Islands and Tonquin; in 1871 not more than 2,500,000; in 1891 not more than 6,000,000; yet in this year of grace, 1899, it is estimated that the number is 10,000,000, not including the 100,000 stranded coolies in Peru, Tahiti, Guiana, and the West Indies, who are not true emigrants at all. Twenty years ago, owing to their rigid policy of exclusion, there were hardly any Chinese in Japan and Corea: now there are close upon 8,000, nearly all merchants. In 1842 Hong-Kong

was the resort of a few fishermen; in 1862 the Chinese population had increased to 120,539, in 1891 to 210,953. In the Philippines, since Spain ceased to persecute them, their numbers have more than doubled, and there are also about 200,000 half-breeds. In the Malay Peninsula and Indo-China, French and British, they are supreme; much of the commerce and banking is in their hands, and all the local shipping and building trade, agriculture, and mining. As they take to themselves wives in their adopted home, new and more vigorous races are rapidly filling the places of the effete Annamite, Burman, and Cambodian. Before the tin mines of Larut were discovered there were few Chinese in the Protected States of the Malay Peninsula; now they number hundreds of thousands. Russia, we are told, is pressing on the Flowery Kingdom so hard from the North, that eventually she must be forced out of Manchuria, as she was forced out of the Amur and the Maritime Provinces. But it is at the same time too often forgotten that, by a different process, she is transforming the whole of Further India and the Golden Chersonese down to Singapore into a new China. While she is losing in the North she is gaining in the South, and the potential riches of the valleys of the Irrawady and the Mekong are beyond the dreams of avarice. In 1891 the number of Chinese in Siam was estimated at 1,500,000; in 1896 it was estimated at between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000, and in French Indo-China the increase is equally startling.

But the Chinese are as ubiquitous as the English sparrow. Their merchants are favourably known in every exchange in the East; in San Francisco, where they monopolise all the trade with China and Japan; in Melbourne and Sydney, and even in

London and Paris. As for the labouring classes, they are as familiar on the Transvaal gold-fields as they are on the Californian fruit-ranch, and in the British Columbian salmon-canning factory as they are on the stations of Australia. In Hawaii they more than outnumber the whole of the rest of the foreign population. In Mauritius they have increased from 436 in 1891 to 3,358 in 1897. It is true that so far the tide of immigration has rolled Southwards and Eastwards; but a great movement Westwards is always one of the possibilities of the future. To Europe it is distant enough to be

comfortably shelved; to Russia it is a growing fear which never sleeps. It is the Achilles-heel of her vast Empire. For centuries she lay prostrate at the feet of Tartar princes: less than two hundred years ago she was threatened by Nadir Shah and his victorious hordes; and history is about to repeat itself. "The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which hath been is that which shall be done." In any case neither statesman nor student can afford to leave the Chinese out of his forecast of the future.

C. DE THIERRY.

SAVROLA.

(A MILITARY AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE had been a heavy shower of rain, but the sun was already shining through the breaks in the clouds and throwing swiftly changing shadows on the streets, the houses, and the gardens of the city of Laurania. Everything shone freshly in the sunlight: the dust had been laid; the air was cool; the trees looked green and grateful. It was the first rain after the summer heats, and it marked the beginning of that delightful autumn climate which has made the Lauranian capital the home of the artist, the invalid, and the sybarite.

The shower had been heavy, but it had not dispersed the crowds that were gathered in the great square in front of the Parliament House. It was welcome, but it had not altered their anxious and angry looks; it had drenched them without cooling their excitement. Evidently an event of consequence was taking place. The fine building, where the representatives of the people were wont to meet, wore an aspect of sombre importance that the trophies and statues, with which an ancient and art-loving people had decorated its facade, did not dispel. A squadron of Lancers of the Republican Guard was drawn up at the foot of the great steps, and a considerable body of infantry kept a broad space clear in front of the entrance. Behind the soldiers the people filled in the rest of the pic-

ture. They swarmed in the square and the streets leading to it; they had scrambled on to the numerous monuments, which the taste and pride of the Republic had raised to the memory of her ancient heroes, covering them so completely that they looked like mounds of human beings; even the trees contained their occupants, while the windows, and often the roofs, of the houses and offices which overlooked the scene were crowded with spectators. It was a great multitude and it vibrated with excitement. Wild passions surged across the throng, as squalls sweep across a stormy sea. Here and there a man, mounting above his fellows, would harangue those whom his voice could reach, and a cheer or a shout was caught up by thousands who had never heard the words but were searching for something to give expression to their feelings.

It was a great day in the history of Laurania. For five long years since the Civil War the people had endured the insult of autocratic rule. The fact that the Government was strong, and the memory of the disorders of the past, had operated powerfully on the minds of the more sober citizens. But from the first there had been murmurs. There were many who had borne arms on the losing side in the long struggle that had ended in the victory of President Antonio Molara. Some had suffered wounds or confiscation; others had undergone imprisonment;

many had lost friends and relations, who with their latest breath had enjoined the uncompromising prosecution of the war. The Government had started with implacable enemies, and their rule had been harsh and tyrannical. The ancient constitution, to which the citizens were so strongly attached and of which they were so proud, had been subverted. The President, alleging the prevalence of sedition, had declined to invite the people to send their representatives to that chamber which had for many centuries been regarded as the surest bulwark of popular liberties. Thus the discontents increased day by day and year by year: the National party, which had at first consisted only of a few survivors of the beaten side, had swelled into the most numerous and powerful faction in the State; and at last they had found a leader. The agitation proceeded on all sides. The large and turbulent population of the capital was thoroughly devoted to the rising cause. Demonstration had followed demonstration; riot had succeeded riot; even the army showed signs of unrest. At length the President had decided to make concessions. It was announced that on the first of September the electoral writs should be issued, and the people should be accorded an opportunity of expressing their wishes and opinions.

This pledge had contented the more peaceable citizens. The extremists, finding themselves in a minority, had altered their tone. The Government, taking advantage of the favourable moment, had arrested several of the more violent leaders. Others, who had fought in the war and had returned from exile to take part in the revolt, fled for their lives across the border. A rigorous search for arms had resulted in important captures. European

nations, watching with interested and anxious eyes the political barometer, were convinced that the Government cause was in the ascendant. But meanwhile the people waited, silent and expectant, for the fulfilment of the promise.

At length the day had come. The necessary preparations for summoning the seventy thousand male electors to record their votes had been carried out by the public officials. The President, as the custom prescribed, was in person to sign the necessary writ of summons to the faithful citizens. Warrants for election would be forwarded to the various electoral divisions in the city and the provinces, and those who were by the ancient law entitled to the franchise would give their verdict on the conduct of him whom the Populists in bitter hatred had called the Dictator.

It was for this moment that the crowd was waiting. Though cheers from time to time arose, they waited for the most part in silence. Even when the President had passed on his way to the Senate, they had foreborne to hoot; in their eyes he was virtually abdicating, and that made amends for all. The time-honoured observances, the long-loved rights would be restored, and once more democratic government would be triumphant in Laurania.

Suddenly, at the top of the steps in the full view of the people, a young man appeared, his dress disordered and his face crimson with excitement. It was Moret, the Civic Councillor. He was immediately recognised by the populace, and a great cheer arose. Many who could not see him took up the shout, which re-echoed through the square, the expression of a nation's satisfaction. He gesticulated vehemently, but his words, if he spoke at all, were lost in the tumult. Another

man, an usher, followed him out hurriedly, put his hand on his shoulder, appeared to speak with earnestness, and drew him back into the shadow of the entrance. The crowd still cheered.

A third figure issued from the door, an old man in the robes of municipal office. He walked, or rather tottered feebly down the steps to a carriage, which had drawn up to meet him. Again there were cheers. "Godoy! Godoy! Bravo, Godoy! Champion of the People! Hurrah, hurrah!"

It was the Mayor, one of the strongest and most reputable members of the party of Reform. He entered his carriage and drove through the open space, maintained by the soldiery, into the crowd, which, still cheering, gave way with respect.

The carriage was open and it was evident that the old man was painfully moved. His face was pale, his mouth puckered into an expression of grief and anger, his whole frame shaken with suppressed emotion. The crowd had greeted him with applause, but, quick to notice, were struck by his altered appearance and woeful looks. They crowded round the carriage crying: "What has happened? Is all well? Speak, Godoy, speak!" But he would have none of them, and quivering with agitation bade his coachman drive the faster. The people gave way slowly, sullenly, thoughtfully, as men who make momentous resolutions. Something had happened, untoward, unforeseen, unwelcome; what this was, they were anxious to know.

And then began a period of wild rumour. The President had refused to sign the writs; he had committed suicide; the troops had been ordered to fire; the elections would not take place, after all; Savrola had been arrested,—seized in the very Senate, said one, murdered added another.

The noise of the multitude changed into a dull dissonant hum of rising anger.

At last the answer came. There was a house, overlooking the square, which was separated from the Chamber of Representatives only by a narrow street, and this street had been kept clear for traffic by the troops. On the balcony of this house the young man, Moret, the Civic Councillor, now reappeared, and his coming was the signal for a storm of wild, anxious cries from the vast concourse. He held up his hand for silence and after some moments his words became audible to those nearest. "You are betrayed—a cruel fraud—the hopes we had cherished are dashed to the ground—all has been done in vain—Cheated! cheated! cheated!" The broken fragments of his oratory reached far into the mass of excited humanity, and then he shouted a sentence, which was heard by thousands and repeated by thousands more. "The register of citizenship has been mutilated, and the names of more than half the electors have been erased. To your tents, oh people of Laurania!"

For an instant there was silence, and then a great sob of fury, of disappointment, and of resolve arose from the multitude.

At this moment the presidential carriage, with its four horses, its postilions in the Republican livery, and an escort of Lancers, moved forward to the foot of the steps, as there emerged from the Parliament a remarkable figure. He wore the splendid blue and white uniform of a general of the Lauranian Army; his breast glittered with medals and orders; his keen strong features were calm and composed. He paused for a moment before descending to his carriage, as if to give the mob an opportunity to hiss and hoot to their

content, and appeared to talk unconcernedly with his companion Senor Louvet, the Minister of the Interior. He pointed once or twice towards the surging masses, and then walked slowly down the steps. Louvet had intended to accompany him, but he heard the roar of the crowd and remembered that he had some business to attend to in the Senate that could not be delayed; the other went on alone. The soldiers presented arms. A howl of fury arose from the people. A mounted officer, who sat his horse unmoved, an inexorable machine, turned to a subordinate with an order. Several companies of foot-soldiers began defiling from the side street on the right of the Chamber, and drawing up in line in the open space which was now partly invaded by the mob.

The President entered his carriage which, preceded by an entire troop of Lancers, immediately started at a trot. So soon as the carriage reached the edge of the open space, a rush was made by the crowd. The escort closed up; "Fall back there!" shouted an officer, but he was unheeded. "Will you move, or must we move you?" said a gruffer voice. Yet the mob gave not an inch. The danger was imminent. "Cheat! Traitor! Liar! Tyrant!" they shouted, with many other expressions too coarse to be recorded. "Give us back our rights—you, who have stolen them!"

And then some one at the back of the crowd fired a revolver into the air. The effect was electrical. The Lancers dropped their points and sprang forward. Shouts of terror and fury arose on all sides. The populace fled before the cavalry; some fell on the ground and were trampled to death; some were knocked down and injured by the horses; a few were speared by the soldiers. It was a horrible scene. Those behind threw

stones, and some fired random pistol-shots. The President remained unmoved. Calm, erect, and unflinching he gazed on the tumult as men gaze at a race in which they have no pecuniary interest. His hat was knocked off, and a trickle of blood down his cheek showed where a stone had struck. For some moments the issue seemed doubtful. The crowd might storm the carriage and then,—to be torn to pieces by a rabble! There were other and more pleasant deaths. But the discipline of the troops overcame all obstacles: the bearing of the man appeared to cow his enemies; and the crowd fell back, still hooting and shouting.

Meanwhile the officer commanding the infantry by the Parliament House had been alarmed by the rushes of the mob, which he could see were directed at the President's carriage. He determined to create a diversion. "We shall have to fire on them," he said to the Major who was beside him.

"Excellent," replied that officer; "it will enable us to conclude those experiments in penetration, which we have been trying with the soft-nosed bullet. A very valuable experiment, Sir," and then turning to the soldiers he issued several orders. "A very valuable experiment," he repeated.

"Somewhat expensive," said the Colonel dryly; "and half a company will be enough, Major."

There was a rattle of breech-blocks as the rifles were loaded. The people immediately in front of the troops struggled madly to escape the impending volley. One man, a man in a straw hat, kept his head. He rushed forward. "For God's sake don't fire!" he cried. "Have mercy! We will disperse."

There was a moment's pause, a sharp order and a loud explosion, followed by screams. The man in the straw hat bent backwards and

fell on the ground ; other figures also subsided and lay still in curiously twisted postures. Everyone else except the soldiers fled ; fortunately there were many exits to the square, and in a few minutes it was almost deserted. The President's carriage made its way through the flying crowd to the gates of the palace, which were guarded by more soldiers, and passed through in safety.

All was now over. The spirit of the mob was broken and the wide expanse of Constitution Square was soon nearly empty. Forty bodies and some expended cartridges lay on the ground. Both had played their part in the history of human development and passed out of the considerations of living men. Nevertheless the soldiers picked up the empty cases, and presently some police came with carts and took the other things away, and all was quiet again in Laurania.

CHAPTER II.

THE carriage and its escort passed the ancient gateway and driving through a wide courtyard drew up at the entrance of the palace. The President alighted. He fully appreciated the importance of retaining the good will and support of the army, and immediately walked up to the officer who commanded the Lancers. "None of your men hurt, I trust," he said.

"Nothing serious, General," replied the subaltern.

"You handled your troop with great judgment and courage. It shall be remembered. But it is easy to lead brave men ; they shall not be forgotten. Ah, Colonel, you are quite right to come to me. I anticipated some trouble with the disaffected classes, so soon as it became known that we were still determined to maintain law and order in the State."

These last words were spoken to a dark, bronzed man who had hurriedly entered the courtyard by a side gate. Colonel Sorrento, for such was the new-comer's name, was the military chief of the Police. Besides filling this important office, he discharged the duties of War-Minister to the Republic. The combination enabled the civil power to be supplemented by the military with great and convenient promptitude, whenever it was necessary or desirable to take strong measures. The arrangement was well suited to the times. Usually Sorrento was calm and serene. He had seen many engagements and much war of the type which knows no quarter, had been several times wounded, and was regarded as a brave and callous man. But there is something appalling in the concentrated fury of a mob, and the Colonel's manner betrayed the fact that he was not quite proof against it.

"Are you wounded Sir?" he asked, catching sight of the President's face.

"It is nothing,—a stone ; but they were very violent. Some one had roused them ; I had hoped to get away before the news was known. Who was it spoke to them?"

"Moret, the Civic Councillor, from the balcony of the hotel. A very dangerous man ! He told them they were betrayed."

"Betrayed ? What audacity ! Surely such language would come within the 20th Section of the Constitution : *Inciting to violence against the person of the Head of the State by misrepresentation or otherwise.*" The President was well versed in those clauses of the public law which were intended to strengthen the hands of the Executive. "Have him arrested, Sorrento. We cannot allow the majesty of Government to be insulted with impunity,—or stay, perhaps it would be wiser to be

magnanimous now that the matter is settled. I do not want a State prosecution just at present." Then he added in a louder voice: "This young officer, Colonel, discharged his duty with great determination,—a most excellent soldier. Please see that a note is made of it. Promotion should always go by merit, not by age, for services and not for service. We will not forget your behaviour, young man."

He ascended the steps and entered the hall of the palace, leaving the subaltern, a boy of twenty-two, flushed with pleasure and excitement, to build high hopes of future command and success.

The hall was spacious and well-proportioned. It was decorated in the purest style of the Lauranian Republic, the arms of which were everywhere displayed. The pillars were of ancient marble and by their size and colour attested the wealth and magnificence of former days. The tessellated pavement presented a pleasing pattern. Elaborate mosaics on the walls depicted scenes from the national history: the foundation of the city; the peace of 1370; the reception of the envoys of the Great Mogul: the victory of Brota; the death of Saldanho, that austere patriot who died rather than submit to a technical violation of the Constitution. And then coming down to later years, the walls showed the building of the Parliament House, the naval victory of Cape Cheronta, and finally the conclusion of the Civil War in 1883. On either side of the hall, in a deep alcove, a bronze fountain, playing amid surrounding palms and ferns, imparted a feeling of refreshing coolness to the eye and ear. Facing the entrance was a broad staircase, leading to the state-rooms whose doors were concealed by crimson curtains.

A woman stood at the top of the stairs. Her hands rested on the marble balustrade; her white dress contrasted with the bright-coloured curtains behind her. She was very beautiful, but her face wore an expression of alarm and anxiety. Woman-like she asked three questions at once. "What has happened, Antonio? Have the people risen? Why have they been firing?" She paused timidly at the head of the stairs, as if fearing to descend.

"All is well," replied the President in his official manner. "Some of the disaffected have rioted, but the Colonel here has taken every precaution and order reigns once more, dearest." Then turning to Sorrento, he went on: "It is possible that the disturbances may be renewed. The troops should be confined to barracks, and you may give them an extra day's pay to drink the health of the Republic. Double the guards, and you had better have the streets patrolled to-night. In case anything happens, you will find me here. Good-night, Colonel." He walked up a few steps, and the War-Minister, bowing gravely, turned and departed.

The woman came down the stairs and they met midway. He took both her hands in his and smiled affectionately; she, standing one step above him, bent forward and kissed him. It was an amiable, though formal, salutation.

"Well," he said, "we have got through to-day all right, my dear; but how long it can go on, I do not know; the revolutionaries seem to get stronger every day. It was a very dangerous moment just now in the square; but it is over for the present."

"I have passed an anxious hour," she said, and then, catching sight for the first time of his bruised forehead, she started. "But you are wounded!"

"It is nothing," said the President.

"They threw stones ; we used bullets, which are better arguments."

"What happened at the Senate?"

"I had expected trouble, you know. I told them in my speech that, in spite of the unsettled state of affairs, we had decided to restore the ancient Constitution of the Republic, but that it had been necessary to purge the register of the disaffected and rebellious. The Mayor took it out of the box and they scrambled over each other to look at the total electorates for the divisions. When they saw how much they were reduced they were very angry. Godoy was speechless ; he is a fool, that man. Louvet told them that it must be taken as an instalment, and that as things got more settled the franchise would be extended ; but they howled with fury. Indeed had it not been for the ushers and for a few men of the Guard, I believe they would have assaulted me there and then in the very Chamber itself. Moret shook his fist at me,—ridiculous young ass—and rushed out to harangue the mob."

"And Savrola?"

"Oh, Savrola,—he was quite calm ; he laughed when he saw the register. 'It is only a question of a few months,' he said ; 'I wonder you think it worth while.' I told him that I did not understand him, but he spoke the truth for all that ;" and then, taking his wife's hand in his, he climbed the stairs slowly and thoughtfully.

But there is little rest for a public man in times of civil disturbance. No sooner had Molara reached the top of the stairs and entered the reception-room, than a man advanced to meet him from a door at the far end. He was small, dark, and very ugly, with a face wrinkled with age and an indoor life. Its pallor showed all the more by contrast with his hair and short moustache, both of which were of that purple blackness to which

Nature is unable to attain. In his hand he carried a large bundle of papers, carefully disposed into departments by his long and delicate fingers. It was the Private Secretary.

"What is it, Miguel?" asked the President ; "you have some papers for me?"

"Yes, Sir ; a few minutes will suffice. You have had an exciting day ; I rejoice that it has terminated successfully."

"It has not been devoid of interest," said Molara wearily. "What have you got for me?"

"Several foreign despatches. Great Britain has sent a note about the Sphere of Influence to the south of the African Colony, to which the Foreign Minister has drafted a reply."

"Ah ! these English,—how grasping, how domineering ! But we must be firm. I will maintain the territories of the Republic against all enemies, internal or external. We cannot send armies, but, thank God, we can write despatches. Is it strong enough?"

"Your Excellency need have no fears. We have vindicated our rights most emphatically ; it will be a great moral victory."

"I hope we shall get material as well as moral good out of it. The country is rich ; there is paying gold ; that explains the note. Of course we must reply severely. What else?"

"There are some papers relating to the army, commissions and promotions, Sir," said Miguel, fingering one particular bundle of his papers, the bundle that lay between his first and second fingers. "Those sentences for confirmation, a draft of Morgon's Budget for information and opinion, and one or two minor matters."

"H'm, a long business ! Very well, I will come and see to it."

Dearest, you know how pressed I am. We shall meet to-night at the dinner. Have all the Ministers accepted?"

"All but Louvet, Antonio. He is detained by business."

"Business, pooh! He is afraid of the streets at night. What a thing it is to be a coward! Thus he misses a good dinner. At eight then, Lucile." And with a quick and decided step he passed through the small door of the private office followed by the Secretary.

Madame Antonio Molara remained standing for a moment in the great reception-room. Then she walked to the window and stepped out on to the balcony. The scene which stretched before her was one of surpassing beauty. The palace stood upon high ground commanding a wide view of the city and the harbour. The sun was low on the horizon, but the walls of the houses still stood out in glaring white. The red and blue tiled roofs were relieved by frequent gardens and squares whose green and graceful palms soothed and gratified the eye. To the north the great pile of the Senate House and Parliament buildings loomed up majestic and imposing. Westward lay the harbour with its shipping and protecting forts. A few warships floated in the roads, and many white-sailed smacks dotted the sea which had already begun to change its blue for the more gorgeous colours of sunset.

As she stood there in the clear light of the autumn evening, she looked divinely beautiful. She had arrived at that age of life when to the attractions of a maiden's beauty are added those of a woman's wit. Her perfect features were the mirror of her mind, and displayed with every emotion and every mood that vivacity of expression which is the greatest of woman's charms. Her tall figure was instinct with grace, and the

almost classic dress she wore enhanced her beauty and harmonised with her surroundings.

Something in her face suggested a wistful aspiration. Lucile had married Antonio Molara nearly five years before, when he was in the height and vigour of his power. Her family had been among the stoutest supporters of his cause, and her father and brother had lost their lives on the battlefield of Sorato. Her mother, broken down by calamity and sorrow, lived only to commend her daughter to the care of their most powerful friend, the general who had saved the State and would now rule it. He had accepted the task at first from a feeling of obligation to those who had followed his star so faithfully, but afterwards from other motives. Before a month had passed he fell in love with the beautiful girl whom Fortune had led to him. She admired his courage, his energy, and his resource; the splendours of the office that he filled were not without their influence; he offered her wealth and position,—almost a throne; and besides he was a fine figure of a man. She was twenty-three when they married. For many months her life had been a busy one. Receptions, balls, and parties had filled the winter season with the unremitting labour of entertaining. Foreign princes had paid her homage not only as the loveliest woman in Europe, but also as a great political figure. Her *salon* was crowded with the most famous men from every country. Statesmen, soldiers, poets, and men of science had worshipped at the shrine. She had mixed in matters of State. Suave and courtly ambassadors had thrown out delicate hints, and she had replied with unofficial answers. Plenipotentiaries had explained the details of treaties and protocols, with

remarkable elaboration, for her benefit. Philanthropists had argued, urged, and expounded their views or whims. Even her maid had approached her with an application for the advancement of her brother, a clerk in the Post Office; and everyone had admired her until admiration itself, the most delicious drink that a woman tastes, became insipid.

But even during the first few years there had been something wanting. What it was Lucile had never been able to guess. Her husband was affectionate, and such time as he could spare from public matters was at her service. Of late things had been less bright. The agitation of the country, the rising forces of Democracy, added to the already heavy business of the Republic, had taxed the President's time and energies to the full. Hard lines had come into his face, lines of work and anxiety; and sometimes she had caught a look of awful weariness, as of one who toils and yet foresees that his labour will be all in vain. He saw her less frequently, and in those short intervals talked more and more of business and politics.

A feeling of unrest seemed to pervade the capital. The season, which had just begun, had opened badly. Many of the great families had remained in their summer residences on the slopes of the mountains, though the plains were already cool and green; others had kept to their own houses in the city, and only the most formal entertainments at the palace had been attended. As the outlook became more threatening it seemed that she was able to help him less. Passions were being roused that blinded the eye to beauty and dulled the mind to charm. She was still a queen, but her subjects were sullen and inattentive. What could she do to help him, now that he was

so hard pressed? The thought of abdication was odious to her, as to every woman. Must she remain directing the ceremonies of the Court after the brilliancy had died out, while enemies were working night and day to overturn all that she was attached to?

"Can I do nothing, nothing?" she murmured. "Have I played my part? Is the best of life over?" and then, with a hot wave of petulant resolve, "I will do it,—but what?"

The question remained unanswered; the edge of the sun dipped beneath the horizon and at the end of the military mole, from the shapeless mound of earth that marked the protecting battery of the harbour, sprang a puff of smoke. It was the evening gun, and the sound of the report, floating faintly up to her, interrupted the unpleasing reflections which had filled her thoughts; but they left a memory behind. She turned with a sigh and re-entered the palace; gradually the daylight died away and it became night.

CHAPTER III.

DISMAY and bitter anger filled the city. The news of the fusilade spread fast and far, and, as is usual on such occasions, its effects were greatly exaggerated. But the police precautions were well conceived and ably carried out. Nothing like a crowd was allowed to gather, and the constant patrolling of the streets prevented the building of barricades. The aspect of the Republican Guard was moreover so formidable that, whatever the citizens might feel, they found it discreet to display an acquiescent, and in some cases even a contented demeanour.

With the leaders of the Popular party it was however different. They immediately assembled at the official

residence of the Mayor, and a furious discussion ensued. In the hall of the Mayoralty an emergency meeting was held, at which all the power of the party was represented. Moret, the Civic Councillor and former editor of the suppressed TRUMPET-CALL, was much cheered as he entered the room. His speech had appealed to many, and the Lauranians were always ready to applaud a daring act. Besides everyone was agitated by the recent riot and was eager to do something. The Labour-delegates were particularly angry. Working-men, assembled in constitutional manner to express their grievances, had been shot down by a hireling of soldiery, —*massacred* was the word most generally used. Vengeance must be taken; but how? The wildest schemes were suggested. Moret, always for bold counsels, was for sallying into the streets and rousing the people to arms; they would burn the palace, execute the tyrant, and restore the liberties of the land. Godoy, old and cautious, strongly opposed the suggestion, though indeed no particular eagerness was shown to adopt it. He advocated a calm and dignified attitude of reproach and censure, which would appeal to the comity of nations and vindicate the justice of their cause. Others took up the argument. Renos, the barrister, was for what he called constitutional methods. They should form themselves into a Committee of Public Safety; they should appoint the proper officers of State (including of course an Attorney-General), and decree the deposition of the President for violation of the fundamental principles contained in the preamble of the Declaration of National Rights. He proceeded to dilate upon the legal points involved, until interrupted by several members who were anxious to offer their own remarks.

Several resolutions were passed. It was agreed that the President had forfeited the confidence of the citizens, and he was forthwith called upon to resign his office and submit himself to the Courts of Law. It was also agreed that the army had deserved ill of the Republic. It was resolved to prosecute at civil law the soldiers who had fired on the people, and a vote of sympathy was carried in favour of the relations of the killed and wounded, or *martyrs* as they were called.

This scene of impotence and futility was ended by the entrance of the remarkable man who had raised a party from the dust, and had led them from one success to another until it had seemed that the victory was won. Silence fell upon the assemblage; some stood up in respect; everyone wondered what he would say. How would he bear the crushing defeat that had fallen upon them? Would he despair of the movement? Would he be angry or sad or cynical? Above all, what course would he propose?

He walked to the end of the long table around which the members were grouped, and sat down deliberately. Then he looked round the room, with a face as calm and serene as ever. In that scene of confusion and indecision he looked magnificent. His very presence imparted a feeling of confidence to his followers. His high and ample forehead might have contained the answer to every question; his determined composure seemed equal to the utmost stroke of Fate.

After a moment's pause, invited by the silence, he rose. His words were studiously moderate. It had been a disappointment to him, he said, to find that the registers had been mutilated. The ultimate success was deferred, but it was only deferred. He had waited before coming to the

Mayoralty to make a few calculations. They were necessarily rough and hurried, but he thought they were approximately correct. The President, it was true, would have a majority in the forthcoming Parliament, and a substantial majority; but they would win certain seats, in spite of the restricted electorate; about fifty, he thought, in a house of three hundred. Smaller minorities than that had overthrown more powerful governments. Every day added to their strength; every day increased the hatred of the Dictator. Besides, there were other alternatives than constitutional procedure,—and at these words some set their teeth and looked at each other in deep significance—but for the present they must wait; and they could afford to wait, for the prize was worth winning. It was the most precious possession in the world,—liberty. He sat down amid brighter faces and calmer minds. The deliberations were resumed. It was decided to relieve, out of the general funds of the party, those who were in poverty through the massacre of their relations; that would increase their popularity with the working classes, and might claim the sympathy of foreign nations. A deputation should wait on the President to express the grief of the citizens at the mutilation of their ancient register, and to beg that he would restore their franchises. It should also demand the punishment of the officers who had fired on the people, and should acquaint the President with the alarm and indignation of the city. Savrola, Godoy, and Renos were named as the members of the deputation, and the Reform Committee then dispersed quietly.

Moret lingered till the end and approached Savrola. He was surprised that he had not been suggested as a member of the deputation. He knew his leader much better than

Renos, a pedantic lawyer who made few friends: he had followed Savrola from the beginning with blind enthusiasm and devotion; and he now felt hurt that he should be passed over like this.

"It has been a bad day for us," he said tentatively; and then as Savrola did not reply, he continued: "who would have thought they would have dared to trick us?"

"It has been a very bad day,—for you," replied Savrola thoughtfully.

"For me? Why, what do you mean?"

"Have you reflected that you have forty human lives to answer for? Your speech was useless,—what good could it do? Their blood is on your head. The people too are cowed. Much harm has been done; it is your fault."

"My fault! I was furious,—he cheated us,—I thought only of revolt. I never dreamed you would sit down tamely like this. That devil should be killed now, at once,—before more mischief happens."

"Mark me, Moret: I am as young as you; I feel as acutely; I am full of enthusiasm. I, too, hate Molara more than is wise or philosophic; but I contain myself, when nothing is to be gained by giving way. Now heed my words. Either you learn to do so, or you can go your ways, for I will have none of you,—politically, that is,—as a friend, it is different."

He sat down and began to write a letter, while Moret, pale with that mortification which is made up of anger and self-reproach, and quivering under his rebuke, left the room in haste.

Savrola remained. There was much business to do that evening; letters had to be written and read, the tone of the leading-articles in the Democratic Press explained, and many other matters decided. The machinery

of a great party, and still more of a great conspiracy, needed careful and constant attention. It was nine o'clock before he finished.

"Well, good-night, Godoy," he said to the Mayor; "we shall have another busy day to-morrow. We must contrive to frighten the Dictator. Let me know at what time he will give audience."

At the door of the Mayoralty he called a hackney-coach, a conveyance which neither the dulness of the social season nor the excitement of political affairs could restrain from its customary occupation. After a short drive he arrived at a small though not inelegant house, for he was a man of means, in the most fashionable quarter of the town. An old woman opened the door to his knock. She looked rejoiced to see him.

"La," she said, "I have had a fearful time with you away, and all this shooting and noise. But the afternoons are chilly now and you should have had your coat; I fear you will have a cold to-morrow."

"It is all right, Bettine," he answered kindly; "I have a good chest, thanks to your care; but I am very tired. Send me some soup to my room; I will not dine to-night."

He went up-stairs, while she bustled off to get him the best dinner she could improvise. The apartments he lived in were on the second storey—a bedroom, a bathroom, and a study. They were small, but full of all that taste and luxury could devise and affection and industry preserve. A broad writing-table occupied the place of honour. It was arranged so that the light fell conveniently to the hand and head. A large bronze inkstand formed the centrepiece, with a voluminous blotting-book of simple manufacture spread open before it. The rest of the table was occupied by papers on files. The floor, in spite of

the ample waste-paper basket, was littered with scraps. It was the writing-table of a public man.

The room was lit by electric light in portable shaded lamps. The walls were covered with shelves, filled with well-used volumes. To that Pantheon of Literature none were admitted till they had been read and valued. It was a various library: the philosophy of Schopenhauer divided Kant from Hegel, who jostled the Memoirs of St. Simon and the latest French novel; RASSELAS and LA CURÉE lay side by side; eight substantial volumes of Gibbon's famous History were not perhaps inappropriately prolonged by a fine edition of the DECAMERON; the ORIGIN OF SPECIES rested by the side of a black-letter Bible; THE REPUBLIC maintained an equilibrium with VANITY FAIR and the HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS. A volume of Macaulay's Essays lay on the writing-table itself; it was open, and that sublime passage whereby the genius of one man has immortalised the genius of another was marked in pencil: *And history, while for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce that among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.*

A half empty box of cigarettes stood on a small table near a low leathern armchair, and by its side lay a heavy army-revolver, against the barrel of which the ashes of many cigarettes had been removed. A small but exquisite Capitoline Venus stood in the corner of the room, the cold chastity of its colour reproaching the allurements of its form. It was the chamber of a philosopher, but of no frigid, academic recluse; it was the chamber of a man, a human man, who appreciated all earthly pleasures,

appraised them at their proper worth, enjoyed, and despised them.

There were still some papers and telegrams lying unopened on the table, but Savrola was tired; they could, or at any rate should wait till the morning. He dropped into his chair. Yes, it had been a long day, and a gloomy day. He was a young man, only thirty-two, but already he felt the effects of work and worry. His nervous temperament could not fail to be excited by the vivid scenes through which he had lately passed, and the repression of his emotion only heated the inward fire. Was it worth it? The struggle, the labour, the constant rush of affairs, the sacrifice of so many things that make life easy, or pleasant—for what? A people's good! That, he could not disguise from himself, was rather the direction than the cause of his efforts. Ambition was the motive force, and he was powerless to resist it. He could appreciate the delights of an artist, a life devoted to the search for beauty, or of sport, the keenest pleasure that leaves no sting behind. To live in dreamy quiet and philosophic calm in some beautiful garden, far from the noise of men and with every diversion that art and intellect could suggest, was, he felt, a more agreeable picture. And yet he knew that he could not endure it. Vehement, high, and daring was his cast of mind. The life he lived was the only one he could ever live; he must go on to the end. The end comes often early to such men, whose spirits are so wrought that they know rest only in action, contentment in danger, and in confusion find their only peace.

His thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of the old woman with a tray. He was tired, but the decencies of life had to be observed; he rose, and passed into the inner room

to change his clothes and make his toilet. When he returned, the table was laid; the soup he had asked for had been expanded by the care of his house-keeper into a more elaborate meal. She waited on him, plying him the while with questions and watching his appetite with anxious pleasure. She had nursed him from his birth with a devotion and care which knew no break. It is a strange thing, the love of these women. Perhaps it is the only disinterested affection in the world. The mother loves her child; that is maternal nature. The youth loves his sweetheart; that too may be explained. The dog loves his master, who feeds him; a man loves his friend, who has stood by him perhaps at doubtful moments. In all there is a reason; but the love of a foster-mother for her charge appears absolutely irrational. It is one of the few proofs, not to be explained even by the association of ideas, that the nature of mankind is superior to mere utilitarianism, and that his destinies are high.

The light and frugal supper finished, the old woman departed with the plates, and he fell to his musings again. Several difficult affairs impended in the future, about the conduct of which he was doubtful. He dismissed them from his mind; why should he be always oppressed with matters of fact? What of the night? He rose, walked to the window, and drawing the curtains looked out. The street was very quiet, but in the distance he thought he heard the tramp of a patrol. All the houses were dark and sullen; overhead the stars shone brightly; it was a perfect night to watch them.

He closed the window and taking a candle walked to a curtained door on one side of the room; it opened

on a narrow, spiral stair which led to the flat roof. Most of the houses in Laurania were low, and Savrola when he reached the leads overlooked the sleeping city. Lines of gas-lamps marked the streets and squares, and brighter dots indicated the positions of the shipping in the harbour. But he did not long look at these; he was for the moment weary of men and their works. A small glass observatory stood in one corner of this aerial platform, the nose of the telescope showing through the aperture. He unlocked the door and entered. This was a side of his life that the world never saw; he was no mathematician intent on discovery or fame, but he loved to watch the stars for the sake of their mysteries. By a few manipulations the telescope was directed at the beautiful planet of Jupiter at this time high in the northern sky. The glass was a powerful one, and the great planet, surrounded by his attendant moons, glowed with splendour. The clock-work gear enabled him to keep it under continual observation as the earth rolled over with the hours. Long he watched it, becoming each moment more under the power of the spell that star-gazing exercises on curious, inquiring humanity.

At last he rose, his mind still far away from earth. Molara, Moret, the Party, the exciting scenes of the day, all seemed misty and unreal; another world, a world more beautiful, a world of boundless possibilities, enthralled his imagination. He thought of the future of Jupiter, of the incomprehensible periods of time that would elapse before the cooling process would render life possible on its surface, of the slow steady march of evolution, merciless, inexorable. How far would it carry them, the unborn inhabitants of an embryo world? Perhaps only to some vague distortion of the vital essence; perhaps further than he could dream of. All the problems would be solved, all the obstacles overcome; life would attain perfect development. And then fancy, overleaping space and time, carried the story to periods still more remote. The cooling process would continue; the perfect development of life would end in death; the whole solar system, the whole universe itself, would one day be cold and lifeless as a burned-out firework.

It was a mournful conclusion. He locked up the observatory and descended the stairs, hoping that his dreams would contradict his thoughts.

(To be continued.)

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VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARÎM.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Pâsha was perplexed and disappointed. He was troubled about Valda, who seemed to have lost all interest in her life except on the evenings when she could go to the theatre. At first he was delighted that she should find so much interest and enjoyment in it. Margaret had gone with her, as he had planned, and he thought that he had found an innocent relaxation which would be a real pleasure to them both. But after a very few evenings, Valda gave up taking Margaret. The little Djemâled-Din was troublesome about going to bed when he was left in the charge of the slaves, and Valda made this an excuse for leaving Margaret behind. The Pâsha was obliged to accept it, and to let his wife go with her friend Hamîda Hânem instead; but he did not like it. It was not what he had intended, and as he saw Valda growing more restless, discontented, and unhappy every day, he became seriously uneasy. He told her that he did not think the excitement could be good for her, she seemed to suffer so much from the reaction, and he suggested that she should give it up; but at this she burst into a passion of hysterical tears and sobs, and entreated him not to deprive her of the only amusement she had.

He then spoke to Margaret about it. In the course of an English lesson that he had with her one afternoon when Valda had gone out driving with Hamîda Hânem, he introduced the subject, and asked her opinion upon it. But Margaret was hampered by the recollection of the faith that she owed to Valda, and the Pâsha could get no help from her. She was even more concerned about Valda than he was, and she was as much disquieted by her growing intimacy with Hamîda as she was pained by her withdrawal of confidence from herself; but she felt that it was a subject on which her lips were sealed in speaking to the Pâsha.

Meantime the weeks were slipping on, and the theatrical season would soon be over; there was that consolation. The great fast of Ramazân was approaching, when, for the space of a whole month, night would be turned into day, and the gates of the palace and the *harîm* would be left to stand open from sunset to dawn. For himself, the Pâsha looked forward to this time with no very pleasurable anticipations. He always kept the fast religiously, and from sunrise to sunset he never permitted either food or drink to pass his lips, or the smell of tobacco to assail his nostrils; but he privately detested Ramazân and all its customs. He could not sleep in the day, and he

did not care to eat in the night, and thus deprived of his usual amount of rest and food, his health was apt to suffer; he invariably felt wretched, and he not infrequently became ill. He did not himself find any particular pleasure, either, in the nightly visitings and junketings with which most of the richer folks, who were able to sleep all day, contrived to turn the fast into an occasion of feasting; but he thought that this might be a distraction for Valda, and if it were to be a means of preventing a reaction from the unwholesome excitement of the last few weeks, he felt that he could look forward to it with equanimity.

In the meantime the Pâsha was busily occupied in pushing forward the arrangements for providing the palace with the electric light on which he had set his heart. During Ramazân the whole household would be upset, and it would be impossible to get satisfactory work out of any Moslem. The workmen, indeed, were all of them Europeans,—French, English and Italian—and the fast would not affect them; but the slaves, who were obliged to attend to their duties in the day after having been up half the night feasting and racketing, were always sleepy and sulky, and they might be counted upon to make things uncomfortable for everybody. It was desirable that the thing should be done before Ramazân, when the lighting of the palace would be especially important; and the Pâsha pressed on the work by doubling the number of the men who were engaged upon it.

The palace, therefore, was invaded at this time by an army of blue-bloused Christians, who carried their tools and ladders into all parts of the *harâm*, and the negroes, whose task it was to watch them, had their hands full. The Circassians, who were as irresponsible as children, and were only kept out of mischief by the vigilance

of the negroes, found it a glorious opportunity for coquetry; they enjoyed themselves vastly, frisking about where the workmen were engaged, and taking advantage of every happy chance that distracted the attention of the slaves to make play with their eyes round the corners of their veils.

"Oh, Marmozelle, Marmozelle!" one of them cried, waylaying Margaret one morning in the ante-room of the dining-saloon, where they were waiting for the arrival of the luncheon from the kitchens at the far end of the garden; "oh, Marmozelle, don't you like the Monsieur with the blue eyes and the long fair moustache?"

"What Monsieur?" asked Margaret.

"The one in the hall outside,—why you passed him just outside the door on his ladder. Didn't you notice him, such a very beautiful Monsieur?"

The girls crowded round Margaret, all laughing and talking at once, their bright black eyes sparkling, their comely, fair-complexioned faces beaming under the carelessly arranged handkerchiefs that confined their hair. They were all keenly interested in the matter, even two little girls of eleven and thirteen, who hung smiling and open-mouthed on the outskirts of the group; but Margaret was shocked by their talk. Some of the remarks they made were highly indecorous, and she was afraid lest they should be overheard and understood.

"Hush!" she said authoritatively; "it is very horrid of you even to think of such things, *pek fënnah*, *choc fënnah* (very bad, most bad); but to speak about them, and so loud,—how can you tell that the man may not have some knowledge of Turkish?"

"*Haîr, effen', haîr!* (No, madam, no!)" the girls all shook their heads regretfully; such a contingency as

that was not likely ; it evidently seemed to them to be too good to be possible.

Margaret stepped to the open doorway of the ante-chamber to observe the interesting workman, on whom she had not bestowed even a passing glance on her way in. He was indeed very near the door. Perched half-way up the ladder, he was busily engaged in fastening little bell-glasses on to the electric wires that had been twisted in among the cut-glass drops and pendants of the old-fashioned lustre. He was a tall man in the usual workman's suit of blue calico with wide, flapping trousers and a loosely-fitting blouse, and he seemed satisfactorily intent upon his work. His cap was well pulled forward over his eyes, and his head discreetly turned away,—for a very good reason ; Captain Fitzroy was not at all anxious to be recognised by Miss Grey.

Margaret hardly saw his face at all ; but she observed that he was soberly and steadily going on with his work, and that he paid no sort of attention to the Circassians, who crowded out after her, laughing and chattering, and peeping at him through their veils, and she was satisfied. She went back into the inner room without the faintest suspicion in her mind as to his identity, and though she tried to repress the foolish talk of the girls, it was not because she was afraid of his understanding their nonsense that she did it.

"Oh, Marmozelle !" cried Zuhra, a pretty little brunette with immense dark eyes and a soft peach-bloom on her cheeks, who was the most audacious of them all ; "how I envy you and Valda Hânem ! The *harâm* is finished now, and there are only the *selâmlek* corridors left to do ; we shall see these delightful

strangers no more, but you and Valda Hânem pass through the corridors every day, and you can see them still. Fancy walking through, and no one to watch you — Ullah, Ullah, Ullah ! if I could only have that chance !"

She executed a sort of *pas seul* as she spoke, finishing up with the most fantastic of pirouettes, and Margaret perceived by the twinkle in her eyes that she was more than half in fun. It was impossible to be angry with her, and yet the delighted laughter with which her sally was received was not to be encouraged.

"How can you be so silly, Zuhra !" said Margaret reprovingly. "Of course I know that you don't really mean what you say, or else I should be angry with you. Haven't you some work that you could do instead of talking nonsense here ?"

This was a mild reprimand, but Zuhra was not destined to get off so easily. Old Anâna, who made it her business in life to keep order among the slaves, and did it by a system of spying and dropping upon them at unexpected moments, had been lurking in the dining-room for some time, and now, like a spider out of its hole, she rushed upon her prey, punching and pummeling her with all her might. She was a vigorous old woman still, in spite of her seventy years, and working herself up with shrill shrieks of rage and vengeance to the fullest exertion of her energies, she slapped and scolded with great effect.

"Take that, you daughter of a dog ! Good-for-nothing offspring of a burnt donkey, here you stand idling all the day long, while your betters are forced to attend to the table. You leave the salad-dishes to stand empty, while you waste your time with unprofitable conversation,—God blacken your face for it !"

Poor Zuhra began to cry. — Anâna was beating and abusing her so unmercifully that it was no wonder — but all the other slaves went off into fits of laughter, and the room was in an uproar when the negroes came in with the dinner-trays and joined their cracked voices to the fray. “She is the most troublesome of them all,” said the big Soudanese, giving Zuhra, as she escaped from Anâna, a rough push that thrust her against the dresser; “she gives us more work than all the others put together, Allah reward her!”

It was such scenes as this that formed the reverse side to the light and careless existence of the slaves, and Margaret could not look on at them without disgust and disapproval. Anâna had not said a word of blame about the levity of the girl’s remarks, and she had passed over in silence many much worse speeches from the others. The torrent of her wrath had been poured upon Zuhra only because she was in a bad temper at the moment, and wanted a convenient object to vent it upon.

Margaret was sorry for the poor girl when she saw her waiting at table with red eyes and a sulky face; and she was more than ever indignant when the old great-grandmother, who sat at the head of the table, noticed the girl’s expression and began to persecute her further.

“Ah!” she said, with an indescribable sound between a snarl and a growl, “you have been offending again, have you, and Anâna has been correcting you? Serve you right, idle pig that you are! What do you mean by that scowling face? Stop crying directly, I tell you!”

“*Pêkeh, Effenden,*” murmured Zuhra submissively, and dashing away the tears that had risen afresh to her eyes, she hastened to hand to the old lady one of the side-dishes of

raw turnips and salt and water which had got her into trouble.

“What has she been doing now, Anâna?” inquired the relentless old woman, plunging her jewelled fingers into the brine, and fishing out a plateful of the sliced turnips.

Anâna, on account of her great age and the confidential position she held in the family, was privileged to sit at the bottom of the ladies’ table, and she had a special bowl and horn-spoon of her own that she liked to use through all the courses. She pretended to be entirely absorbed in her basin now, and stuffed her mouth so full of *pilau* that her answer was unintelligible. To do her justice, she was not ill-natured after her fury had once subsided, and she considered that Zuhra had been punished enough for one day without coming in for a rating from the *biâque Ana*. This old lady, the big mother, or grandmother, as she was called, was the mother of Valda’s mother, and therefore the great grandmother of the little Djemâl-ed-Din. She was a savage old thing, of repulsive habits and violent temper; and she was always growling and snarling at everybody who came near her, from her daughter and granddaughter down to the unfortunate slave whose duty it was especially to attend to her. She seemed to have some grievance against every member of the household, and the ladies had fallen into the habit of receiving her scoldings in respectful silence as a necessary evil that had to be endured. Margaret was often surprised by the patience and forbearance that they showed; but the Turks are brought up to pay great respect to their parents, and the privileges that are conceded to old age form a remarkable feature in their domestic life. This cross-grained and tyrannical old woman, who was over eighty years of age, and had no position in the house except that of

a mother-in-law a generation removed, was given precedence over everybody else, and was allowed to domineer and interfere as if her will were law. Her daughter was the only person who ever ventured to stand up to her, and it was she who now interposed to check her in her attack upon Zuhra.

"I beg of you, leave the girl alone Effên," she said rather peevishly. "Zuhra is my slave, and I don't wish her to be made to cry until she won't be able to see out of her eyes to finish the gown that she is sewing for me. No doubt Anâna has corrected her enough for whatever she has done amiss, and it is a waste of breath to go over it all again; besides I am not at all well to-day, and I cannot bear to hear scolding going on,—the noise affects my head."

The lady had indeed got her head tied up in the white bandage which was worn in the *harîm* as a sort of outward and visible sign of indisposition. Whatever ailment the ladies might be suffering from, the first thing that they invariably did was to swathe their heads with bandages; and they might be seen going about, groaning with their hands pressed to their waists in a manner indicating no other affliction than indigestion, yet with their foreheads bound up all the same.

One of those feverish colds, which are so difficult to avoid in Egypt, was running through the *harîm*; the ladies were feeling so miserable and ill with it that they were unusually cross; and the meal, which was generally cheerful and gay enough, was decidedly dismal that day.

Valda had not got her head tied up; but she was looking very ill, and she was obliged to admit that she had perhaps got a touch of fever. Her face was very pale, and her beautiful deep-set eyes had such dark

rings round them that they needed no additional pencilling to add to their brilliancy. Margaret observed her looks with concern, and begged her to be careful not to run any risks. "There is such a cold wind blowing to-day, you ought not to think of crossing the garden to return to the other side," she said at the end of the meal. "Will you not come through the *seldmlek* with me?"

"Perhaps it would be well," Valda answered; "but I cannot come just yet. My mother wishes me to remain with her for a little time. Would you mind going yourself through the garden, and leaving the keys with me? Then I can come with one of the slaves when I am ready."

Margaret, who had no cold and was not afraid of the wind, made no objection, and giving up the keys to Valda, she went at once to the other side in order to get Djemâl-ed-Din off to sleep before his mother should arrive. Unfortunately the little rascal was in a naughty mood that afternoon, and the united efforts of Margaret and Ayôosha were of no avail with him. When Valda came, he was howling and kicking upon the sofa in a state of furious rebellion, and nothing would do but that his mother should come and sing to him with her lute. Valda was looking as white as death, and she was so weary that she could hardly stand; but she turned a deaf ear to Margaret's entreaties that she would go and lie down, and signing to Ayôosha to bring her the lute, she sank down upon a low stool in the middle of the floor, and began to play. It was a curious deep-toned instrument, called an *aood*, that she used; something like a very big mandoline with strings of gut, and it made a wild droning accompaniment to a melancholy tune of

about five notes, that was the only recipe for sending Djemâl-ed-Din to sleep when he was in a perverse mood. To-day it was a task that required the hard labour of three people. Valda sat crouching upon the floor, patiently singing and thrumming, Margaret waved a big *senâclie* (fly-scarer) to keep the flies off, and Ayôosha on her knees kneaded the springs of the sofa to rock the child until the perspiration poured down her face; and still, at the end of an hour, the rebellious little bare legs were cocked up in the air in defiance of coverlets, and the great brown eyes were wide open, fixed with a wakeful stare upon his mother's pale face.

"*Kâchuk Ana*," he said, interrupting the music suddenly.

"Yes, *Béjjim*, what do you want?"

"You know that I am to be a soldier like *Pâsha bâbba* (Papa Pasha)?"

"*Aret, Béjjim* (yes, Bey dear)."

"I shall fight for my country."

"My little Djemâl-ed-Din! Of course you will."

"It was for that that I was born; and if I am killed on the field of battle I shall go straight to Paradise."

"You will, my son."

"I want a red coat with epaulettes, and a soldier's cap, and a belt for my sword like the English Captain I saw galloping in front of his men at the Kasr-el-Nil barracks."

"*Pekêh, Effen*, *Pâsha bâbba* shall bring them for you next time he goes into town; only go to sleep now."

"Shut your eyes, Djemâl darling," Margaret said to him in English. "Poor Mother is singing to put you to sleep, and she is getting so tired."

The child gave one grave glance at his mother, a long loving look that seemed meant to assure her of his affection, and then he closed his eyes obediently. In five minutes his

golden curls were at rest upon the pillow; he was asleep, and Valda's crooning, which had been growing fainter and fainter, died into silence.

Margaret handed the *senâclie* to Ayôosha, whose duty it was to watch by the child while he slept, and turning to Valda, tried to persuade her to go and lie down in her room. "I rather want to go out to see a friend in the town this afternoon," she said in a whisper; "she has asked me to come to tea. You don't think you will want me for a couple of hours?"

"Oh no," said Valda at once; "go, and stay as long as you like. But it is very hot out of doors just now; you had better take a carriage, if it is far to go. Ask Manetinna to get you one."

Margaret stole out of the room, her spirits raised by the kind consideration which had spared her a hot and exhausting walk, and she hoped that Valda, left to herself, would get the rest that she so badly needed. But Valda was strangely restless, and no longer inclined to sleep. She sat still for a moment after Margaret had left the room, and then, leaving Ayôosha in charge of Djemâl-ed-Din, she passed out into the long workroom that adjoined the boudoir, where the slaves were generally to be found gathered together in groups upon the floor, singing and chattering over their sewing. This afternoon, however, they were all engaged in laundry-work in the spacious offices downstairs, and the room looked deserted and empty. Valda went to one of the four long windows, and, resting her head upon her hands, looked out into the glowing garden below. She was desperately unhappy, and the worst of it was that she could not tell why she should be. Life seemed to her worthless, and the precepts of resignation which had supported her for so long under its trials had suddenly lost

their force and become senseless, like the mocking figments of a false philosophy. Yet she was conscious that the fault must somehow lie in herself, and she tried with all the force of her will to stifle and forget the vague misery of longing that surged up in her heart.

"What does it matter whether I am happy or not?" she asked herself. "In a few years it will all be over, and then what difference will it make to me or to anybody else? I shall have done my duty to my husband and my country, and shall have left behind me a son who will perhaps be as great a soldier as his grandfather was before him. My little Djemâl-ed-Din! He thinks of nothing but war and battles already, and if he becomes a great general, and upholds the falling fortunes of his country, then I shall not have lived in vain. My life may bring me little joy, but without me the spirit and genius of my father could not have been transmitted to another generation, and who knows what a difference they may not make to the cause of Turkey and of Islam? Let me be content, and not think of myself at all. Can I not find something to do for others?"

Valda turned away from the window with a restless impulse to escape from the solitude in which she felt unable to repress the thoughts that assailed her. There was a quantity of fine sewing to be done which was beyond the powers of the slaves, and Valda, who was an accomplished needlewoman, was accustomed to give a good deal of time to it. She took it up now; but she could not settle to it; she could not sit still and sew in the silent and deserted rooms; she must have somebody to speak to.

The Pâsha was out; he had gone with a party of friends to Ghesîreh, his favourite resort in the afternoon; and he would not be back till late.

Mademoiselle would also be out for some hours, no doubt, and Djemâl was asleep. There was nobody in this wing of the palace; but on the other side was her mother, feverish and fretting with a cold. Valda bethought herself of a cooling drink that she knew how to make, and she resolved to prepare it and send it to her mother. For cooking and nursing Valda had a faculty that amounted to genius, and she had found by experience that there was nothing that could so effectually distract her mind from dwelling upon itself as some occupation of this congenial kind. She was busy over her spirit-lamp for the next half-hour, and when her operations were completed she felt comparatively happy and contented.

"This is really good," she said, her face brightening, as she tasted it; "I will pour it into my silver flask, and send it to her at once. I know she will like it, and she will be so pleased that I made it. I should like to take it myself, only I am afraid of crossing the garden with my cold——" She glanced out of the window, and saw that the wind was blowing about the great leaves of the India-rubber trees more wildly than ever. Then she remembered that she could go through the *seldmlek*; she had forgotten to restore the keys to Mademoiselle, and they were hanging from her waistband now. "I came through with Sacêda before; why shouldn't I go back with her?" she thought. "I will call to her to come with me."

She took up the flask of curiously-wrought silver which held the sherbet she had made, and throwing a large pale blue shawl over her head, she went out into the corridor. When she reached the staircase door at the end of it, she passed out on to the top-landing and clapped her hands

energetically. There were no bells in the palace, and the clapping of hands was generally such an effectual summons that the need of them was not felt; but for once the slaves did not hear,—either they were chattering more loudly than usual, or the high wind in the trees drowned the sound.

Valda clapped in vain. It was very draughty on the wide stone stairs, and she was afraid of lingering there. She went on to the door of the *selâmlek*, hastily resolving to go through by herself; yet she hesitated before she opened it. She had never been into that abode of men without a companion before, and she was rather afraid of venturing. Then she told herself that she had never yet seen a creature whenever she had been through, except Mâuheddin Bey, and him only once when the Pâsha had been with her. The corridor was always empty and deserted, and it was most unlikely that she should happen to meet any one in the few seconds that it would take her to run through it.

“Bah! Why should I be afraid?” she thought. “I have got my shawl, and if I do meet poor old Mâuheddin, he will only run like a hare.”

She unlocked the door, and glanced in. It smelt close and unaired, as it always did, but there was not a sign of anybody to be seen. “Piff!” said Valda, and she went in.

CHAPTER XIV.

HENRY FITZROY was a true Briton in one respect. He thought that the English language was immeasurably superior to any other tongue that was spoken upon earth; and at the bottom of his heart was a deeply-rooted conviction that any one who could not speak it was sunk in depths of deplorable, if not contemptible, ignorance.

But he differed from the average Englishman in possessing a considerable aptitude for picking up foreign languages himself. Able not only to read and understand French, German, and Italian, he could also express himself in them with very fair fluency; and it was to his proficiency in this respect that he owed his high post in the Khedivial court, and many other advantages that had accrued to him in the course of his career. But never in all his experience had he felt so much inclined to congratulate himself upon his linguistic attainments as on that day in the *harîm*, when a smattering of Turkish enabled him to make out what steps would be requisite for the attainment of the object for which he was there.

He had effected his entrance into those sacred precincts by very simple means. An acquaintance with the managing electrician, and a brief holiday from his duties at the court while the Khedive was on a visit to his palace of Ras-el-Tin at Alexandria, had been his opportunities, and he had known how to turn them to account. He knew something of electricity and mechanics, and he had trusted to chance to afford him the meeting that he so ardently desired; but he had entered upon the adventure without the least notion how he was going to carry it out, and he had been for some days in the palace in his workman's disguise without getting any nearer to his object. Once, in the distance, he had caught sight of a slight figure in sweeping rose-coloured draperies whose graceful movements had caused his heart to beat fast; he thought it might be Valda, but all the ladies had their heads very carefully covered up in shawls, or thick veils, and the fleeting glimpse that he got was only enough to give rise to tantalising conjectures.

From the chance remarks made by

the slaves in his hearing, however, he learnt something certain. Valda Hânem, when she came to this part of the palace, was accustomed to pass through the corridor of the *selâmlek*, and she came unattended. There then he must take up his post, if possible alone ; and if he could see her close it would be strange if he could not contrive to find some means of making her aware of his identity.

The moment that he had finished the piece of work he was engaged upon, he suggested to the superintendent that perhaps he had better get things ready in the *selâmlek* for the workmen who were to go there next day ; and here fortune played into his hands. With all his natural gifts, and with all the pains that he had taken to pick up some knowledge of his assumed trade, he was still an unskilled workman, and the superintendent, who was not in his secret, was disgusted by his blunders.

"I want this job finished first," he said roughly ; "but you are hindering rather than helping. Go to the *selâmlek* by all means ; you can carry the wires there, and you can take the glasses down and clean them. That is the only sort of work that you are really fit for, it seems to me."

Fitzroy seemed to take his snub in a submissive spirit ; but he went off full of inward elation. The big Sudanese showed him the way through the passages, and unlocked the door for him, but he did not favour him with his company for long. So soon as Fitzroy had settled down to the tedious task of cleaning the lustre-glasses, Manetinna, whose vigilance was required in more important places than the *selâmlek*, announced that he should lock him in for a time, and come back to release him when his task was done.

"How long will you be ?" enquired the fellow in Arabic ; "an hour ?"

"Oh, much longer," replied Fitzroy quickly. "Two hours, three ; it will be a long job, it will take me until it is dark."

Manetinna grinned sardonically, and shrugged his shoulders with an expression of lordly compassion as he looked at this poor devil of a Christian who was compelled to earn his livelihood by manual labour. He himself wore a frock-coat of the finest black broad cloth over a petticoat of spotless white linen, which descended almost to the ankles of his elastic-sided patent-leather boots ; he wore a handsome gold signet ring on the little finger of his broad black hand, and a heavy gold watch and chain, while gold studs and sleeve-links adorned his shining shirt front and cuffs. Manetinna was, in his own estimation, a very grand person indeed, and he dressed in accordance with his position. He treated the workmen under his surveillance with a condescending good-nature that was only tempered with severity when a female form came by ; and with this workman who seemed to know a few words of Arabic, he would have stopped to converse if he had received any encouragement, but Fitzroy was careful not to give it. He had his own reasons for wishing to be alone, and he heard Manetinna depart and turn the key in the lock behind him with feelings of unmitigated satisfaction.

Fitzroy was alone in the great empty vestibule, and the doors at either end of it (the one communicating with the *harîm*, the other with the *selâmlek*,) were securely locked. He could not let himself out, or do anything that would further his object ; but there was just the chance that Valda might happen to pass through while he was there, and his heart beat high with anticipation.

"Of course some slave will be with

her, or else that horrid English girl," he reflected; "I would rather have any one but her, for I know that I may count upon her to do her best to circumvent me. Never mind, I think I can be a match for her, if I can only get speech of the lady."

He left the glass ornaments in a heap on the floor, and began to pace restlessly up and down. It was a gray sunless day, and in the untempered light that came from the six long windows looking into the courtyard the great empty place, with its bare floor and uncovered walls of white and gold, looked indescribably forlorn and desolate. Here and there, on a level with the eye, were pencilled scribblings in Arabic characters that the idle attendants of some by-gone *levée* had left for a record of their littleness, and Fitzroy stopped in his walk to try to decipher them. They were not interesting; except for the picturesqueness of the characters they differed in nothing from the effusions of the ordinary cockney tourist, and Fitzroy was soon weary of this occupation. As the afternoon wore on, he began to find the time interminably long, till at last he took to cleaning his glasses vigorously in order to find some distraction from his thoughts. Once or twice, hearing the sound of footsteps and voices echoing on the *selâmlék* side, he started up in eager expectation; but they were men's voices, and men's heavy footsteps passing from the outer staircase to their rooms in the *selâmlék*, and no one came round the corner as far as the door leading into the empty wing.

Fitzroy finished one set of glasses, and began on another; but by this time the afternoon had begun to close in, and his hopes were sinking into despondency. She was not coming, no doubt she would not come until the dinner-hour, which would not be until after he had left the palace. What a

fool he had been to suppose that he could possibly break down the barriers that hemmed her round on every side; he had better not have come; it was a useless risk to have incurred. He lingered in the embrasure of a great oriel window jutting out to the west, and looked out over the wide court beneath to the horizon, where the sun, breaking through the clouds that had obscured it all day, was setting in glory behind the amethystine hills of the desert. He had almost made up his mind to give up the quest, and leave the palace not to return, when he heard a sound that made him turn round with a start.

Valda's light footsteps had been inaudible on the strip of carpet in the corridor of the *selâmlék*, but when she reached the door she had some difficulty in unlocking it, and the key grated loudly as it turned in the lock. Fitzroy waited in breathless suspense till the door opened and Valda came in. He could see her perfectly as she paused to lock the door after her, and he was struck by the resemblance to a beautiful picture of the Madonna that he had somewhere seen. She was dressed in her loose, flowing morning-gown of rose-coloured flannel, and a beam of the setting sun fell full on her gold-brown hair. The blue shawl that she had thrown about her head had slipped down to her shoulders in her struggles with the key, and in the jealous security of the vestibule she did not trouble to replace it. She did not perceive the blue-smocked workman in the recess of the window, and she was advancing quietly along the middle of the hall when he came forward and placed himself in her way.

"Permit me, Madame, to restore to you this jewel," he said in rapid, well-chosen French. "I was resolved that I would give it back to you with my own hand, and now I have found the

opportunity. You may not remember me, but you will recognise your own diamonds."

She did remember him; she recognised him in an instant, and he saw that she did. The light was full in his face, and on the star that flashed in his hand, and she stood looking at him with a wide, bewildered gaze. She made no attempt to cover her head or turn away; she did not shriek or start; she stood without voice or movement, as if petrified by some overwhelming emotion. Then all at once, she gave a strange little cry, and, covering her face with her hands, sank in a heap on the ground at Fitzroy's feet. The last ray of the setting sun shone in upon them,—on Fitzroy, in his blue workman's suit, standing as if stunned with surprise, on Valda's bowed figure crouching half hidden in her draperies, on the splendid star of flashing diamonds, and on the squalid scrawls that vulgarised the bare white wall behind.

Fitzroy was frightened, as much by the violence of the emotions of his own heart as by the spectacle of the figure at his feet. Valda's nerveless fingers had refused to hold the star that he had placed in her hand, and it had fallen on to the floor, where it lay sparkling in the dust. What had he done? What was to be the consequence of his rash act? He dared not speak, he dared not move, and least of all did he feel as if he dared stretch out a hand to raise up that prostrate figure.

It was Valda who moved first. She stirred a little, and he involuntarily stooped to help her as she stumbled to her feet; but she recoiled from his hand.

"Oh, Monsieur," she gasped, leaning against the wall for support, "you ought never to have come into this house! How did you get in?"

"I wanted to see you, Madame.

Forgive me for causing you such a shock; I never meant to do that, but I have been trying to see you for weeks, and I could not find the chance, till this one offered. I understand something of mechanics, and I asked a friend who is concerned in this contract to let me in as a workman——"

"A friend? Ah, *mon Dieu!* You have someone else in the secret, you have spoken about it to your friends?" Valda's eyes were wide with alarm, and she locked her hands with a gesture of despair.

"Not to a single soul, not one word about you. I merely said to my friend that I had a desire to visit the interior of a *harim* before returning to England, and as I shall be leaving soon, he made no difficulty about gratifying my whim."

"You are leaving this country, Monsieur?" said Valda hurriedly.

"Yes, I am leaving, and I am not coming back. I am recalled to England by family matters which will probably keep me there, and I am obliged to give up my appointment here. In a month's time I shall be gone, but before I left I felt that I must see you once again. I hope that I have not done wrong? I saw that your English friend was opposed to it, but I think that she does not like me. She is prejudiced against me; but I thought that perhaps you,—I hope that I have not been so unfortunate as to offend you, Madame?"

"No," said Valda faintly, "you have not offended me; but oh, Monsieur, I fear that you have done wrong in seeking this interview. You have certainly done a very dangerous thing, and I am doing wrong in staying to speak with you. Yet I cannot forget that I am a mother, and that it is you who have saved for me the life of my child; my little Djemâled-Din is my only one, and if I lost him

I should have nothing on earth to make me care to live. I should be an ungrateful woman if I were not glad to see you, and glad to be able to thank you for myself. I thank you, Monsieur, from my heart, and you may believe me that you will always be remembered by me."

Her beautiful eyes were raised to his face, and the expression in them, which said so much more than her words, stirred him more fiercely than all that had gone before. She was not angry with him; on the contrary, there was a confession in her eyes that seemed to mean,—what did that pleading look mean? He had to make a great effort to restrain the impulse to seize and press to his lips the white hand that she held out to him.

"Do not thank me," he said hastily; "it was a little thing that I did, and for you I would have done much more. If you will only forgive me for the fright I gave you just now! I know I ought not to have done it, but I was desperate. You cannot know what it is to me to see you again, and to hear you speak so kindly. Ever since that afternoon, when first I saw you, I have thought only of you. Your face has been continually before my eyes like the mirage of a reality which it is a matter of life and death to reach. I have looked for you everywhere, but I could never see you nor come near you."

Valda looked at him as if she could not take her eyes away, and she listened as if under some sort of fascination. "I have seen you," she said almost involuntarily, "I have seen you often."

"You have!" exclaimed Fitzroy eagerly. "Where? Tell me where?"

Valda was recovering from the shock of surprise and fear, and the self-possession and presence of mind that seldom failed her in an emergency

were returning to her aid. She was about to reply, when she was startled afresh by the sound of footsteps in the *selâmlek*, and she remembered the peril of the position. "Someone is coming!" she said in a hurried whisper. "I must go!"

But the footsteps were not coming from the direction of the *harâm*; they came from the corridor round the corner, and died away down the outside staircase.

"It is only one of the men going out of the *selâmlek*," said Fitzroy reassuringly. "Ah, do not hurry away; I may never be able to see you again."

"That is true," said Valda with a sigh; "but the risk is too terrible. For myself I am not afraid; no one can do me any harm; but for you,—your life would not be safe if this became known. If one of the negroes were to come in and see you!"

"The doors are safely locked," said Fitzroy, "and the man who has the keys is not likely to come for a good half-hour yet. But if anybody should come, we should hear him approaching, and you would have time to slip out at the other end."

"The head negro has got the Pâsha's keys," said Valda: "he must have borrowed them in order to be able to let you in; but if mine were in the lock on this side he would not be able to get his in. Then, while he was fumbling and trying to find out what the obstruction was, I should have time to get away."

She said this more in contemplation of a possibility than in suggestion of a plan, but Fitzroy saw at once that the idea, though simple, was a brilliant one, and he hastened to carry it into effect. He took the keys from Valda's hand, and made both doors secure. When he came back, he picked up the diamond ornament which Valda had left lying on the floor, and

followed her into the bay of the oriel with it.

"No, no, Monsieur," she said as he offered it to her, "I do not wish to have it back. Did not Mademoiselle tell you? My little boy gave it to you, and I should like you to keep it. Will you not accept it, Monsieur, from him and from me, to remind you sometimes of us? The brooch is nothing; but I should like to think that when you are far away you will have something that will prevent you from forgetting us altogether."

"I shall never forget you,—there is no danger of that!" said Fitzroy, with sudden passion. "I need no *souvenir* to make me remember you; still, if you would give me something,—a glove or a ribbon,—something that you have worn or used, I should treasure it as my most valued possession. Your diamonds I cannot accept. Miss Grey did tell me of your generous intention; but I told her that it was impossible for me to take advantage of it. No, Madame, do not think that you owe me any debt that needs to be repaid by money or diamonds. The thanks that you have given me are enough; they are more than enough, and I shall never cease to bless the fortunate chance that made me the person to earn them."

Valda saw that he was determined not to take the jewel, and she did not urge him further. Her wistful gaze fell from his face to the folds of her blue shawl, which she had again drawn round her head, and she mechanically tried to pass the long pin of the ornament in and out of the meshes.

"Will you not tell me where it is that you have seen me?" Fitzroy asked, as she did not speak. "Is it possible that you felt enough interest,—did you take the trouble to look out for me?"

Valda raised her eyes for an in-

stant, and the mounting colour in her cheek told its own tale. "I have seen you when I have been out driving," she answered, "at Ghesîreh, at Giseh, and in the town,—but oftenest at the theatre. Every night, when you have been there, I have seen you from my box."

"You have been to the theatre? You are in the habit of going there?" he exclaimed in surprise. "Oh, to the covered boxes, of course; I never thought of that."

"No, you never looked up to that side: I have noticed; but you look very often to the other side, and you go to visit the ladies in their boxes. I think there are several charming young European ladies in whom you are interested."

Fitzroy smiled, enchanted by this little touch of the eternal feminine. "Do you think so?" he said. "Well, would you like to know what I think of them in comparison to you?"

"No, no, no, oh no! Do not mistake me; it makes no difference to me what you think,—of them, of me, of anybody. Do you not see? You are standing close to me, and yet you are very far away. There is a deep, deep gulf between us, and it can never be crossed. I see it clearly, but I will not look across; it is better not to do it."

She stretched out her hands as she spoke with an intensely dramatic gesture that seemed to keep him off at arm's length; but there were tears in her eyes, and she drew back a pace or two into the recess of the window, and turned her face away in order to hide them. Fitzroy did not speak or move; he stood as if under an interdict, and Valda stared through her tears at the rosy lights in the west. The sun had sunk behind the hills, but the colours in the sky were growing more glorious every instant, and the graceful minaret of a little white

mosque close by, and the still more graceful palm-tree that grew near it, stood out against the pink and golden distance and the opaline reaches of the Nile. It was the same sunset scene that Valda had looked upon with Margaret Grey, when she had said that there was no romance, nor any possibility of it in her life. How short a time ago she had said that, and now she could never say it again! The unexpected, the impossible, had happened; it had come to her, the romance of her life, and she lingered, knowing only too well how soon it would be over.

"Ah, Madame," said Fitzroy, breaking the silence suddenly as he became aware of her emotion, "there are some lines in English that I believe in,—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

Tell me, which is the box that you occupy when you go to the theatre?"

"It is the third from the stage, the one next to the two which are reserved for the Vice-reine," said Valda, turning towards him. "But why do you wish to know? Through that thickness of iron you can see nothing."

"No, yet I like to know where you are. And you are there every night that there is a performance?"

"Most nights, but there are not many left now," she said with a sigh. "The season comes to an end in a week's time, and then comes Ramazân, when one sees nothing more of Europeans."

"There will be a grand masquerade night at the opera at the end of the season; shall you be there?"

"I don't know. Perhaps the box will have to be especially engaged for that, and I do not know if the Pâsha will be willing. He does not like my

going to the theatre, and he will be glad when it comes to an end."

It was the first time that the Pâsha's name had come up between them, and Fitzroy's brows darkened at the thought of him. He had no more acquaintance with the domestic life of a Turkish Pâsha than the vague impressions that remained to him from his boyish readings of *THE ARABIAN NIGHTS*, and his imagination conjured up a picture strangely distorted from the truth,—a beautiful helpless woman made the slave and toy of a sensual tyrant whose jealousy grudged her even the few simple pleasures that her prison-life allowed.

"Tell me," he said abruptly; "is he unkind to you? Does he make you unhappy?"

"Who,—the Pâsha?" asked Valda with widely opened eyes. "Oh no, no, indeed! He is very good to me; he does everything in his power to make me happy."

"But you are not happy,—you do not love him?"

It was a question that Fitzroy had no right to ask, and Valda would have done well to be angry with him; but she was looking at him as he spoke, and she saw a look in his eyes that shook her to the soul. The words had escaped from him involuntarily, and they betrayed the passionate rebellion of his love. She stood for a moment breathless and speechless, almost overpowered by the realisation of the intensity of the passion that encompassed her; her beautiful face quivered and flushed, but her eyes did not fall, and in their wonderful depths, as she gazed silently into his, were revealed the purity and loyalty of her heart.

"My husband is a good man," she said firmly, "and if I am not happy it is my fault, not his. He loves me, and he has not deserved that I should deceive him. I will not do it, and

this is the last time that you must see me; we must never meet again."

It was an impregnable position; Fitzroy saw that, and yet he would not give in. A sentence so inexorable he felt he could not accept.

"Ah Monsieur," Valda cried as she felt the significance of his silence, "you must not seek to see me! For your own sake I implore you. It might bring trouble on me, but the danger to you would be far greater. Already you have run a terrible risk in coming to this house in a disguise; I cannot endure to think what might happen if you were found out. You must never do such a thing again; promise me that you will not!"

Fitzroy did not answer; but in the iron determination of his face and the desperation of his eyes as they seemed to devour her features, she read the strength of the feeling she had to oppose. He had said very little, the questions he had asked had been almost matter of fact; he had made no passionate appeals or protestations like the heroes she had seen at the theatre; he was as impassive and self-contained as the best-bred Osmanli. Englishmen were like that, no doubt; but the strength of character indicated by his reserve made Valda tremble the more. "I beg of you, I implore you!" she said desperately. "Oh Monsieur, if you will not desist for your own sake, for mine you must. It would kill me if anything were to happen to you on my account."

"If you tell me that, if you tell me that you care for me," said Fitzroy quickly, "I will dare anything, venture anything; there is no obstacle that I should not know how to overcome. Oh Valda, do you indeed care for me?"

He tried to take her hand, but she snatched it away, and to his astonishment and consternation, she caught

hold of his in both of hers, and pressed it to her lips. Her kisses and her tears rained down upon his hand together, and Fitzroy, thrilled to the heart by the shock of it, lost the last vestige of self-control that remained to him. "Valda, Valda," he cried passionately, "you are my love, my queen, the only woman I ever loved, —come to me!"

He would have caught her into his arms, but she drew herself away. "No, Monsieur, my love is not so selfish as that. God forgive me for the wrong I have done already,—worse I will not do. Now I leave you, and may Allah protect and defend you, for my love cannot. Adieu!"

"Valda, Valda! Don't leave me like this, without any hope to look forward to,—you must not,—you shall not!" cried Fitzroy; but Valda had flown away from him, and was already half-way down the corridor towards the *harîm* door. He dared not pursue her, but when he saw her stop short, and raise her hand with a gesture of alarm, he hastened to her side.

Heavy footsteps could be plainly heard coming along the corridor of the *selâmlek*. "It is Manetinna, the head negro," said Valda in a rapid whisper. "I know his step, and he will be here in an instant; but do not open to him until I am safely out at the other end, and you have heard me lock the door. Tell him that you found the key upon the floor, and tried to see if it would fit. I can speak about it afterwards, and say that I think I must have dropped it this morning."

Valda gave these brief directions in a few seconds, and then flew swiftly and noiselessly along the carpet to the other end of the hall. By the time that the negro had got to the first door, she had reached the

further one, and the noise she made in turning the lock was unheard by Manetinna as he fumbled over the difficulties that his key encountered.

Fitzroy remained in his place in the middle of the hall, until he heard the sound of Valda's key being withdrawn from the lock; but by that time the negro had discovered that something was wrong, and he was beginning to curse volubly in Arabic.

"What is the meaning of this? What evil deed have you been hatching, dog of an unbeliever?" he burst out furiously, as soon as Fitzroy let him in. "A key,—you have got a key! Where did you get it from?"

"I picked it up from the floor," replied Fitzroy, reflecting that the explanation suggested by Valda, though delusive, had the merit of being true so far as it went. "I put it in the door to try if it would fit. There was no harm in that."

"Yes, but why did you leave it locked? Answer me that, you dog!" replied the slave, his suspicions only half appeased.

"Let me advise you to wag your tongue a little more civilly in speaking to honest workmen," said Fitzroy coolly. "Of course I locked the door to secure myself against the entrance of any of the ladies of the *harim* who might happen to be prying about. Those Circassian slaves of yours have been running after me all day long, and I have no desire to get into trouble on their account."

Manetinna grunted. He was by no means taken in by this explanation, but the unblushing effrontery of it staggered him for a moment, and then he reflected that if there had been any mischief afoot, it would hardly be to his interest to bring it to light. For whatever had happened he would be held accountable, and whether he were really to blame or not, he would be made the scape-goat.

He passed over the matter without further demonstration therefore, and contented himself with a satirical comment upon the amount of work that the unbeliever had contrived to get through in the course of the afternoon. "By the beard of the Prophet, thou art an honest man. Wallahi! Haste is of the Devil,—so it is written—but thine is a neck to be beaten with shoes. When thy master cometh in the morning to see what thou hast accomplished, may I be there to witness thy reward. Go, and may God speed thee on thy way to Gehannum!"

With this doubtful benediction, the negro conducted his charge to the great gloomy hall in the basement of the palace, where the other workmen were already collected, shouldering their tools, and making ready for departure. Fitzroy went out with the rest of the blue smocks; but when they returned in the morning, he was no longer in their ranks. The pious aspirations of Manetinna were not destined to be gratified.

CHAPTER XV.

VALDA was careful not to give Margaret the slightest hint of her interview with Captain Fitzroy; but her manner and the evident excitement under which she was labouring convinced the English girl that something fresh had happened, and a chance discovery soon confirmed her suspicions.

One evening Margaret had occasion to go to the little cabinet in which Valda kept her jewels and knick-knacks. Djemâl-ed-Din had been even more difficult to manage than usual, and before going to sleep had clamoured so persistently for sweets that Margaret, to pacify him, promised to go and look for some in his mother's room. Valda (who as

usual was at the theatre with Hamida) was accustomed to keep a little store of Turkish Delight and other sweets for the boy's benefit, and Margaret went to the porcelain vase in which she knew that she would find some.

She stood under the electric light in Valda's bedroom before the open doors of the cabinet, and on the shelf before her eyes was the vase that she wanted ; but it was not this that she saw first. On another shelf were the jewels that Valda was accustomed to wear every day, and among them was the diamond star that had been lost at Ghesîreh. Margaret, who recognised it at once, stood aghast at the sight. How had it come there ? Captain Fitzroy had declared his intention of restoring the jewel with his own hand ; had he managed to do so ? Had he seen her again, or had he sent it ? Margaret ran over in her mind every possible contingency, but of course she did not think of the right one, and the conclusion that she came to was that Hamida Hânem might have had something to do with it. Margaret, even more than the Pâsha, disliked and dreaded Valda's intimacy with Hamida, and she had all along been afraid of the increased influence that was the inevitable result of those frequent evenings at the theatre. Valda would sooner or later confide her secret to Hamida, if she had not done so already ; of that Margaret felt certain, and with that hand in the business, what might not come of it ? This new discovery made Margaret more uneasy than ever, and she longed to put the Pâsha on his guard ; yet there was nothing definite to go upon, and remembering how solemnly Valda had warned her of the consequences of any such communication, she was withheld by a dread of precipitating a catastrophe. Valda must know him better than

she could, and if it had been a difficult story to tell at first it would be worse now ; how much worse Margaret did not know. She resolved, then, to say nothing to the Pâsha, and to take the earliest opportunity of speaking to Valda herself. Something must be done to prevent her from being left to the guidance of Hamida in what might be the most critical moment of her life.

The next morning she found her opportunity. Valda, in the pink morning-gown that every day seemed to accentuate the waxen whiteness of her complexion, came out at about ten o'clock into the sunny garden, and with a languid smile of greeting to Margaret, sank down by her side on the cushions by the orange-trees.

"*Bon jour, Madame,*" said Margaret cheerfully. "Did you enjoy yourself at the theatre last night ; was it a good play ?"

"Oh, I don't know. It was opera, and I never care for that much ; perhaps you, who understand the music, would have liked it. I am so sorry not to be able to take you oftener, Mademoiselle. It seems a shame,—but my poor little Djemâled-Din—how can I leave him to the slaves who manage him so badly ? Was he good last night ?"

"Fairly," said Margaret. "He wanted some sweets, and the slaves told him that there were none, because they did not like to go and look in your cabinet ; and then he cried a good deal."

"Lazy creatures !" exclaimed Valda with indignation. "Why could they not go and look ?"

"Well, I saw that they were speaking without knowing, and Djemâled-Din did not believe them ; so I went myself and brought him some, and after that he went to sleep quite happily."

"You did right, Mademoiselle, quite

right. That is what is such a comfort to me; when you are there, I know that my poor little one will not be thwarted and made unhappy unnecessarily."

"But Hânem, when I was looking in the cabinet for the sweets, I saw what surprised me greatly; I saw the diamond star that you lost at Ghiesreh. It caught my eye among the other jewels, and I could not mistake it. How have you got it back?"

Valda did not start, or show any signs of confusion when Margaret mentioned her discovery; but the colour stole slowly back into her cheeks as she turned and looked at her. "Yes," she said calmly, "I have got my star back."

"But how? Who brought it you? Oh Valda, have you seen Captain Fitzroy?"

Valda looked away among the shrubberies with a strange smile on her face. "I have seen him often," she said with composure. "I see him sometimes when I go out driving, and sometimes at the theatre, and in imagination I see him always."

"But you have not met him, you have not seen him to speak to? Surely it was not he himself who gave you back the jewel?"

Margaret spoke with desperate earnestness, and the anxiety in her voice and face was so manifest as to take away all suspicion of impertinence from the question. Valda repressed an impulse to snub her, and the denial that rose next to her lips became impossible under the sweet and loving gaze of the gray eyes so anxiously fixed upon her.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I have seen and spoken with him, and it was he who gave me back my star; but do not ask how it happened, or where. It is enough that it is all over, and that it will never happen again. Once, once in my life, I have known what

makes it worth while to have lived; but it will never come again. Oh, dear Mademoiselle, you may well pity me. Indeed I am very unhappy!" Her tears fell fast as she reached out her hand to Margaret, and felt it taken in a warm and sympathetic clasp; and Margaret had tears in her eyes too, but she had no comfort to give. "You have known what it is, I am sure, Mademoiselle," said Valda between her sobs; "you also have been parted by a cruel fate from some one whom you loved and who loved you."

"No," said Margaret honestly, "I have had no experience of that kind. Nobody whom I could care for has ever cared for me in that sort of way."

"Oh Mademoiselle, is that possible? You, who are so good and charming, so amiable and sympathetic! The Pasha thinks there is no one like you, and you have travelled about so much, and must have met so many nice men,—how can it be?"

"I don't know," said Margaret with a frankness that it was impossible to doubt. "That sort of thing has never come my way, and I don't suppose it ever will. There are a great many women among us in these days who miss the lot that they were meant for, who must miss it; and perhaps our freedom is not really so desirable as it seems to you. But never mind about me. If only this misfortune had not happened to you!"

Valda dried her eyes quickly, and looked at her companion with a sudden change of expression. It was a misfortune certainly that had happened to her, and yet,—would she have wished to have gone without it? She felt that she would not; but she said nothing, for she realised that Margaret, sympathetic though she was, could not understand her feeling. "It was not my fault that it happened," she said

gently ; "and this last meeting was not my doing or my seeking either. It came upon me by surprise, and without my consent ; I should like you to know that, Mademoiselle."

"I am sure that you would never lend yourself to any sort of scheme or intrigue," said Margaret warmly. "It is Captain Fitzroy's designs that I am afraid of. He has not many scruples, I am convinced."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle, you misjudge him," said Valda earnestly. "He does not mean evil ; I am sure of it, I can read his face. He liked me, and he wished to see me again ; that was only natural, when he did not realise the danger of it."

"But he has been two years in Egypt, and he ought to know. Besides I told him."

"He considers that you are prejudiced against him ; he thought so that day, and he was angry with you. That only made him more determined ; but now he has seen me, and he has given me back the jewel. He would give it back, though I wished him to keep it, and it is all over. I told him that he must never see me again."

"And do you think that he will not try ?"

"I don't know,—I hope not," said Valda faintly.

"He is a dangerous man," said Margaret. "He may mean no harm, but he is infatuated and reckless, and he will stop at nothing to gain his own way."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, you are prejudiced against him indeed ! I am convinced that he has a good character. He is not only good, he is noble. He resembles the chevalier of the story of the Knights and the Saracens you told me once ; he is a perfect gentleman."

Margaret was silent. To her Captain Fitzroy seemed a very poor sort of paladin, and in her own mind she

compared him unfavourably with the Paynim Pâsha whose rival he was ; but she knew that argument was useless.

"You don't know of anything against him, Mademoiselle ?" Valda said suddenly.

"No ; I know nothing about him. I am only judging him by his conduct in this matter ; but that is enough to make me distrust him. I am afraid of him, and I am afraid,—oh, Valda, it was not through Hamîda Hânem that you met him ?"

"No ; she had nothing to do with it. He contrived it entirely himself, without help from me or any of my friends."

"Then does Hamîda know nothing about it ?" Margaret asked eagerly ; but her heart sank as she saw Valda's face.

"Yes ; she knows. How could she help it, when she went out so much with me ? She noticed that I was always looking out for him, and she found out. Then she questioned me."

"And did you tell her everything ? Oh, not that last meeting,—you surely did not tell her about that ?"

"I could not help it, Mademoiselle. I was in such a state of mind that evening, I was nearly mad. And Hamîda is very shrewd ; if I had not told her, she would have guessed. Perhaps she might even have imagined that it was something worse than the truth."

"I do not trust Hamîda Hânem," said Margaret. "She would not be a good person to advise you in a difficulty. Remember that her principles are very different from yours."

"They are indeed !" said Valda. "She was not in the least shocked or surprised at the story I told her. She seemed to think it an amusing joke, and she said that it did not matter at all so long as the Pâsha did not get to hear of it ; that, she ad-

mitted, would really be a serious thing. But do not distress yourself, Mademoiselle; there is not much time left for any mischief to happen in. He is going away from Egypt."

"Who? Captain Fitzroy? He is leaving Egypt?"

"Yes," answered Valda, her eyes filling with tears. "He told me that he was returning to England, and that he was never coming back any more. Before the end of Ramazân he will be gone. Ah, Mademoiselle, you will be glad, but I——"

Valda broke down altogether at this point, and fearful lest her agitation should betray her to the slave who was looking after the little boy close by, she rose up and went quickly into the house. Margaret could scarcely have disguised the relief and satisfaction that the news of Captain Fitzroy's approaching departure afforded her, and she was thankful to be left to herself to think it over. This news was the one gleam of hope and comfort left to her, but it was not enough to reassure her. It was clear that Valda had been able to gain no promise from Fitzroy that he would not attempt to see her again, and if he was going away soon, the shortness of time would only make him the more desperate and determined. Margaret thought over the matter all day, and she came to the conclusion that it was her duty to interpose. "He does not know what he is doing," she thought; "he does not realise the danger and cruelty of it, and it is necessary that the matter should be put strongly before him. I will make one more attempt to check him, and then at least I shall be able to feel that I have done my best."

In accordance with this resolution Margaret wrote a note to Captain Fitzroy asking him to meet her on the following afternoon in the Esbêkiah gardens. She said nothing about it

to Valda, but when Djemâl-ed-Din had been coaxed off to sleep, she mentioned that she was going out into the town, and Valda raised no objection.

The place of meeting was one of the little wooden bridges over the artificial water in the middle of the park, and Margaret was there punctually to her time; but no one else was in sight. At that early hour of the afternoon the heat was intense, and the park was almost deserted. The plants, tropical though many of them were, drooped in the fiery sunshine, and the ground was like hot iron under foot. The air was full of dust, and not even the syringes playing over the grass could make it green.

Margaret waited for nearly half an hour, leaning over the railings of the rustic bridge, and watching the ducks paddling about in the water. She was beginning to think that her appeal had been made in vain, when, looking up, she saw Captain Fitzroy's tall figure coming across the grass towards her. Her heart beat fast as she watched his approach, and she made a desperate resolution to be conciliatory and tactful, and to manage better than she had done before; but she thought, as he came up, that he looked alarmingly stiff and uncompromising, and his face did not relax into a smile as he returned her nervous greeting.

"You asked me to meet you here?" he said abruptly. "Have you a message from the Lady Valda?"

"No," said Margaret; "it was without her knowledge that I wrote to you; she does not know that I am here."

"Oh, really," said Fitzroy quietly, and his eyebrows went up with a slightly supercilious lift that gave his face a very different expression from any that Valda had ever seen upon it. "Then what is it you can have to say to me?"

"I want to tell you something about the lady, something that I am sure you do not realise. Captain Fitzroy, please do not think me spiteful and intrusive; it is only because I care so much for Valda that I am so anxious upon her account. I cannot bear to see her life spoilt, and I am sure that if you knew the circumstances as I do, you would be willing to make any sacrifice rather than be the cause of it." Margaret paused, but Fitzroy made no remark to help her. He stood stiff and straight, listening politely but with an impassive face, and she went on desperately. "Valda tells me that you are going away soon. Is that true?"

For an instant Fitzroy looked disturbed. "She told you that? Has she told you——" he broke off suddenly, but Margaret could supply the hiatus.

"She has told me of her last meeting with you. I saw the star, and she said that you had returned it to her yourself. She hopes now that it is all over, and that there is no fear that you will compromise her further."

"She hopes that—ah, I see! That is your interpretation, Miss Grey. Of course you see things from your point of view; but if I am not much mistaken, it is a different one from Valda's, and I think that I may safely make some reservations in accepting your statements."

He stood and looked at her with undisguised hostility. There was between them that silent antagonism which sometimes forms such a hopeless gulf between natures of contrasting qualities and destinies, a feeling of contempt and repulsion on both sides that there is no repressing. Margaret had no envy or bitterness in her composition; she was too genuinely humble-minded and unself-

fish to feel any resentment at the inequalities of life; but there was something in Captain Fitzroy, in the pride of his splendid physique and assured position, which irritated her; and despising him, as she did, for the want of any stern stuff in his character to work upon, she could hardly endure the thinly-veiled expression of his contempt. She had qualities that he was incapable of comprehending, and she was perhaps equally unable to appreciate the good points of his character.

"Is it true that you are going to leave Egypt soon?" she asked, making a valiant effort to put her own feelings aside, and to think only of Valda's interests.

"Yes," he replied; "I expect I shall be leaving in less than a month now."

"Then there is a chance left for Valda. When you are gone she may be able to get over this, and settle down again, though I suppose she can never be as happy again as she has been. Captain Fitzroy, this is what I wanted to tell you,—Valda's health is being destroyed. You may take my statement with what reservations you choose; I shall at least have done my duty in putting the truth before you. She is ill; her health and happiness are both breaking down under this strain. If it goes on, it will end in a tragedy of some sort, and the responsibility of it will lie at your door."

"She is ill,—her health is breaking down,—what do you mean?" demanded Fitzroy, now thoroughly startled.

"I will tell you everything; I think you ought to know," said Margaret firmly. "Valda is not like an English girl; her passionate Eastern nature is not one to be lightly played with. Before you came she was not happy, but she was not unhappy either,—at least she

knew no cause why she should be. She was fond of her husband in her own way, and he was devoted to her. She had her child, whom she adored, and no lack of occupation and amusement to fill up her daily life. There was only the natural melancholy of her disposition to throw any cloud over the peaceful tranquillity of her existence. Then came that accident that threw you in her way."

"Yes,—then?" said Fitzroy intently, as Margaret paused.

"That was the beginning of mischief. The circumstances were extraordinary; you saved her little boy's life, and you saw her, and looked at her, as no man save her husband had ever looked at her before. It was not wonderful that it should have made a deep impression upon her. Still that might have faded,—she might have forgotten it if nothing had occurred to renew it,—but you would not suffer that. You insisted that you would see her, and therefore the thought of you was kept continually in her mind. You managed to secure a meeting; what you said or did, I do not know, but since then,—since then,——"

"What have you seen since then?" asked Fitzroy pressingly. His voice shook with some suppressed emotion; what was it? Regret, fear, or was it joy? Margaret wondered as she looked at him, and a pang of mis-giving assailed her; was she giving him an assurance that he wanted, was he waiting to learn from her the certainty that Valda loved him?

"Since then she has been miserable," she exclaimed passionately. "If you wanted to make her suffer, you have done it; her worst enemy could not have blighted her life more effectually. She has suffered cruelly, and all her pleasure in life is gone. Her one chance now lies in your speedy departure, and I have come

here to-day to appeal to you not to try to see her again before you go. I implore you to have pity upon her, and to refrain from working further havoc in her happiness."

Fitzroy was silent, but his face was flushed and his eyes shining. He was desperately in love with Valda, and now he heard the confirmation of what he knew already, but had hardly dared to believe, that she loved him also. She loved him, she loved him! What did anything matter in comparison with this great reality? What were the remonstrances of this girl but the commonplace croakings of an envious and narrow mind? He did not heed them, he did not listen to them.

"You mean to see her again,—I know you do," said Margaret, who was watching his face; "and Valda believes it also, though she tries to think that she does not. But I warn you that no good will come of it. You will make her suffer: you may bring discovery upon her and the anger of her husband, who would never forgive her, however innocent she might be; but you will gain nothing. Valda will never forget what she owes to her husband and to her family, and you can only bring to her pain and grief and desolation."

Margaret had made her last appeal, and it was received in silence. She could not guess from Fitzroy's set face how deeply he was stirred, nor how near to yielding he was brought. She thought him detestable; but he was in reality very far from being a detestable character, and his faults lay more in the drawbacks of his qualities than in any inclination to vice. He had a high sense of honour, and his disposition was naturally so generous that at any other time he could not have withstood an appeal to respect a woman's weakness; but now he was in the grip of the fiercest emotion that can take possession of

the heart of man, and years of prosperity and self-indulgence had sapped the strength that might have enabled him to fight against it. He looked at Margaret's pale, refined face with aversion, almost with detestation, and consciously allowing his mind to be diverted from the real point at issue, he decided against her appeal on the ground of the distaste with which she inspired him. She was a little prig, a little middle-class piece of respectability, and she did not know in the least what she was talking about. She had no experience of the world or of society, and was he to be guided by her pragmatism and offensive notions of propriety? He knew now that Valda loved him, and he must see her once again before he left the country. It was a very slender privilege to ask, and it was one that would be denied to no man in any civilised society; he would not relinquish the hope of it to satisfy the prejudices of this meddling and intolerable girl.

The sound of a clock striking four somewhere close by reminded Margaret that her time was limited, and seeing that further remonstrance was useless, she drew down her veil, and moved to go. "Good-bye; I see I have done no good," she said miserably; but Fitzroy accompanied her on her way towards the gate of the park.

"I don't know what good you expected to do," he said as he walked beside her; "but you may believe me when I tell you that no expostulations are necessary to keep me from doing anything to injure the person whom I love best in the world. I know that there is nothing to be gained by it," he went on, allowing some of the strong emotion which he felt to find an outlet; "but I cannot cut myself off from the hope of seeing her once more should the opportunity come in my way. I cannot believe that she would wish to deny me that,

or that it could do her any harm. I promise you, however, that I will do nothing that can expose her to any possible risk."

"Risk! Who that has secret dealings can possibly avoid risk? In a crooked path there are turns and surprises that cannot be reckoned upon, and any moment may bring you face to face with discovery and exposure. I believe—ah!"

Margaret broke off short in the middle of her sentence, as an illustration of the truth that she was trying to express forced itself suddenly upon her. Who would have thought of seeing the Pâsha walking in the Esbékiah gardens at this hour? Yet, as Margaret raised her eyes, she saw him there in his grey tweed suit and crimson fez,—unmistakably the Pâsha! He stood at the turn of the walk, about a hundred paces away, where there was a cross cut through the park, and Margaret stopped short, hoping that he might pass by without looking up the side path along which she and Fitzroy were walking. But the Pâsha's blue eyes were very keen-sighted, and not only did he see her, but he observed the signs of confusion and dismay that were betrayed on her countenance. A gleam of amusement flashed across his face; then in an instant he became grave, and, bowing ceremoniously, shot a keen glance at her companion as he went past.

"Who is that?" enquired Fitzroy quickly, as Margaret stood pale and discomposed, looking after the departing figure of the Pâsha.

"It was the Pâsha," she answered; "yes, her husband. You have not seen him before?"

"Yes, I have seen him. I must have seen him often among the other Pâshas at the *levées*, for I know his face quite well, but I did not know who he was."

"He is the kindest and gentlest of

men, and Turk and Paynim though he is, I am sure there is no husband in Cairo who is more devoted to his wife," said Margaret with a sudden break in her voice. "He worships Valda, and if he knew what is going on, I believe it would break his heart. No, Captain Fitzroy, do not come any further with me. There is nothing to be gained by prolonging this interview, and risks are not so easy to avoid as you seem to imagine."

Margaret had failed in her mission, and she went away with a very bitter consciousness of it. It seemed a pity, but if she had been a less high principled and conscientious person

than she was, she would probably have had a better chance of succeeding. The sense of her superior goodness irritated Fitzroy; it made him feel worse than he naturally was, and he hardened himself in his resolution against her. In his pocket he had a note (not the first that he had received) from Hamîda Hânem, offering to arrange a meeting at the masked ball at the Opera House, to which she was going with Valda. He had not yet sent an answer; but as he parted from Margaret, his fingers sought the little piece of paper, and closed vigorously upon it. He was not going to sacrifice this chance.

(To be continued.)

THE INTERIOR OF THE GOLD COAST.

THE traveller who sails down that portion of the Gulf of Guinea which skirts the Gold Coast and gazes shoreward from the ship's deck, looks upon a green and pleasant land with very little in its appearance to suggest tropical Africa, excepting the cocoa-nut palms that crowd together in groups by the margin of the sea, where a smoking surf booms perennially upon the yellow strand. Whether he has come from the west, where his eyes have been wearied with the monotony of the low-lying Kru Coast, or from the east where the scenery of the Bight of Benin rings never-ending changes on surf and sand and mud-flat, and where the low, palm-besprinkled shores of the lagoon country alternate with the unvarying line of sad-coloured mangrove that borders the yellow waters of the creeks, it will be with a pleasant sense of relief that he will gaze upon the smiling uplands and soft, luxuriant woodland of the Gold Coast, its prosperous-looking towns and villages nestling snugly amid the dark-green foliage, the round-topped hills and grassy plains near the sea, and the lofty isolated peaks that loom blue and shadowy far away inland.

For many years, indeed for some centuries, this coast-line was all that was known to Europeans. Rumours did certainly reach the white men occasionally in their forts and castles by the sea, of strange and powerful races in the interior, but these reports were as vague and shadowy as the forms of the distant mountains; and even after men had ceased to think of the inland countries as possibly

containing the mysterious kingdom of Prester John, complete ignorance prevailed as to their geography and the peoples who inhabited them.

The first glimmer of knowledge respecting any of these countries appears in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the circumstances attending the conquest of Denkira and the rise of the Ashanti nation came to the knowledge of Willem Bosman, as related in his quaint though graphic and accurate letters; but it was not until after the lapse of more than another century that any of them were seen by the eye of a European.

A mission to Ashanti, however, in 1817, of which Bowdich has left so admirable an account, inaugurated, or, as perhaps one should rather say, foreshadowed an advance on the part of the white men into the interior and an extension of their dominion to the countries behind the coast-line.

Another sixty years passed away before the advance was actually made. and even then it was like the advance of one of the great waves that beat upon this shore, rushing forward with irresistible force, sweeping all before them, and then as suddenly retiring. In 1873 the British forces invaded Ashanti, sacked and burned the capital, and then retired, having in a few weeks destroyed a kingdom that had been slowly built up by two centuries of conquest and social integration. For more than twenty years after the Ashanti war, the interior of the Gold Coast remained in the state of chaos to which it had been reduced by the invading force;

then once more the British entered and the native rule was ended. The interior of the Gold Coast, or at least that portion of it which our enterprising French and German neighbours had left unclaimed, was finally absorbed by the Colonial Government, to become, in the future, a part of the Gold Coast Colony.

The great accession of territory that has resulted from this annexation appears to have awakened considerable public expectation as to future commercial development, and it may be found interesting to briefly consider the character of the country and its inhabitants.

To understand correctly the extent, and especially the lateral extent of this territory, it is necessary to take note of two facts: first, that the political boundaries of the Gold Coast do not coincide with the geographical, since they include a portion of the Slave Coast; and next, that the interior does not by any means correspond with the coast-line, since the encroachments of the French, and more especially of the Germans, cause it to taper off inland in a remarkable manner. Contracted, however, as the British interior is by the lateral encroachments and the neutral zone, there yet remains in the territory recently acquired some fifteen to eighteen thousand square miles of country to be developed by the white trader and proprietor.

A considerable part of this region is occupied by Ashanti; indeed the entire area was formerly under the rule of that nation, whose power and influence were felt in parts far more remote. The western border, which separates the British interior from the French, runs through Sehui (or Sefwi) in the south and Jaman in the north; the northern limit corresponds roughly to the eleventh parallel, while the eastern interior has been appro-

priated by the Germans, and the boundary, excepting near the coast, is the river Volta.

Such being the extent and boundaries of the inland countries to the rear of the Gold Coast, we may now proceed to briefly examine their physical characters and commercial capabilities. The simplest, and probably the best, way in which to convey an idea of the characters of a tract of country and its inhabitants is to describe a journey, real or imaginary, through its most representative portions. With a view, therefore, to a proper understanding of this great slice of land which has been acquired at so considerable a cost, we will assume, not the cap of Fortunatus, which is a transport-appliance unsuited to the observer or explorer, but a pair of serviceable boots and a suit of cool kharki, and set out upon our travels, selecting as our route the one which will probably be most used in the future, that from Cape Coast through Prasu and Coomassie to the north.

As we turn out in the morning we shall probably find the town already astir and the streets full of life, for the native is an early bird,—and a late one too, on moonlight nights. Out in the anchorage a steamer looms faintly through the morning haze, her whistle sounding impatiently for the tardy surf-boats, while through the streets strings of Bush natives patter in single file down the middle of the road, bearing on their heads baskets and calabashes piled high with vegetables, fruit, and eggs for the market. In the great white-washed factories life is stirring too, for we hear from behind the wall of the compounds the shrill remonstrance of the immolated fowl (whose cadaverous carcase will appear in sinewy resurrection in the breakfast-curry or “palm-oil chop”) and pyjama-clad figures saunter, tea-

cup in hand, upon the shady verandahs. Long-eared pariah dogs scratch themselves by the road-side and yap at us in a high, throaty falsetto, and above the Castle the carrion-vultures wheel in endless circles, as motionless and effortless as though suspended by invisible threads. Noting these sights and sounds, familiar enough after a month's residence, we hurry onward, for the sun is mounting fast and we blink as we pass the white-washed walls and over the dazzling quartz that sparkles in the road.

It is not many minutes before we exchange the glare of the town for the more restful colouring of the Bush, and as we reach the crest of the first low ridge, we look out over a wide stretch of dark green through which the bright red path meanders in many a sinuous curve. But here we must not linger, though the scene is pleasant enough to look upon, for we are bound for the far interior.

On we hurry through the high Bush, where the tiny sun-birds flash in the brilliant light in a plumage of green and crimson and burnished gold that would make the rainbow itself look dull and faded; past the fast-diminishing cocoa-nut palms, whose hard leaves rattle in the breeze like the bones on a wayside gibbet; past the tall red ant-hills on which the great blue-bodied lizards mount guard and nod their coral-red heads at us as we pass, while the Bush around us gradually changes to woodland, and the woodland closes in denser and darker, while the open sunny path becomes a shady leafy way and the sodden sea-breeze gives place to the cool reek of the forest.

Four or five days of bush-travelling bring us to the hamlet of Pra-su, perched on the southern bank of the Pra. This was formerly the northern frontier station of the Gold Coast Colony, the river forming the boun-

dary, and on the northern bank of the latter we may consider the real interior as commencing.

From this point journeying northward nearly as far as the eighth parallel we shall travel exclusively through dense primeval forest. For near upon a month, after turning our backs upon the Pra, our way will lie through a land of twilight and shadow, with a canopy of murmuring foliage far away above our heads, and all around us the dim shapes of gigantic trees half hidden under a mantle of enshrouding epiphytes and wreathed with fantastic creepers. In the mornings the forests will resound with the melancholy drip of the falling dew; in the evenings the chirr of the cicada, the boom of the Goliath beetle, and the whistle of the cricket will fill the air; in the night the dark aisles will echo with the screech of the owl and the wail of the potto; but all through the day the forest will be as silent as the grave, and the smallest sound produced by the traveller himself, the creak of his boots or the crackling of a twig under his foot, will ring out in the stillness with the jarring distinctness that such sounds have at home when the ground is covered with snow.

The dense forest covers a great part of the interior of the Gold Coast, at least of the portion west of the Volta,—as to the eastern portion its value matters little to us seeing that it has all been absorbed by the Germans—and as it will probably turn out the most important part commercially, we may more particularly consider its extent and position.

Its superficial extent (in British territory), I should estimate at about twenty-three thousand square miles, distributed in the shape of an irregular triangle. The base of this triangle is formed by the western frontier where the forest extends southward

to the very margin of the sea and northward nearly to the eighth parallel. The southern border retreats from the sea very gradually, but the northern, or rather north-eastern, border slopes down abruptly after passing north Ashanti, skirting the south of Kwahu and the north and north-east of Akem, and terminating in the apex of the triangle on the western border of Krobo. The country which lies to the south of the forest varies considerably in character. Around Cape Coast and Elmina is a fine rolling country covered with bushes and isolated trees, varied by occasional expanses of high grass or round-topped wooded hills. To the west this bush gradually merges into the forest of Ahanta, while to the east it thins somewhat and the trees become less frequent, giving place in the Accra district to arborescent euphorbias. Near the apex of the forest triangle are the grassy plains and oil-palm forests of Krobo, and north of these the fertile prairie-like plains of Kwahu. Of the country that lies due north of the forest I shall speak presently, as it lies on the route that we are at present following.

It is not, however, in the physical characters of the country only that a change is observed on crossing the Pra. It is soon apparent that the inhabitants differ in many respects from those of the regions south of the river, and in none more than in the appearance of their villages.

In some of the villages south of the Pra, as, for instance, in Assin-Yan-Coomassie, remains of the old native civilisation may be seen in the elaborately sculptured gable-ends of a few of the more ancient houses; but as a rule the influence of the white man is evident on all sides, in the Europeanised houses with their wooden doors and latticed windows, as well as in the Manchester cloths which

many of the villagers wear. North of the Pra, on the other side, the old Ashanti style of building is almost universal, and the villages present an aspect of complete simplicity and barbarism. All these forest villages are similar in appearance. A clearing more or less circular in shape, is surrounded by a high wall of foliage, and is occupied by a large grove of plantains and papaw-trees from which a great part of the diet of the inhabitants is obtained. The narrow track widens as it enters the village, and on either side of it are the houses forming a single wide street with a few tortuous alleys leading off from it. Near the centre of the village street is the shade-tree, usually, in fact, I may say, invariably a species of fig of a spreading mushroom-like habit, under which all public palavers, and probably a great many private scandals, are conducted.

The residences consist of fenced compounds round which the houses are arranged, and these latter are characteristic and peculiar to the district. They are constructed of the local red clay coated with an ochre-like earth to which a dull polish is imparted, and are frequently profusely ornamented with designs in low relief, some of a very elaborate character and executed with remarkable skill and good taste; but the most striking peculiarity is in the general design of the houses, which is, so far as I know, unique. They have, in the first place, only three walls, the fourth side being open; and in the second, the entire house is raised on a platform, or plinth, of clay by which the floor is elevated nearly three feet from the ground. This type of house, which is almost universal in the forest region, is characteristic of the Ashanti race and its offshoots, and is certainly, from the freedom of ventilation that

it allows, eminently suited to a tropical climate.

As we enter these villages we shall find what appears to be the entire population either leaning against their houses or seated on the ground with their knees drawn up to their chins, presenting the appearance of a pyramid of cotton cloth surmounted by a head. Each person will probably be engaged in thoughtfully masticating the inevitable chew-stick (with which the African maintains the porcelain-like whiteness of his teeth), or holding it between his fingers while he delivers himself of a few comments to his neighbour on the passing stranger.

Travellers on this part of the road are rare. Once or twice a day a small party of natives may be encountered in the vicinity of a village, and three or four times a week a native trader with his little party of slaves carrying back to his home the goods he has purchased on the coast. These traders generally carry their goods in long narrow trays of wicker work, with high sides but without ends; and in these the various articles are packed neatly and securely and formed into a solid package which is easy to balance on the head. The quantity of goods that can be carried in this way is most surprising, when regard is had to the distances travelled and the roughness of the road. One man, an Ashanti, whom I met near Bekwe, had merchandise, including guns and powder-kegs, piled up fully three feet above his head, and perched on top of all an English kitten evidently in great enjoyment of the situation. The number of these traders is small and the amount of trade that they represent insignificant, for, since the decline of the Ashanti kingdom, the demand in the forest region for European merchandise and (what is more important) the power of paying for it, have much dimin-

ished. At longer intervals, parties of monkey-skin merchants, natives of Cape Coast or Accra for the most part, may be met on the way to Bontuku and the northern forest-towns. They too will be loaded with merchandise, especially with American leaf-tobacco which may be sold to great advantage in Ashanti or used as a medium of exchange; or if returning they will have the skins sewn up in small bales in their trays. Perhaps they will be accompanied by returning parties of rubber-collectors with their unsavoury-looking produce in calabashes or wicker bags.

But when all is said there is little enough doing in the forest region, and the aspect of the place must be greatly altered since the days when Ashanti was a prosperous and powerful State, when the great kola trade was in full swing, and the wealth of the Soudan poured down the Salaga road to Coomassie. Yet if the newly acquired British territories are to be developed, the forest region must be the principal theatre of the development, since it is from thence that most natural productions of any value are obtained. If agriculture or planting is contemplated the forest is manifestly the most fertile region. The timber-industry, it is needless to say, must be carried on in the forest, and the same is the case with rubber, which is essentially a forest-product. Moreover, the forest region appears to be the most highly auriferous, for gold is found in abundance not only in Wassaw, where it is already being worked with success by the Wassaw Mining Company, but in Akem, Ashanti, Se-hui, and Jaman, some parts of which will, I think, be proved exceptionally rich.

Coomassie, which we shall pass through on our way north, need not detain us long, for most of the old interest is gone and it has not yet acquired any new. With the

disappearance of the native rule there has been a disappearance of native commerce and industries. The old arts of silk-weaving, cloth-painting, gold-casting and *repoussé* work, wood-carving, and the execution of the curious mural reliefs with which the buildings were embellished in the palmy days of the Ashanti capital, have either totally died out or are at their last flicker. Meanwhile no sign of European trade or industry replaces them, and so we turn from the capital of the forest region with the feeling that the development has yet to be commenced.

From Coomassie we have the choice of three routes, either of which will bring us to one of the termini of the caravan-traffic from the Soudan. In a north-westerly direction lies Bontuku, in a north-easterly Kantampo, while yet more to the east and at a greater distance lies the great mart of Salaga. All these towns are of considerable interest. In the prosperous days of Ashanti they were included in its territories and formed its ultimate commercial outposts. Their populations consisted, and still consist, principally of foreign merchants and their followers (natives mostly of the more civilised parts of the Soudan) or of colonists from the various Soudanese towns who have settled permanently and act as middlemen and agents in the caravan-trade. The great importance of these towns was formerly due to the immense trade with the far interior, of which Coomassie was the centre, and the number of caravans which were attracted to it, the roads passing through Salaga, Kantampo, and Bontuku respectively. Since the almost complete extinction of the great interior trade, the importance and prosperity of these towns have waned, but they still present sufficient activity to render them interesting, especially since

it is through them that an interior trade (if ever one comes into existence) must be conducted by the white successors of the Kings of Ashanti.

If we follow the Bontuku road (for although Bontuku has recently passed into the French sphere it will be worth while to bestow upon it a passing glance) we shall not begin to see a glimmer of the open country until we have reached the latitude of $7^{\circ} 30' N.$ about eighty miles beyond Coomassie. Even here we shall be by no means clear of the forest, but still we shall encounter at increasingly frequent intervals tracts of land covered with high stiff grass and thinly sprinkled with small contorted trees, many of them bearing a species of sloe-like plum which the natives eat, and also yield a gum which is collected in some parts and sold in the markets. The appearance of these more open stretches of country is singularly like that of a large neglected orchard; and, in the dry season, when the trees are all leafless and the grass either dried up, burned, or devoured by the white ants and various graminivorous mammals, it has a rather desolate and dreary aspect, and is, moreover, wholly devoid of shade. Now and again one meets a treeless area covered with low soft grass, and again large tracts which support nothing but a lofty, reedy-looking grass from fifteen to twenty feet high. As a variation upon these, occasional clumps of fan-palms will be encountered and thickets of a small and stunted date-palm, while at rarer intervals the fantastic form of the "sepulchral baobab" with its colossal bole, its straddling roots and its puny branches from which dangle the velvet-covered pods of monkey-bread, will appear among its more slender congeners.

The population of this part of the country, the north-western border of Ashanti and the adjoining portion of

Jaman, is very scanty. The villages are separated by wide stretches of uninhabited country where the buffalo, the elephant, and the larger antelopes, together with leopards and lions, roam undisturbed excepting by the occasional visits of the ill-armed native hunter.

The villages are mostly of insignificant size, though often very trim and neat in appearance. In character they are quite different from the villages of the dense forest. The curious three-sided house with its high platform, its quaint sculptures, its bright red walls, and its palm-thatch roof, which is so characteristic of Ashanti, gives place to a four-sided house built on the ground and having a narrow door (but no window), a roof thatched with grass, or in some cases with the large leaves of a species of fig, and walls of the yellow clay which here begins to replace the bright red soil of Ashanti. In some cases circular houses with conical roofs, such as are found universally in the country of the Ntas, which we shall presently examine, are met with, having probably been built by immigrants from the north-east.

As a general rule these little villages appear well cared-for and prosperous in their primitive way. The streets are tidy and clean, and good shade-trees have been planted at convenient intervals; little plantations of tobacco (of a most vile quality) are surrounded with wooden fences, and large fields of yams and beans (which grow into little poplar-like trees) show evidences of careful tending. It is, however, evident, notwithstanding their appearance of simple and barbaric comfort, that the most abject poverty prevails in these hamlets, and that the whole wealth of the inhabitants is comprised in a few bushels of beans, a

few bundles of tobacco, a pile of yams, and a dozen or so of spectral fowls. Yet life is tolerably easy for these simple folk, and their possessions are sufficient to supply all their needs; for the Bush abounds in edible fruits of a coarse kind, while as to game, it is rare for a solitary traveller to journey a mile through this part of the country without meeting some kind of edible bird or beast, although to the members of a large party not a sign of life appears. Guinea-fowls, bustards, parrots, hornbills, and various other large birds are plentiful in the orchard-country and on the skirts of the belts of forest that everywhere traverse it, while the spoor of antelopes (some of large size) buffalo, and wild pig is seen mingled with the tracks of the elephant and, near the streams, the hippopotamus. Monkeys too are plentiful and in great variety, and these the gentle villagers will devour, regardless of the claims of con-sanguinity.

The largest town on this route is Soko, and it is by no means a pre-possessing one, the dirt and smell that are almost inseparable from a barbarous town of any size being its most conspicuous feature. It is only distant five miles from Bontuku and this, and the fact that it is on the main road between that city and Kantampo, probably account for its size and the importance of its market.

Bontuku itself is so different in character from the surrounding towns and villages that it appears as though it had been picked up in some distant part of the continent and transferred bodily to its present site. Its entire aspect is Oriental, and suggestive of the relatively civilised regions of the northern Soudan. Its streets, bordered by flat-roofed houses from whose parapets long water-spouts project, its quaint, ambitiously-

designed mosques, no less than the well-dressed crowds that fill its market-place and throng its approaches, belong to a level of civilisation totally different from that which prevails around. Interesting, however, as the town and its inhabitants are, we must only allow ourselves a brief glance at the market before proceeding to those portions of the interior which may be supposed to be more immediately connected with the future of the Gold Coast Colony.

If our examination of the market is made with a view to gauging the capacity of the country for commercial development, the result can hardly be otherwise than disappointing. Passing by the long ranks of small stalls in which the produce of the surrounding country is exhibited by Wongara and Jaman women, where citizens and housewives are engaged in the purchase of food and small household necessities, we come to the booths of the merchants from the distant countries of the north and west as well as from the neighbouring kingdoms of Wongara, Moshi, and Dagomba.

Here we shall find an abundance of wares offered for sale, and the excellence of some of them may somewhat surprise us. Leather-work of the most elaborate and highly finished kind; cotton clothes of a quality not obtainable in Europe; camel-hair rugs with embroidered borders; handsome woollen burnouses and various ready-made clothing such as *tobes*,¹ drawers, caps, and wide hats, most of them highly ornate and worked with great skill and taste; weapons and implements

of the excellent native steel, in many cases inlaid with brass and copper—these, and a multitude of other native manufactures, awaken our admiration and, if we are collectors of curiosities, fill our breasts with envy. But for articles of European manufacture we mostly look in vain. A few fish hooks, a small looking-glass or two and a handful of beads (Birmingham, German, or Venetian) may be seen; but it is evident that their ordinary wants the Africans contrive to supply for themselves, and supply them exceedingly well.

If, instead of taking the north-westerly route from Coomassie, we take one of those which bear in a north-easterly direction towards Kantampo or Salaga, we shall emerge from the dense forest in a few days, and the greater part of our journey will be performed in the comparatively open country.

In addition to the tracts of land covered by the small gum-bearing trees, we shall pass at intervals through extensive plains almost exclusively covered by the slender Shea butter-trees (*Bassia Parkii*) and other prairie-like expanses of less extent containing few trees of any kind. As the road approaches Salaga it enters a wide treeless steppe which extends for many miles around and especially to the south-east of that town.

Salaga itself is a very curious city, if so dignified a title can be applied to a town of so little architectural pretensions. Unlike Bontuku, in which the architecture of the more civilised immigrants has replaced that of the aborigines, it retains the primitive type of building in use among the autochthonous Ntass of Gonja, notwithstanding that its inhabitants are principally natives of the great Hausa cities or the relatively civilised countries of the northern and central Soudan. An ordinary dwelling at

¹ The *tobe* is a loose wide-sleeved gown worn by the Hausas and other Mahommedan West Africans. The origin of the word, which is only used by Europeans, appears to be unknown.

Salaga consists of a collection of circular huts with extinguisher-shaped roofs of grass thatch. There are no windows, and the door is not more than four feet high. The huts forming the outside row of the group are connected by a wall about breast-high, thus enclosing a compound, and the entrance to the enclosure is through a hut of larger size which has two doorways, one of them opening on to the street and the other on to the yard. From this description it will be evident that the general appearance of Salaga is greatly inferior to that of its less important rival, Bontuku.

The origin of the interior traffic of which Salaga is a terminus, was as I have said, the great kola-trade of Ashanti, and with the almost complete disappearance of that trade has come a sad downfall in the fortunes of Salaga. A little kola, it is true, even now finds its way there, principally from Akem, but the trade is mostly of a general character, as in Bontuku. The most important of the commodities offered for sale in the Salaga market are the slaves, who are brought in from the east by the Hausa caravans, and from the north-west by the tall fierce Moshis, who appear to get a great part of their livelihood by raiding and enslaving their timid peaceful Grushi neighbours. The prices of these slaves vary from twenty to fifty thousand cowries, well-grown boys and young women being most in demand. Among the other live-stock offered in the market are the handsome white hump-backed cattle, which the Hausas use as beasts of burden and may often be seen riding along the caravan roads; some tall white and grey cattle probably from Moshi; goats, some of quite gigantic size and with long horizontal horns; the beautiful Fula sheep with high Roman noses and long silky wool; horses of

various sizes, and donkeys. The remaining contents of the market are very similar to those of Bontuku, but the exhibits are more numerous and better on account of the preponderance of the Hausa and Fula element among the merchants. There are also more traders from the coast, as the Hausa merchants of Lagos often come to Salaga with salt and other coast-products, and European goods.

Kantampo, which in many respects resembles Salaga, holds a somewhat different position from either of the other great market-towns by reason of its being especially the emporium of the kola; and notwithstanding the great decadence of this industry, the town presents a busy and animated appearance at the time of the kola-harvest. Then are to be seen the long strings of carriers from Ashanti, Akem, and Koranza, bearing on their heads baskets or large wicker-sacks piled with the purple-red nuts packed carefully in moist green leaves. There, too, are congregated the caravans of Mahommedan merchants with their multitude of slave-porters, their horses, donkeys, and pack-oxen. Many of these caravans may have been sojourning at Salaga, or at least in the Salaga district, for two or three years, trading up and down to Yendi in Dagomba, to Moshi, or perhaps westward into Mandingoland; and they are now selling the products of their trading expeditions for kola, which is portable and is certain to sell at a good profit in their own country.

With this brief glance at Kantampo we must close our examination of this region, which, however it may deal with the prospector or commercial pioneer, will certainly reward with no niggardly hand the geographer, anthropologist, or scientific explorer.

R. AUSTIN FREEMAN.

AN ENEMY'S FLEET OFF PLYMOUTH.

SOME time ago in editing a manuscript autobiography of James Northcote the painter, I came upon a letter addressed to him at Venice by his brother Samuel, then a watchmaker in Plymouth. It described a very curious and little known episode, the descent of the combined French and Spanish fleets upon the Channel in the autumn of 1779. Considering that the armament which then threatened our shores was the most formidable arrayed against Great Britain since the Spanish Armada, it is surprising that the incident is not more familiar; and Samuel Northcote's letter, combined with the French account of the undertaking, makes one well disposed to believe that nothing but the incompetence of our adversaries saved us from an invasion which the country was not prepared to cope with. In America the war was going ill; France was in league with the new Republic, and her fleet had met ours with indecisive result off Ushant; Ireland was raising the Volunteers with a purpose at best doubtful; and on June 16th Spain, having joined the alliance against Great Britain, openly declared war. The alliance had been concerted in the preceding April, and the plan of operations arranged. A fleet, composed of squadrons furnished by both Powers, was to cover the descent of a French army on the south coast of England. But, when the declaration of war was imminent, the Spanish fleet was not ready to put to sea, and the French Minister of War, M. de Sartines, conceived the fear that the British Channel Squadron, numbering some

forty ships, might blockade Brest and prevent the junction. Accordingly he ordered the French admiral, Count d'Orvilliers, to leave harbour at once, though he was extremely short of men. D'Orvilliers left Brest on June 4th with twenty-eight ships, and was joined by eight Spanish men-of-war at the end of the month. But sickness of the worst kind had broken out in the fleet. Even after five hundred men had been put ashore at Corunna and Ferrol, there were still over two thousand cases of typhus and small-pox aboard. Things got daily worse: D'Orvilliers received no instructions, and when on July 23rd the Spanish admiral, Luis de Cordova, joined him with twenty-eight vessels, everything was in disorder; even a code of signals had to be improvised, and the French squadron, having been six weeks at sea, was running out of water and provisions. But the combined fleets reached the overpowering total of sixty-six men-of-war as against the forty which Sir Charles Hardy was supposed to muster.

By the beginning of August preparations were complete. The army of invasion, consisting of forty thousand men, was assembled in two main bodies at Havre and St. Malo, and four hundred transports were ready to receive them. Hardy had sailed in haste, at the end of June, gathering up ships in the best way he could, and after some delay, had at last quitted the Channel in the hope of preventing the junction off Brest. Nothing lay between the Allies and England. Moreover the country had been drained of its best troops for the

American war, and it was impossible to withdraw the garrison from Ireland; so that everything seemed to promise success.

The first objective of the expedition was Portsmouth; or, if Portsmouth proved unassailable, D'Orvilliers (who commanded the joint fleet) was ordered to occupy the Isle of Wight and fortify it in such a manner that it might be held by ten thousand men, and having established the French troops there, to proceed to other debarkations. On August 7th the Allies rounded Ushant and on the 14th sighted the Lizard, D'Orvilliers having it in his mind (says M. Chevalier in his *HISTOIRE DE LA MARINE FRANÇAISE PENDANT LA GUERRE DE L'INDEPENDANCE AMÉRICAINE*) to run straight into St. Helen's, or, failing that, to anchor in Torbay. But he was met by fresh instructions. A point near Falmouth was now indicated for the descent, and he was ordered to blockade Plymouth and thence detach two squadrons to Havre and St. Malo respectively which should escort the transports across. This was a serious alteration. The French had at that time no port in the Channel; the fleet could not lie in Falmouth Roads, but yet would be obliged to cruise off that point in a stormy season of the year so as to keep in touch with the land-forces. D'Orvilliers complained bitterly of the change of scheme, but it seems very evident that to a resolute commander there was a great stroke open. He might have seized Plymouth, the second naval arsenal in England, where there were deposited a good third of the country's naval stores; and even if the landing had not been made good he might have crippled our navy worse than if he had won a great battle. On August 17th the fleet appeared off Plymouth, absolutely unlooked for; and the consternation

which it occasioned may be inferred from Samuel Northcote's letter, which I print by the courtesy of Mr. E. W. Hennell, who owns the manuscript autobiography of Samuel Northcote in which it is preserved.

Plymouth, September 1st, 1779.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have delayed writing to you some time in expectation of getting some intelligence from Humphrey through Elford in respect to the importation of your pictures, but Humphrey has never answered the letter which Elford wrote to him; we concluded that he could have given us every instruction. But surely you would run the greatest risk in the world in sending them to England, even in a man-of-war, at this time. We have accounts which are much credited that Gibraltar is invested by the Spaniards, but if this should not yet have happened there is great reason to expect that it will ere long, for the French and Spaniards have a very powerful fleet which has frightened us out of our wits by appearing off our Port. We had the first news of their approaching on Sunday, 14th of August, which was brought to us by the Cormorant who had been chased by them, and the next day they appeared to our great terror on our coast, to the number of eighty or ninety ships; about fifty of these were ships of war of great force. You cannot think how formidable and how strange a sight they presented to me on getting to the brow of Maker Hill. When I first saw them they were at about the same distance as Eddystone is from us, and then about fifty ships had cleared the western point of land, and formed a mighty line, extending away to the eastward. They remained on our coast for several days, standing close in by day and keeping off by night,

waiting, as we supposed, for transports, with troops to destroy our docks, and this we had been taught to expect for some time before we saw the fleet of the enemy; but on Thursday a very brisk gale arose from the east which carried them out of the Channel and they have not appeared since. Six of their men-of-war stood so far in one day as to be within the bounds of what we call the Sound. Whilst they remained in the Channel they took about thirty prizes; and on the Tuesday forenoon the *Ardent*, an English man-of-war of sixty-four guns, came down the Channel from Portsmouth, and mistaking the enemy's fleet for ours fell in among them, and discovering her error too late was taken after an engagement of two hours, which was seen by many hundreds of people on Ramehead and Penlepoint.

You may well suppose that all this occasioned great terror and confusion among the generality of people, and even those persons of the stoutest courage looked grave upon the matter. The King's officers here were in the greatest fright imaginable, and well they might; for when the enemy's fleet first came on our coast we had nothing in readiness, either on Drake's Island or in the Garrison, to have made any resistance. Had any of the enemy's ships come directly into the port, they might have gone into Hamoaze and have played the devil with the docks and shipping, and nothing could have opposed them. You may possibly say, "But how could they have got off again?" Suppose they had not, but after they had done the mischief had laid down their arms and had been prisoners, surely the number that could have effected this would have been a trifling sacrifice. However, it is probable that they might have got off again.

I have heard that our Commissioner was in the utmost fright and confusion, that his blustering was stopped, and he even wept, crying that he should be ruined, for he doubted the destruction of the Docks, and that he sent away his movables into the country. Mr. Mudge represents the matter otherwise, saying that Ourry's regard for the honour of the British Flag was such that he wept to think of the indignity that has been offered to it. He was certainly frightened, and I believe that when a man is much frightened he thinks very little about national indignities. These are things which occur when the fear is gone off. Lord Shulldham behaved so ill in his office at this juncture that General Grey told him, when Shulldham accosted him at the Commissioner's, that he could take no notice of him, nor could he act in conjunction with such a man.

During the visit which the enemy's fleet made us, all business was at a stop; the Banks, Play-house, and Long Room were shut up; every thing was off the hinges. Somebody was stupid enough to cry a sale at the time for household goods, but not a single mortal appeared at it. Many women, and some of the more timorous of the men left the Town with their most valuable things. My neighbour, John Downing, sent away his shop-goods to Tavistock, and he has been ill ever since. Poor old Mrs. Fillis was so terrified that she could scarce support herself, and of the two, Bill's wife was worse. The carriages in Plymouth Dock and in the neighbourhood were held in pay by different families in order to set off at an emergency, and some who could not get chaises hired carts for themselves and their little ones.

At the very height of the alarm when the French fleet were off, the Mayor summoned the inhabitants to

meet him at the Guildhall in order to consult together about some mode of defending ourselves from the attempts of the enemy. Accordingly a great number of the inhabitants met and a subscription was opened immediately, and people subscribed very largely. I believe many thought that the more they subscribed the safer they should be, but it seems to me that money could do nothing in such an emergency to avert the blow. For by the time that the mischief would have been finished (had it been done at all) about two or three hundred undisciplined fellows were raised and armed, such as journeymen of various employments and several gentlemen's servants. These were formed into two companies; at the head of one is Mr. Alderman Nicolls, and the other has Adam Saunders for their Chief. These two companies call themselves Plymouth Volunteers and have sixpence a day paid them out of the fund. They are not yet clothed, but have been training ever since they were embodied. They exercise upon the Hoe very early in the morning and late in the evening, before they go to work in the morning and after they leave it in the evening. Had the French landed these would have proved of infinite disservice, for one cannot suppose that the French would have landed a few thousand only, and what impression could such a mob have made on ten or fifteen thousand disciplined troops well supported with cannons? Nor could much better things have been expected from the others, the independent company. But I have no doubt it would have proved destruction to the town by their appearing in arms, which, it seems, usually happens in such cases.

Mr. Bastard and his sons became very active in raising men in their neighbourhood, and these were sent to guard the French prisoners in their

march to Exeter, as it was thought dangerous to keep them so near the sea-coast, and much parade was made of the affair. Mr. Bastard has in consequence of his zeal and services in this affair been created a Baronet.

We have now a very martial appearance in our neighbourhood. On the ground near Maker Church is encamped a Highland Regiment lately raised, and on the same side of the water are encamped at different places the Hampshire and Leicestershire Militia; the Wiltshire Militia lie encamped just outside the Dock-lines, and we have the Middlesex and the Devonshire Militia in Barracks. We are now making a battery on the West Hoe, another on the high ground near Crimhill Passage, and a third on Mountwise; the two first were begun since the enemy's fleet appeared on our coasts, but the last was begun early in the spring. We have also seven hundred Tinnerns digging the ditch deeper on the Dock-lines; they look as thick as insects.

The appearance of the combined fleets really frightened a few people to death. I forgot to mention a matter which greatly terrified many. The next morning after the enemy's fleet had first appeared on our coasts, at daybreak the Sound was found to be spread all over with transports, and these were mistaken by the people of the Garrison and the Island for the enemy's transports, and accordingly the signal was given to the several camps in our neighbourhood of an enemy's landing by firing three cannons. These proved to be our own transports, which together with coasters, &c., came down from Portsmouth not knowing of any danger, and luckily came in the night at which time the enemy's fleet had stood off (as they did every night); but in the morning when they stood in for the shore again they met with

the *Ardent* and took her. She conveyed down those transports, but happened to be somewhat behind them; she got a sight of the French fleet just as she got to the mouth of the port, and thinking it to be our fleet she ran into the mouth of the enemy. I myself saw her running down to them as I happened to be in the Garrison about ten o'clock.

Yours, &c.,

S. NORTHCOTE.

The reasons why D'Orvilliers acted as he did, or rather refrained from acting, are given very fully by M. Chevalier. He appears to have been left no discretion by his orders, an admirable instance of what follows when generals and admirals on active service are closely controlled by the bureaucracy at home. He had been sent to sea in a hurry, and no preparation had been made to enable the fleet to keep the sea for a long period; sickness had spread so rapidly that his ships could scarcely be worked, and the weather was heavy with easterly winds which drove his fleet down Channel. However, on August 22nd the wind lightened, and he was able to redistribute water and provisions so that all ships were in a position to cruise for another month. But their instructions contemplated their keeping the sea for an indefinite time, and this seemed impossible. On August 25th news came that Hardy's fleet was lying off the Scilly Islands, whither he had been driven by the same easterly gales. A council of war was held: the alternatives were to pursue Hardy, or to carry out the original scheme; and by unanimous vote it was decided to abandon the project of invasion. D'Orvilliers accordingly sailed west, having had Plymouth at his mercy for a week.

On August 31st the English fleet was

sighted; it ran for home, and, though chase was given on September 2nd, it entered Plymouth Harbour four or five leagues in front of its pursuers, D'Orvilliers at the last moment turning off to follow fifteen ships sighted to leeward, which proved to be only Dutch merchantmen. Thus foiled at every point the French admiral returned to Brest, and was, as it would seem not unjustly, deprived of his command.

It is true, as M. Chevalier points out, that he was hampered by the ignorance of naval considerations shown by De Sartines. But once he had the power to blockade Hardy in Plymouth, it is not clear why it was not open to him to detach a small escort and order the transports to cross. A few months later, when Parliament met in November and debated the Address, an estimate of the possibilities was given by the Duke of Richmond, who was in the neighbourhood of Plymouth at the time; and his picture of the unpreparedness of the town fully bears out that given by Northcote. He was astonished, he said, when he beheld it weak and defenceless as it was. "There were guns and shot, but neither the one nor the other answered; but if there were guns and shot, all kinds of what are called small stores were totally wanting; there were neither handspikes to work the guns and give them the necessary direction, nor wadding - rammers, sponges, spring-bottoms, nor in short any one part of the apparatus fit to receive an enemy." To work two hundred guns there were only thirty-eight artillerymen, most of them old pensioners. Lord Sandwich in reply explained that five hundred seamen accustomed to artillery were available in the town, but even this number was totally insufficient. And further the preparations improvised at the moment

were singularly futile. The officers in local command had ordered a boom to be prepared ; but when it was partly finished an emissary was sent down from headquarters to cause vessels to be sunk in the channel, thus, as a measure of self-defence, rendering the port and arsenal inaccessible to our own fleets. Neither measure was adopted ; and (as Northcote points out) the French fleet might, at the sacrifice of two or three ships, have burnt the town and all its stores. But with their army and transports ready at Havre they might have attacked the place from the land. Ten miles to the west of Plymouth a debarkation might have been safely effected, and of landward defences the town had none. The truth of this was at once admitted by Lord Amherst, then officiating as Commander-in-Chief of the forces ; his only defence was that the possibility had never been contemplated, and that he had only been concerned to assure himself that Plymouth was impregnable from the sea. As to the question of stores he could only say that there were plenty of them ; but that if the balls did not fit the calibre of the guns that was no fault of his. In the face of this amazing statement little weight can be attached to the official optimism of Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, who declared that the defences of Plymouth were in a condition approaching the ideal ; and the charges brought against the Government by the Duke of Richmond and other speakers in the debate were sufficiently established to prove that, when D'Orvilliers withdrew from the Channel of which he was fully master and foiled the whole scheme of invasion, he thoroughly earned his disgrace.

It is true that, as he pleaded, and as M. Chevalier urges in his defence,

his ships were ill-found and short-handed owing to sickness. But it is not to be supposed that Hardy's fleet was in any better condition. Hardy himself was an emergency appointment ; Keppel had resigned the command of the Channel Fleet in a fit of pique with the Admiralty, and no one could be found to take his place until this old sailor, who had not been to sea for twenty years and had never before held an independent command, was dragged from his retirement. A resolution was passed in Parliament which abolished all exemptions from the press, and men were raked in anywhere and anyhow. Every ship that could be accounted sea-worthy was put in commission, and the difficulties that their commanders met with may be judged from a single case, that of the *Ardent*, the frigate which ran into the allied fleet unawares and was captured in sight of Plymouth. The story of her brief commission was narrated in the number of this magazine for August, 1887. She was not ready to put to sea from Spithead till August 13th and even then the readiness was questionable.

Her sails were cut too large ; her rigging was turned in with more drift than ought to have been, to allow for stretching, and the whole of it was, in fact, in a very unfinished, crazy state. Her crew of four hundred did not contain more than two hundred seamen, if so many ; all the rest that were not officers and marines were what were then called landmen,—mostly men who had never been to sea, who had never seen a gun fired, and who did not know the difference between an eighteen and a twenty-four pounder when they saw the guns.

Of the seamen, one hundred were men just home from the West Indies ; their pay was three or four years in arrear, and they had no clothes. They not unnaturally refused to weigh anchor, until at least the clothes should be forthcoming. No official

could be found to sign an order for them, and finally the captain had to sign on his own personal responsibility. The question of pay was allowed to stand over, and the Ardent put to sea with a crew half mutinous and three parts ignorant of its duties. They were to seek the British fleet which was somewhere at sea, but no intelligence of it was forthcoming and on the 17th they sighted it, as they believed, ran cheerfully into the middle of it, and then discovered that the ships belonged to the enemy. Things had begun in a muddle and they ended in a muddle. The Ardent ran for Plymouth pursued by the enemy's frigates and exchanging shots with them; till suddenly, without the

captain's orders, and by whom no one knows, the ensign was hauled down. The pendant, however, was still flying; there was an attempt to make sail, but after a half-hearted effort at escape, the pendant also was hauled down, and the Ardent surrendered. Her captain was dismissed the service, protesting violently in his defence against the state of confusion on board his ship involved by the conditions under which she had put to sea. It is not a creditable end to the story; but as one reads the episode, it seems very clear that England got out of it very cheaply with the loss of one frigate and the sacrifice of a certain degree of her naval prestige.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BROADLANDS.

Holidays having begun the Broadlands Theatre will re-open to-day at 11.30 Tuesday morning, July 5th, 1898. A Tableau of the famous Play of Trilby will be performed. Also stirring scenes from the Bible, Morning-Post, and Shakespeare. Admission for Relations and Servants 1 penny; Dogs and Children half price.

This notice, printed in large characters of a blood-red hue, was pinned up outside the dining-room door as we came down to breakfast. Fastened to my plate by a piece of sticking-plaster I found a folded paper, inside of which was written, *one complimentary stall*; but the wind was rather taken out of my sails by the old Admiral opposite proclaiming his paper to be *one complimentary Royal Box*.

"Did you get the private paper I stuck on your plate?" whispered the small voice of Midge over my shoulder, as I sat in the verandah reading the paper after breakfast.

I expressed my gratitude and sense of the distinction conferred on me by the generous directors of the Broadlands Theatre.

"Don't forget, doors open at 11.30, curtain rises at quarter-past five. Mummy says it can't rise sooner," added Midge sadly, "'cause you'll all be out drivin' or somethin'."

"Why open the doors so early then?"

"Oh, 'cause of the crowd for the pit. There's always an awful crowd for Trilby, you know; seats have to be reserved soon as possible."

"I see. And who are the actors to-day?" I asked.

"Well, me, of course, and Harold and Sue. Fitz does the stage-managery." Then confidentially: "We've got such a scrumptious tableau for Madmeselle! Fitz made it up 'cause he and Maddy's always quarrelin' about pore Dryfuss. She can't abide him; but Fitz doesn't care, now it's holidays. He's nine last birthday, you know; I'm six. I must go now. You can go on readin' your paper while I'm gone, can't you?" Having thus provided for me in her absence, Midge vanished.

We were at five o'clock tea when the Stage-Manager descended to collect his audience. They proved a troublesome lot, and the Manager, hot and flustered, had to resort both to threats and bribes. Daddy and Cousin Dick had gone out forgetting all about it, and what was worse, taking with them Nipper, the fox-terrier, who was cast for an important part. It was *too* bad. Mama would stop to finish a letter. Grandmama, a smart little lady with marvellous blonde curls and surprisingly black eye-brows and red lips, together with Aunt Phœbe, her elderly daughter, would not be hurried over their second cups. Nurse, unearthed reluctantly from her domain, took her seat in the stalls with Baby, declaring she oughtn't to be wasting her time over such silly antics. Mademoiselle came in last, explaining elaborately that with this performance she had absolutely nothing to do; her advice had not even been asked; she trusted therefore we would excuse all shortcomings. A loud cough of disapprobation from behind the scenes was the only response.

A bell sounded, and the curtains divided, rising slowly on either side, "like what they do at Her Majesty's," as Midge had pointed out to me.

"The Altogether tableau from Trilby, the most famous play of the day," announced the Stage-Manager.

There was a moment of intense suspense, and Midge's mother subsided with a sigh of relief as Trilby was revealed perched on a high stool, dressed in a short holland tunic and knickerbockers of scarlet satin, a blue ribbon across her breast, and a soldier's cap on her curly head. Her little bare legs and feet proclaimed her an ideal Trilby.

"Trilby bein' drawn by her faithful lovers *altogether*," emphasised the Manager, "Little Billee, Sandy, and the Laird; they are drawin' pictures of her lovely feet, ahem! [with a derisive cough] for the Roy'l Academy."

The three artists, in workmen's blouses, pipes in their mouths, paint-brushes in hand, gazed at Trilby adoringly. At least two of them did so; the third, with his back to the audience, appeared overcome with emotion having fallen forward on his easel, and there was a loose-jointed look about him which seemed to threaten a speedy reversion to cushions and sandbags. Trilby looked down smilingly on her adorers with a mischievous coquettish expression which never altered a shade during the three minutes the curtain was raised, a feat suggesting long practice in the dramatic art.

"There will be no Stage-Manager present in the next tableau as he's got to make the thunder for the murder; you can't have murders without a storm," explained the Manager, "and Harold's got to do the lightnin'."

As the curtain rose, a voice from behind the scenes gave out: "Subjick

of next scene,—Shakespeare in dumb acting. The Moor makes an end of his unforshonate wife Desdemona, revenging himself for her supposed unfaithfulness." There was a nervous cough from Aunt Phoebe, and Made-moiselle murmured: "*Oh, la-la! Mais voila, ce n'est pas ma faute si on aura des histoires!*"

Vivid flashes of lightning revealed Desdemona in a large bed on the floor sleeping peacefully, in spite of the harmonium-thunder close to her head. Enter the Moor in night-shirt and smoking-cap, a long rope and knife in his hand. He walks up to the bed and shakes Desdemona, who, terrified, jumps out and kneels before her lord in a white night-dress and blue sash. He replies by dragging her round the stage by her sash and, after strangling her with the rope, plunging the knife into her; where-upon red paint gushes out over the night-dress, and the youngest member of the audience lifts up his voice in a sympathetic howl.

"End of Desdemona," announced the Manager drily as the curtain descended.

"Aye, and it's the end of me and Baby too," cried the indignant Nurse. "No more Shakespeares for us, thank you! There, my dearie, it's all over,"—and folding her weeping charge in her protecting arms she marched out shaking the dust off her feet.

A pause now took place for refreshments: "No extra charge," observed Midge, handing large lumps of dark brown toffee round to the audience. At the end of five minutes a bell rang and silence was peremptorily enjoined as the curtain rose on a fresh tableau, revealing Midge, Harold, and Sue, in the guise of three mustachioed military gentlemen, epaulettes and cocked hats indicating plainly their exalted rank, all busily writing at a table.

"These are the three chief Genrals

of the French army," proclaimed the Stage-Manager. "They are busy forging letters against Dryfuss,—the innocent man," he added slowly, with a sidelong glance at Mademoiselle.

"*Ah, par exemple, les petits diables ! Ca c'est vraiment trop fort,*" exclaimed that lady, and rising in high dudgeon she left the theatre.

"Mademeselle had best come back as the next one is English," cried the Manager. "That's the only French tableau for to-day." He was glad his shaft had gone home so straight, but three empty seats in the middle of the house was depressing.

"The next two tableaux are taken from curious and intrestin' facts in the MORNING-POST," gave out the Manager as the curtain rose.

In a couple of large gilt armchairs sat two venerable grey-haired little gentlemen, their velveteen breeches and jackets decorated with gold lace, gold coronets encircling their grey heads. Before them stood a shady-looking individual in a great coat and tall silk hat, holding in each hand a large paper bag inscribed with the figures £10,000. These he humbly tendered to the haughty occupants of the gilt armchairs, who regarded the tempter sideways.

"Hooley bribin' the Dukes to sit at his board," announced the unflinching voice of the Manager. There was a violent movement from the Royal Box (an armchair erected on a table draped with scarlet cloth); the armchair tottered, and I distinctly caught the word *deuce*.

We waited somewhat anxiously for the second part.

The three previous characters were discovered sitting round a dinner-table in company with a lady of pillowy appearance and fixed expression, also four flaxen-haired children of admirable behaviour and very stiff joints. Hooley's face radiated satis-

faction as his eye rested on his distinguished, though supercilious, guests, by each of whose plate lay a bulging bag inscribed £10,000.

"The Dukes sittin' at Hooley's board," was the announcement; then in a thoughtful undertone: "Can't think *why* he was so jolly keen on gettin' 'em into his Company."

The occupant of the Royal Box was now emitting sounds so strange that I feared an apoplectic fit. Afterwards I learned that the Admiral was a director of several Companies.

"The concludin' tableaux will be out of the Bible," announced the Stage-Manager as Hooley and the Dukes disappeared from view.

The mother of the Broadlands Theatre Company rose hastily and went behind the scenes. "Don't stop 'em, for heaven's sake!" called a voice from the Royal Box.

"I think perhaps it's as well to know what they're going to do," observed Grandmama; "I don't like any irreverence."

An agitated whispering now began behind the scenes. Presently an eager voice was heard: "No, I promise you,—it's only out of the Old Testament. Oh, please, Mummy, don't look; you'll like it awfully." More whispers followed, and then in a sudden burst: "Oh it's too bad! How can a feller stage-manage if the audience comes and interferes? There, you've looked!" Then was heard Midge's shrill pipe: "But how can we do Adam and Eve with our clothes on? Harold and me's not a bit cold in these leaves, really and truly we aren't!" Now followed an interval of silence, broken at length by an impatient voice: "Sue? She's the Devil; she's havin' her face blacked."

This proved too much for the audience. There was an eager cry, especially from the Box: "Yes, yes,

let's have Adam and Eve!" But the Powers that Be decreed otherwise, and this instructive tableau was ruthlessly cut out of the programme.

It was a very dejected Stage-Manager who announced the next item. He "had hoped to give something before this, *ever* so much nicer, but a Certain Person, whose name he scorned to betray, had (worse luck) prevented it." At this point he was somewhat cheered by an addition to the audience, Daddy, Cousin Dick, and Nipper whose services were at once requested behind the scenes. Mademoiselle also slunk back to her seat, curiosity getting the better of pride.

"Jezebel at her winder,—Jehu and his three dogs calling to the eunicks to throw her out."

Leaning out of an opening, high up between the window curtains, was a little old lady bearing a startling resemblance to Grandmama, with the same blonde curls, marked eyebrows, and crimson lips. Grandmama raised her gold eyeglass and bent forward. Yes! It *was* her best Paris bonnet with the pink moss roses! What on earth could Félicie be about to have let them get at it! And,—her finest lace mantle! A Certain Person recognised with a gasp her blue silk skirt draped over Jezebel's shoulders!

Jezebel's expression was smiling and defiant; you could almost hear the taunting words she hurled at the doughty warrior below. The likeness between Midge's Jezebel and Midge's Grandmama was staggering. The curtain fell amid a storm of applause in which Daddy's claps were conspicuous, his mother-in-law alone appearing lukewarm.

"Jezebel has now been thrown out of winder; the next scene will explain her trachick end," announced the indefatigable Manager. "There'll be a storm," he added, "but the lightnin's got to be sheet, 'cause there's no one to do the thunder."

The curtain rose slowly, as though reluctant to reveal the horror behind it. Huddled on the ground lay the blue silk dress and mantle, but where was Jezebel? The three dogs gnawed away ferociously at some horribly suggestive bones, and strewn about were various articles of apparel, a boot, some stays, the bonnet with pink roses, a pair of spectacles, and in the foreground a double row of grinning teeth, the sight of which caused both Grandmama and the Admiral to put their hands anxiously to their mouths,—a needless alarm; they were the cook's.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" cried Mademoiselle suddenly. "Regard then Neepair, what his 'ee takin' in de mouse!"

Nipper had advanced to the front with a curious object between his teeth, a tuft of fluffy blonde curls, which he shook savagely and then tore at with his forepaws.

There was a shriek in the audience, followed by a general commotion. Everybody seemed to be rushing on the stage. The dogs set up a furious barking which ended in a free fight, between Nipper and the Irish setter, for the blonde curls, the distracted Stage-Manager vainly trying to rescue them. His voice at last rang out above the tumult: "Ladies and gentlemen, to-day's performance is endid. This theatre will re-open to-morrer."

But the Broadlands Theatre did not re-open on the morrow.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AUSTRALIAN.

To enable us to understand the ardour of the Australians in cricket and other athletic sports, we must go back to the early days of Australian colonisation and study the influences then at work in moulding the Australian character. 'By this means we may perhaps learn something of the causes which underlie national characteristics and assist in their development; and it is not altogether impossible that this study may throw some light on the evolution of racial and national characteristics generally; because, by applying the knowledge gained of one section of the human family, we may, by analogy, account for some of the distinguishing traits in the characters of other branches. One of the common attributes of humanity is self-esteem, and a man without any trace of it would be a very poor creature indeed. But, like all other virtues, when carried to excess it becomes a vice. It degenerates into vanity or self-conceit; and it is not infrequently the case that a vain or self-conceited man is the only person in the community who is unaware of the failing. A vain man is usually impervious to either ridicule or expostulation, while at the same time he resents vanity in others. What self-esteem is to the individual patriotism is to the nation, and the larger virtue is equally as persistent as the smaller one. They run together like hounds in a leash, and are inseparable. In the case of the native-born Australians a systematic, though unconscious, effort was made to stamp out self-esteem, and with it of course patriotism; and, if this effort has

failed, it is because the natural characteristics have persisted in asserting themselves in spite of opposition. To realise how this effort was made it is necessary to study, not the Australian in the first place, but the Englishmen who first colonised Australia.

The average Englishman of the first half of the present century was mightily proud of his country and himself. His victories under Wellington and Nelson had induced him to believe that one Englishman was physically a match for three Frenchmen, and he proclaimed that belief as loudly as possible. He was convinced that there was no other country on earth to compare with his island-home; and he was as proud of being able to say "I am an Englishman" as any old Roman of them all was of proclaiming "*Romanus sum.*" I have no desire or intention of even hinting that sometimes, perhaps, in the opinions of others, these Englishmen may have gone perilously near to overstepping the narrow line which proverbially divides the sublime from the ridiculous. For this excessive love of country is not peculiar to the English. We know that, while the Englishman was strutting about the world, like a peacock in his pride, challenging all and sundry to produce his fellow, the sentiment of patriotism was not entirely unknown in France, while the Americans were boasting that "the Britisher whipped the world, and we whipped the Britisher." We laugh at the poor Chinaman, who claims that he only is the son of Heaven and that all other men are

mere barbarians; but we fail to see that we ourselves, in common with the people of all other countries, hold somewhat analogous beliefs. Even the Australian savage, whom we place on the lowest rung of civilisation, will tell you, if you succeed in winning his confidence: "White fellow bally fool; build it railway for black fellow to ride in."¹ In fact, to him the white man is a vastly inferior person who has been sent into his country by some special providence to administer to his wants and pleasures. National vanity is as universal as personal vanity, and is sometimes carried to excess in all countries.

The earlier Australian settlers, apart from the convicts, were soldiers, brave, swaggering fellows, who had served in the Peninsular and other wars, who swore by King George, and longed for the time when they might again be called upon to fight his enemies. To them the Englishman was the salt of the earth. They taught even their children, born in Australia, that they were in some way inferior to the English-born residents, and that nothing produced in Australia could equal the similar products of England. No doubt, they suffered from nostalgia, and that distance lent enchantment to the view. Australia differs so completely from England, in climate, scenery, and everything else, that even now, although the Australians themselves recognise that it has a beauty of its own, an Englishman has to reside there many years before he sees anything to admire in the country. But to these early settlers, who lived

there when Australia was little better than a wilderness, there was nothing good in the land. They distinguished between the Englishman there and the native-born by calling the latter *Currency* and themselves *Sterling*.

To explain the meaning of these terms, as applied in Australia for many years, it is necessary to refer briefly to the financial conditions in the Colony. There was little agriculture and no other industry; consequently the money, sent out periodically for the payment of the troops and officials, was speedily returned in payment for food, clothing, and other necessities. There was therefore a chronic dearth of money, and anything in the shape of a coin was accepted in local exchange. Dutch guilders, Venetian ducats, Indian rupees, mohurs, Johannes, anything and everything passed current; but the commonest coins were Spanish dollars, and all these were passed at more than their intrinsic value. To make the dollar go farther, and to prevent it from being sent out of the colony, a piece, rather larger than a sixpence, was stamped out of the centre. The outside piece was known as the *holey dollar* and passed for the original value of the coin, namely, five shillings, while the piece punched out was known as a *dump* and was current value for one shilling and threepence. Both pieces were stamped *New South Wales*. English crown-pieces were treated in a similar manner, and were likewise known as holey dollars and dumps. But these measures proved insufficient, and therefore for a time merchants were authorised to issue promissory notes, for as low as five shillings, and these were declared current by Governor Macquarie. These notes and debased coins were known as *Currency* while the English money, which was not

¹ It is the custom in many of the Australian colonies to convey the Blacks to the towns on their annual visits (and frequently on other occasions) on the Government railways, free. They ride in the break vans, or in a truck, and have evolved the belief that the trains are run specially for this purpose.

tampered with, was called *Sterling*. The notes were withdrawn in 1829, in consequence of some scandals, but the holey dollars and dumps continued to circulate until a much later date. It was not until after the Colonies had been granted constitutional government that the financial difficulty wholly disappeared. Until then copper tokens were issued by the merchants and traders of Sydney, Maitland, Melbourne, and Geelong, and passed current all over the Colonies until the various governments obtained a full supply of copper coins.

These being the facts the meaning of the term Currency, as applied to the young native-born Australians, is plain enough; they are not *Sterling*. They accepted the title, as children always accept what their parents tell them, without protest. The assumed fact, that they were in some undefined way inferior to the born Englishman, was impressed upon them from their earliest years, and they grew up to believe it themselves. They were also taught that England was the most beautiful country in the world. Even the fogs were an advantage, because they relieved the Englishman from the continuous glare of the blazing sun. Everything English, in fact, was seen through spectacles which hid all defects and magnified all virtues. Before the great influx of population which followed the discovery of gold in 1851, and which swamped the older population and blotted out many of the ancient traditions (ancient, that is to say, for Australia), it was no uncommon thing to hear young girls declare that they were "Currency lasses," while the boys when questioned would say: "I'm not English; I'm Currency." They had become accustomed to the name, and took a pride in it, notwithstanding that it had originally implied infe-

riority. But the new comers of the Roaring Fifties knew nothing about Currency, and the term gradually dropped out of use till it has now almost been forgotten; but the belief it had once represented continued as firm as ever, and the native-born Australians were spoken of by the English residents in an indulgent manner. They could do many things very well, for Australians, but they could not be expected to compete with Englishmen.

I will give one or two illustrations of the prevalence of this belief. One day a bullock-dray was being unloaded or loaded in front of a store in Yarra Street, Geelong. The bullocks were drawn up in the gutter to leave the road clear for traffic, when some lucky diggers from Ballarat came swaggering past. One of the bullocks made a sweeping caw kick at them, and a digger jumped out of the way just in time to escape being knocked over. He drew himself up and addressing the bullock in mock indignant tones said: "Why, you colonial-bred beggar, would you dare to kick at an imported man?" The words were repeated, and soon became a cant phrase in Victoria. The imported man was the lord of creation: all Colonials were his inferiors; and the Colonials themselves accepted this doctrine because it had been impressed on them from babyhood. In 1858, when in Ballarat, I went one evening into the boxing-saloon just opened by Mat Hardy, in connection with the hotel he had taken, after having been beaten in the fight for the championship of Australia by Joe Kitchen. Two young Australians, from the Sydney side (for Victoria was at that time too young a colony to have grown-up natives of its own), were pummelling each other in the ring and Mat was looking on, as master of the ceremonies, with an indulgent expression on his features. As I passed him

I said, "They're making it pretty lively, Mat." "Yes," he replied, "there's plenty of haction: they hops about like kangaroos; but, lor bless yer, they couldn't stand up to a Hinglishman. They ain't got no *hos frontis*." Fortunately my self-control enabled me to abstain from laughing until I was out of his sight; but I have since frequently wondered what particular meaning he attached to the words. Probably he meant strength or stamina. In 1867 I was one day sitting talking to the late Mr. E. Capper, a prosperous merchant and a magistrate of West Maitland, New South Wales, on the verandah of his private house. Presently his eldest son, about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, came out of the house, with a bridle on his arm, to catch a horse to ride into town. He jumped off the verandah, bounded across the lawn and, putting his hand on the top rail of the fence which divided the garden from the grass paddock, vaulted over. His father looked after him fondly and, as he disappeared among the trees, said: "He's a fine fellow; several inches taller and bigger in every way than I am. He might be an athlete if he only trained; but there is something about him that is not English. I always fancy his limbs are flatter and thinner than an Englishman's would be." "Have you ever measured and compared them?" I asked laughing. "No," he replied; "but I think I can see the difference." "In fact," I said, "he's Currency." Mr. Capper laughed. "The old word has died out," he said; "we never hear it now, but I believe it is true for all that." "But what proof have you?" I asked. "None; but everybody says so, even now," he replied; "it's a matter of common notoriety." I said I did not believe it and mentioned the names of several native born Australians who

had met Englishmen in the prize-ring and beaten them, but Mr. Capper clung to his old-time belief. "They may be successful here sometimes," he said; "but look at Dick Green. He won the sculling championship here, beating every one, including two or three Englishmen; and yet you see he's come back beaten." Green had just returned from a voyage to England to challenge the champion-sculler of the world, but did not meet him, having been challenged and beaten by another man on his arrival in England.

I might cite numbers of instances to prove that this was the prevalent feeling in Australia, but these should suffice. The belief was general and had grown up with the Colony. It will be readily understood, therefore, that when the first team of cricketers, with H. H. Stephenson as captain, landed in Melbourne, in December, 1861, no one in Australia even dreamed of opposing them on level terms. The only desire of the Colonists, immigrant or native born, was to see what the Englishmen could do. Their exploits were quite equal to expectation; they played all games against heavy odds, winning eleven, drawing four, and only losing one. The teams captained by Parr and W. G. Grace, in 1864 and 1873 respectively, were about as successful as the first team. Parr did not lose a game, and although Grace lost three it was always against odds, for the Australians had not yet gained sufficient confidence to meet the Englishmen on level terms. I use the word *confidence* advisedly; for, as will be remembered by those who resided in the Colonies at the time, the whole force of public opinion was against them, and any one who knows what an influence that has on the mind of a man engaged in a contest with another man will be able to realise

how it affected the Australians. However, when Lillywhite's team visited the Colonies in 1876 it was beaten several times by teams of fifteen. In January, 1877, it was engaged in a match against fifteen of New South Wales at Sydney. The match was for four days, but the Englishmen were beaten in two by thirteen wickets, and, to make up the time, Lillywhite proposed to play an eleven-aside match. This ended in a draw in favour of the English, but as it was merely a scratch affair this is of no great importance. It was taken rather seriously, however, in Sydney, and it was said that the Australians threw away what little chance they had of making a respectable show by loose fielding. During the journey of the English team to New Zealand the subject was much debated, and the result was that a Combination Match of eleven aside was arranged to take place in Melbourne in March. It is worthy of note that the first team to meet an English eleven on equal terms was not an Australian team, but a combined eleven from Victoria and New South Wales; and perhaps this indicates that the federal feeling had not then advanced so far in Australia as it has since, and that possibly cricket may have had some influence in promoting it. In reporting the result of the match the MELBOURNE ARGUS of March 20th, 1877, said :

The above match ended yesterday in an unexpected victory for Australia. A great triumph has been won by the Colonial cricketers, for they have beaten the best professional eleven (if one or two men be left out of account) which probably could be got together in the old country. It is necessary to emphasise the word *professional* lest hasty people should run away with the idea that Colonial cricket has proved itself equal to English cricket. . . . Very few professed judges of the game had any doubt at the commencement of the play

yesterday that the English eleven would win the match. Some persons, in language to be admired for its suggestive brevity rather than for its elegance, pronounced the result to be "a moral for Lillywhite's eleven."

The event was deemed worthy of a leading article in the same paper, in which occurred the following passage :

It may be permitted to the Australians to take some little credit to themselves for the signal victory which they have just gained over the English cricketers. Forty-five is a large majority for mere Colonials to have gained in a well-fought cricket-field against the pick of English professionals. So far as we can recollect, English cricketers have never before played outside England on equal terms and been beaten. In Australia they have before now played teams exceeding themselves in numerical force with varying results, but the match just concluded is the only one in which an English eleven has contended with an equal number of opponents not of English birth and met defeat. Of course it may be said that Lillywhite's eleven now in Australia is not the best possible English eleven, and it is certain that it does not comprise all the very best English batsmen, since a very large proportion of these is always to be found among the gentlemen players, who are not always available for travelling teams.

The article proceeded to show that the "mere Colonials" should not be unduly elated with this victory, but concluded by admitting that "there is no sufficient reason why our cricketers should not strive after a still higher degree of excellence and skill than they have yet exhibited." The Colonists were taken completely by surprise at the victory. It was so entirely opposed to their traditional belief that many persons tried to find excuses for the visitors. One or two even went so far as to say that the English cricketers had not played their best, and had permitted the Colonials to win as an encouragement to them to try again

on level terms, but this was generally scouted as absurd; it was impossible for Australians to believe that Englishmen would act in so unworthy a manner. But it was quite conceivable that the Englishmen might have been out of form, that they were tired, or affected by the climate, or amiss in one way or another; and there was a widespread belief that, when next the Colonials met them, the Englishmen would show their true mettle. The ancient tradition was as yet too firmly established to be abandoned so readily. It had been shaken, no doubt, when Tricket won the sculling championship on the Thames in 1876, and had thus avenged Green's defeat twenty years earlier; but popular superstitions are not easily eradicated. Indeed, people sometimes appear to cling to them the more tenaciously in proportion to their absurdity.

It is unnecessary to pursue the history of Australian cricket any further here. The evolution of the Australian Team from the combined eleven, and its doings on both sides of the equator, are too well known to need any recapitulation. But, perhaps this little excursion into one of the byways of Australian history,

which has hitherto been almost unexplored, may be of interest. The Currency lads, the mere Colonials, have begun to develop self-esteem and a love of country, and are therefore anxious to prove that they are not physically inferior to the other branches of their race, and that the Anglo-Saxon has not degenerated by being transplanted to the southern hemisphere. Hence their determined struggle to find out of their comparatively small population men who can meet Englishmen on the cricket-field or in other manly contests on equal terms. One of the signs of the spread of patriotism in Australia is the growing disinclination to the use of the words Colonial or Colonists as applied to them, and this does not imply any desire to withdraw from the Empire. Their love and admiration for England is not being weakened by their patriotism, probably because the tie which binds them to the land of their forefathers presses so lightly upon them. But they wish to prove that they are worthy sons of those fathers, and that the Anglo-Saxon is as vigorous and as young in Australia as he is elsewhere.

GEORGE E. BOXALL.

A HISTORIC HEIRLOOM.

AMONG the hereditary treasures preserved at Hamilton Palace there is one of singular historic interest, the identity of which, accidentally revealed by the perusal of a paper among its contents, has remained unsuspected during many years. The object in question is a silver casket which, for more than two centuries, has been an heirloom of the House of Hamilton, and which, as appears from the testimony of the document aforesaid, is none other than the celebrated casket wherein were once enclosed the letters which, justly or unjustly, have so gravely affected the fame of Mary, Queen of Scots.

On Thursday, June the 19th, 1567, James, fourth Earl of Morton, Chancellor and future Regent of Scotland, whose sordid, cruel countenance looks down, from the walls of the little dining-room at Hamilton Palace, upon the descendants of that great house which he so remorselessly persecuted, was at dinner in Edinburgh. The city was still seething with the excitement of the final scene in that astounding drama of crime and violence which had distracted the country throughout the past three-and-twenty months. Many and strange, indeed, had been the events crowded into those months, which had beheld in rapid succession the marriage of Mary and Darnley, the wedding of Bothwell and Lady Jane Gordon, the murder of Rizzio, the tragedy of the Kirk-of-Field, the abduction of the Queen, Bothwell's divorce from his wife, his marriage with his Sovereign, their flight from Holyrood, the Queen's surrender at

Carberry Hill, her return, amid scenes of painful ignominy, to her capital, and lastly, only two days previously, her consignment to the Castle of Lochleven.

While Morton thus sat at table, his crafty brain busied with forecasts of the probable result of this concluding act, there entered to him suddenly a messenger bearing tidings of great importance. Three of Bothwell's retainers, — Hepburn, minister of Oldhamstocks, John Cockburn, and George Dalgleish—had entered the town and were even then within the Castle. Bothwell who, four days previously, had bidden on Carberry Hill a last farewell to the Queen whom he was never to see again, had immediately afterwards mounted and galloped off, accompanied by a small band of followers, towards Dunbar, in which fortress, as its governor, he was sure of finding refuge. Arrived there, he had discovered with no little concern the loss of an object on which he set great value, but which, in his haste to get away from the capital, he had left behind him in the Castle of Edinburgh. This was a casket about a foot long, silver-gilt, and bearing the crown of France and the initials of Francis the Second. It contained papers of great importance, which Bothwell was very anxious to recover, and he had sent his emissaries to the Castle for that purpose.

Morton at once took steps for their immediate arrest, by which prompt action he succeeded in capturing two out of the three, of whom George Dalgleish was one. Dalgleish, who was a personal attendant of Bothwell,

was, in point of fact, already wanted at this time as an accessory to the murder of Darnley, for which crime he suffered duly in the course of the following year. Certain documents, the property of his master, were found upon him, and, although he stoutly denied having carried anything else out of the Castle, his report appeared so doubtful and his demeanour was so suspicious, that Morton ordered him to be kept close that night and to be put to the torture on the morrow. This prospect had the effect of bringing Dalgleish promptly into a more convenient frame of mind; and he next day intimated his readiness to go, accompanied by Robert Douglas, to his lodging in the Potter Row, and to hand over all that he had there, including this silver casket, which he had conveyed out of the Castle on the previous day and which was now put into Morton's keeping.

A council of the Confederate party was summoned on the following morning to investigate the matter. There were present Atholl, Mar, and Glencairn, Home, Sempill, and Sanguhar, the Master of Grahame, the Laird of Tullibardine, Archibald Douglas, and, pre-eminent among them all, Maitland of Lethington, he whose persuasive charm and personal ascendancy no man could resist, and whose refined features and intellectual countenance formed a fit setting for the subtle brain of one of the ablest diplomatists of the time. The casket was produced and laid before the assembly by Morton; and as it was locked, and no key forthcoming, it was forced open, when the papers which it contained, and the fateful letters, upon which hereafter so much was to depend, were disclosed.

The history of these letters is so well known, that it would be superfluous to do more than recall their memory as briefly as possi-

ble, and so far only as it concerns the story of the casket from which they take their name and with which their fortunes were inseparably connected. Besides the marriage contract of Mary and Bothwell, and some other unimportant documents, the momentous portion of these papers consisted of eight letters and of certain sonnets, all of which were declared to be in the somewhat unusual handwriting of the Queen, and which, if genuine, contained incontestable proofs of her criminal correspondence with Bothwell and of her consent to the murder of Darnley.

The contents of the casket having been duly considered by the Council, were afterwards replaced in the box, which was then again entrusted to Morton in whose charge it remained for more than a year. Meanwhile, the Queen's difficulties with her subjects, and the question of her complicity in Darnley's murder, had led to the Conference at York; in view of which the casket was, in September, 1568, delivered to the Regent Murray, who gave a receipt for it to the Privy Council in which he describes it as a silver box overgilt with gold. By his orders, Maitland, Makgill, Wood, and Buchanan were deputed to show the letters privately and confidentially to the English Commissioners who, in their report to Queen Elizabeth, write of them as closed in a little coffer of silver and gilt, given by Mary to Bothwell. The Conference adjourned in November to London when, both at the preliminary meetings at Westminster and at the subsequent enquiry at Hampton Court, the casket was formally produced by Murray and inspected by the English Commissioners, who call it the little gilt coffer. Upon the inconclusive termination of these proceedings, it was carried back by the Regent to Scotland,—its transit to London and its

return thence having been alike threatened by Mary's friends—and in his charge it remained until, in 1570, he met his death by Bothwellhaugh's carbine in the high street of Linlithgow. Its custody now devolved upon the new Regent, Lennox, and its last public appearance was in January, 1571, when it was once more consigned to Morton, who was then starting on a diplomatic mission to London, and who, in his receipt, describes it as a silver box overgilt with gold. In the course of the following year Morton succeeded to the regency, and henceforth, until his execution in 1581, the little coffer and its momentous contents continued in his keeping.

The year after Morton's death, Bowes, the English Ambassador, received instructions to do his utmost to procure the letters for Queen Elizabeth, whose object in desiring to obtain them was, obviously, to justify her action in keeping Mary a prisoner in England. Bowes, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in tracing the casket to Gowrie, to whom it had been delivered after Morton's execution by his natural son James, Prior of Pluscardin. The Ambassador at once proceeded to prefer an urgent request that the letters should be given up to Elizabeth, diplomatically suggesting hopes of a liberal reward, and also informing Gowrie that King James knew where the letters were, concluding with a grim warning of the danger he was incurring by retaining them. Gowrie at first would not admit that he possessed this perilous treasure, but seeing that Bowes's information was sure, he promised to look for them on his return home, being then at Holyrood. He did not, however promise to give them up, and neither the Ambassador's threats nor his diplomacy availed to make him do so. The

Duke of Lennox, as the representative head of the Catholic party in Scotland, was equally anxious to obtain the letters, but was equally unsuccessful; and in Gowrie's charge they remained until his execution in 1584.

From this date all trace of the letters vanishes, while a blank occurs also in the history of the casket, which has, indeed, been generally supposed to have disappeared with them. Various theories have at different times been propounded as to the fate of the letters. It has been thought by some that, upon the death of Gowrie, they fell into the hands of the Earl of Arran; while others, including Laing, have supposed that they passed into the possession of King James, by whom they were destroyed. This conjecture would appear, on the whole, to be the most probable, and, if correct, it would seem to follow naturally that the King should at the same time desire to get rid also of the casket, forming as it did a compromising link with the incriminating papers.¹

That the celebrated letters have long since and for ever vanished, is now generally recognised; but for more than two centuries after the execution of Gowrie the hope of discovering them was never entirely abandoned, and, although futile, so far as the immediate object was concerned, the researches made in this direction, read in the light of the recently revealed paper, have unquestionably indicated with accuracy the destination of the casket. The first of the notices

¹ "The source from which we now know their nature is a Latin translation of them appended to Buchanan's *DETECTION OF THE DOINGS OF QUEEN MARY*, published in 1572. In the translation of that work, which appeared in the same year and is attributed to Buchanan himself, there is a rendering of the whole into the Scots vernacular, and of nearly the whole into French."—Burton's *HISTORY OF SCOTLAND*, iv., 253.

which affects it occurs about the year 1660, when an anonymous historian, quoted by Goodall, affirms "that the box and letters were at that time to be seen with the Marquis of Douglas." Goodall, commenting on this statement says, "It is thought by some that they are still in that [the Douglas] family, though others say they have since been seen at Hamilton"—each writer, as will be seen, being correct (having regard to the respective dates) in his surmise.¹ Further light was thrown on the subject in 1810, when Laing wrote to Mr. Alexander Young, the Duke of Hamilton's agent: "I am induced to trouble you with this letter in consequence of the unexpected discovery of the casket that contained the Queen's letters to Bothwell, being still preserved in the archives of the Hamilton family."² He then proceeds to ask for particulars relating to its acquisition by that family, and for a description of the box, but subsequently dismisses the question of its identity on a technical point. Among historians of the present day, Mr. Henderson has also noted the possible authenticity of the Hamilton casket; but as it appears that he has never personally inspected it, the grounds on which he declines to accept its identification can hardly be accepted as conclusive.

The important and interesting paper, of the existence of which none of the authorities above quoted appears to have been aware, and which circumstantially confirms the various surmises as to the destiny of the casket, was disclosed by the merest accident during a visit paid to Hamilton Palace in the course of the autumn of last year. I had

¹ EXAMINATION OF THE LETTERS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, TO BOTHWELL; by Walter Goodall. Edinburgh, 1754.

² Laing's letter, which is dated September 22nd, 1810, is enclosed in the casket.

asked to be allowed to see the ring bequeathed by Queen Mary to Lord John Hamilton, and it was accordingly produced for my inspection by its courteous custodian, Mr. Duncan Barr (the Duke's chamberlain), in the muniment-room of the palace. My attention was at once drawn to the great beauty of the silver casket in which it is kept, but concerning which no details were believed to have been preserved. It so happened, however, that while examining the various relics contained in the box, I asked a question as to the purport of some papers which had apparently lain in it unnoticed and unread during many years. The first that was opened was a letter written by James, first Duke of Hamilton, to his servants, on the night before his execution in Palace Yard; while the second proved to be none other than the history of the casket itself, and is as follows:

This silver box, gilded and carved with the arms of Her Grace Dutches of Hamilton on it, was the box that caryd letters and tokens by messengers to and againe between Queen Mary of Scotland and the Earle of Bothwell. Which my Lady Marquis of Douglas, mother to William, Duke of Hamilton, bought from a papist, having then the Queen's arms upon it, and putt her own arms thereon, and afterwards having left all her Exe Eie [personal property] to her son Lord James, her plate was all sold to a goldsmith, and the Dutches of Hamilton being told by my Lady Marquis that the said box did once belong to the Queen, Her Grace bought the same from the goldsmith, and att the Duke's desire putt out my Lady Marquis' arms and put Her Grace's own arms on the same.

This box had two keys, whereof the Queen kept one and the Earle of Bothwell the other; but Her Grace only received one of them and beleives my Lady Marquis had never the other.¹

¹ No papers of the Marchioness of Douglas or of the Duchess of Hamilton relating to the casket can be found.

My Lady Marquis of Douglas, it may be explained, was Lady Mary Gordon, daughter of George, first Marquis of Huntly, married in 1632 (as his second wife) to William first Marquis of Douglas. Her eldest son, Lord William Douglas, was created Earl of Selkirk, and married Lady Anne Hamilton, eldest daughter and heiress of James, first Duke of Hamilton, who, upon the death of her uncle William, second Duke, became in her own right Duchess of Hamilton, and who subsequently obtained for her husband the title of Duke of Hamilton for his life.

It is obviously to be inferred from the paper that, when placing her own arms on the box, Lady Douglas effaced those which had been previously engraved on it. These are stated to have been those of the Queen, whereas it was the initials and crown of Francis which the historic coffer is recorded to have borne. But this mistake may easily have arisen from the fact that the paper, which from its handwriting and forms of expression is evidently of the eighteenth century, was drawn up many years after the death of Lady Douglas by, apparently, some member of the Duchess of Hamilton's household,¹ who having never seen the casket in its original state, but having been told that it had belonged to the Queen, would naturally have assumed that the arms erased were hers. The key which the Marchioness received with it, and which is unquestionably a very old one, may possibly have been recovered by King James, with other of his mother's possessions, after her execution; or, on the other hand, the duplicate which belonged to Bothwell may have been found in Edinburgh Castle, after the box had been forced open, concealed in

a certain green velvet desk in which he left sundry of his papers.

Lady Douglas died in 1674, and the casket may therefore have been bought by her at any time between her marriage (in 1632) and that year; a circumstance which bears out the testimony of the historian quoted by Goodall, that about the year 1660 the celebrated coffer was in the Douglas family. After her death it was, as the paper records, bought from the goldsmith by her daughter-in-law, Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, and has ever since been preserved as an heirloom in her family; which fact corroborates the statement made by Goodall in 1754, to the effect that it was reported to have been seen subsequently at Hamilton. Its history, during the interval between the death of Gowrie and its purchase by Lady Douglas, is a blank; but it seems not improbable that, after 1584, it may have fallen into the hands of some Catholic family, by whom it may have been kept as a relic, up to the time when, through the medium of the nameless papist, it passed into the possession of Lady Douglas.

The casket, which is exceptionally beautiful both in design and execution, is pronounced to be a specimen of French work of the early part of the sixteenth century. But it seems also to show indications of Italian influence, and may possibly have been wrought by one of the Florentine artificers who were brought to Paris by Catherine de Medici, while the scroll decoration of the lid bears a close resemblance in detail to the tooling on a book which once belonged to her, and which, stamped with her cipher and crown, is now preserved in the British Museum. The lid, which is slightly arched, is covered with fine raised scroll-work, divided into compartments by raised bands, and both the scroll-work and bands have been gilded.

¹ Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, died in 1716.

The sides and ends of the box are divided by similar bands into panels, which are filled in with tracery of birds, dogs, and other animals, branches and leaves; but no signs of gilding remain either on the panels or on the groundwork of the lid. The casket is hinged at one of the short ends of the oblong, and on the opposite end there is affixed a small case, containing the lock, with a sliding front which it was necessary to push aside before the key could be inserted. The lock was attached to the box by four small looped wires or rods, and there can be no doubt whatever that it has been forced open with considerable violence, for not only has the lock been torn off, but the loops of the wires have been driven completely through the outside of the casket. The arms of the Duchess of Hamilton are engraved in the centre panel on one side, and are placed over an evident effacement. In the smaller panels on either side there are four little silver loops, designed, as it would appear, for handles; and on the under side there are two hall-marks, which have been recognised by an expert as the mark of a French silversmith, consisting of a distinctive sign surmounted by a fleur-de-lys and a crown.

Before arriving at any definite conclusion on the question of the authenticity of this heirloom, it may be well to compare the foregoing details, most kindly furnished by Mr. Duncan Barr, with the accounts of the celebrated casket which have been handed down to us by those who themselves inspected it. It is described by Murray as a *silver box overgilt with gold*. The English Commissioners at York write of it as a *little coffer of silver and gilt*. Morton, in his Declaration, calls it a *certain silver box overgilt*. At the

Westminster Conference it is spoken of as *the little gilt coffer*. In the Scots version of Buchanan's DETECTION OF THE DOINGS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, it is reported to have been *one small gilt coffer not fully a foot long, garnished in sundry places with the Roman letter F, under a King's crown*.¹

The points to be considered are :

1. The historic casket was of silver over-gilt. *The Hamilton casket is of silver parcel-gilt, the raised work having all been gilded.*

2. It had belonged to Francis the Second. *The Hamilton casket bears a French hall-mark, and is pronounced to be of French workmanship dating from the early part of the sixteenth century.*

3. It is described as a little coffer. *The Hamilton casket answers precisely to that description.*

4. Its dimensions are said to have been not fully a foot in length. *The exact measurements of the Hamilton casket are, eight inches long, five and five-eighths inches broad; the greatest depth of the arched lid is four inches and a quarter, the least three inches and three quarters.*

5. Morton testifies that it was forced open. *There are unmistakable signs that the Hamilton casket has been violently forced open.*

The one point only where the proofs of identity fail, is with regard to the initials and crown of Francis; these are wanting in the Hamilton casket, for which reason its authenticity was repudiated by Laing. That they were engraved on the original coffer has been generally accepted by historians, although it may be observed that Buchanan, alone apparently of those who actually inspected it, has

¹ "By the Roman F's in the description of the Casket," writes Laing, in his letter to Young, "is meant what we now call the italic F."

recorded their existence. They are, moreover, not mentioned in the original Latin of his *DETECTIO*, but appear for the first time in a memorandum to the Scots version of that work, which cannot with absolute certainty be attributed to him. But, however this may have been, the statement that the casket was garnished with sundry F's and crowns is undoubtedly open to question; for had they been employed so profusely, they could hardly have failed to attract the attention of the English Commissioners and of those other witnesses who examined and described it, all of whom are silent concerning them. It would seem, consequently, safe to conclude that they were placed (the initial F being possibly repeated and intertwined, so as to form a cipher,) in the space now occupied by the arms of the Duchess of Hamilton; and their disappearance may be reasonably accounted for by their having been effaced by Lady Douglas on acquiring the casket, in order to make room for her own arms. In view, therefore, of the important testimony afforded by the interesting document thus preserved within the box, and of the unquestionable coincidence in detail with what is actually known of the historic casket, it cannot be disputed that there is extremely strong presumptive evidence that this Hamilton heirloom is really the celebrated casket around which must ever cling the pathetic memory of the fascinating woman whose fame and fortunes were so direfully overshadowed by its contents.

The ring which, with other interest-

ing relics of the Queen, is now kept in the casket, was left by her, on the eve of her execution, to Lord John Hamilton, then virtually head of the House of Hamilton. "She took a ring off her finger," writes Bishop Burnet, "and gave it to one of her servants, and ordered him to carry it to her cousin Lord John Hamilton, who then represented his father that was dead (his elder brother being sick of a frenzy), and tell him that that was all she then had to witness her great sense of his and his family's constant fidelity to her, and of their great sufferings for her interests; and desired that it might still be kept in the family as a lasting evidence of her kindness to it, which is preserved to this day."¹ The ring is a fine square sapphire, mounted in gold and set in a border of white enamel raised over blue, in the graceful *cinque-cento* work of the period, and bears on it the following inscription:—*Sent by Queen Mary of Scotland att her death to John Mar. of Hamilton.* Lord John who, in 1599, was created Marquis of Hamilton, was grandfather of James and William, respectively first and second Dukes of Hamilton, and the ring which he thus bequeathed to his successors, has been ever carefully cherished by them as the last token of affection and gratitude from the Queen and kinswoman whose cause the House of Hamilton supported so loyally, and in whose service they suffered and lost so much.

MARY A. BAILLIE-HAMILTON.

¹ MEMOIRS OF THE DUKES OF HAMILTON.

A HERO OF THE PANTHEON.

ANATOLE was the chamber-maid at Madame Lecour's, if such an expression may be used in order to convey to English readers an idea of something which does not exist in their country. In France the work of the house is usually performed by men. It is the *garçon* who polishes the wooden floors, makes the beds, fetches the water, and lays the fire. Anatole performed these humble duties. He was *garçon-de-chambre*, a profession distinctively French, and especially Parisian. The little man was chubby and strong, not very tall, but with very broad shoulders and bright red cheeks which gave him an infantine air. He had always deplored his diminutive stature until the war of 1870 broke out, when he blessed it, for it saved him from the conscription. Anatole did not want to fight, at least not against the Prussians. He had theories of his own, and in the infrequent intervals of making beds and dusting the stairs he used to read papers which were not sold on the boulevards. The police would have pounced upon the sort of papers Anatole read.

The Commandant found him one day reading a particularly violent revolutionary sheet and he promptly confiscated it. "*Parbleu!*" said the old gentleman, his snowy moustache curling with anger, "thou head of a calf of an Anatole! What sort of an animal wilt thou be shortly, cramming such stuff as this into thy silly noddle? *A bas les rentiers*, indeed! Piff, a nice idea! Is it the Terror thou wouldst like to set up again in Paris with a Robespierre in perma-

nent session? Thy white servant's apron would then be wanted to make sacks to hold heads like thine when chopped off. *A bas les rentiers*,—fool that thou art, give me that preposterous paper and never let me see thee read it again, else there'll be no New Year's gift for thee."

Thus the Commandant, who carried his militarism as well as his years with all the vigour of youth, and yet he was close upon seventy. Anatole, who liked the Commandant, as everyone did, submitted to have his revolutionary paper confiscated, and then, so soon as the dear old gentleman had spluttered downstairs, he produced another copy from under his white apron. Anatole was enjoying the sweets of authorship; he had himself written that furious article against the income-holders, and always read it with supreme satisfaction when he had a moment to himself.

Now Anatole would have been perfectly harmless except for circumstances and the influence of the Père Godillot. The circumstances which gave Anatole his chance were the hapless circumstances of the war of 1870. When all the good material of the French armies got itself taken prisoner at Metz and elsewhere, the authorities were obliged to fall back upon the refuse of the population. Thus it chanced that Anatole was swept into the Gardes Mobiles, notwithstanding his brief five feet of height.

"The infamous ones!" he exclaimed almost in tears to the Père Godillot; "see they have caught me and put

me into this ignoble uniform to set me up for the Prussians to aim at."

"My son, have patience. Who knows? There may be an opening for thy talents yet."

"Not in the army," objected Anatole, somewhat comforted all the same by the dexterous flattery.

"Even in the army there is scope for him who has an eagle eye to perceive the moment from afar. Events are preparing themselves," said the Père Godillot, with the earnestness of a prophet and the vagueness which suits that perilous rôle.

"*Hein*, the army, as thou sayest, might be a stepping-stone for him who desires to mount," remarked Anatole, thoughtfully examining the india-rubber lining at the ends of his trousers.

"The army can be made useful to further our views," said the Père Godillot, "and the moment is well chosen for a ——— *Dieu de Dieu!* Save thyself in the cellar. Quick quick! It is our only chance."

"May the devil fly away with that cannoneer! There goes another. Sacred name of a pipe! This is too much," cried Anatole, scuttling downstairs in all speed after his host.

This sudden interruption in the philosophic discourse of Anatole and the Père Godillot was occasioned by the entirely unexpected arrival of a bombshell in the adjoining house, a demonstration which caused the collapse of the upper portion of the building, and which was followed in two seconds by another projectile that hissed fiercely overhead and went to explode on the Quai Voltaire.

The Père Godillot, near whose domicile this uproar took place, was a shoe-maker of the Latin Quarter, well known for the ferocity of his revolutionary opinions and the excellence of the leather which he put into his shoes. He was a picturesque

ruffian, with an immense shock of curly black hair just turning grey. This hair he dressed with a care due rather to the mocking admiration of the students of the Beaux Arts than to his anarchical opinions, which in a consistent person should have affected his head inside and out. The Père Godillot was vain of his hair and his whiskers (his cutlets, as he called them,) which were of the same ferociously curly description. His little shop, which could with difficulty hold two people standing upright, was situated in the middle of the Rue Visconti, an ill-looking dark opening, blackened by the hand of Time without having been beautified by it. The sun never did and never could shine into the Rue Visconti, which has led an evil existence of five centuries of misdeeds great and small without being discovered by the world. Vast then was its amazement to find that the Prussian gunners had made out its lurking-place and had planted one of their lively bombs there.

The Rue Visconti with a fierce yell of anger retired to its cellars and awaited the future. This was the first day of the general bombardment, and Paris had not got accustomed to those hissing serpents of shells coming from the clouds.

"For me," said the Père Godillot, resuming his conversation for the benefit of Anatole and the other refugees in the cellar, "I look upon these Prussian bombs as useful pills; they will purge Paris. There are many people in our city who should be removed for the sake of the better health of the remainder."

"How the devil do you know the pills will purge the right ones? The next bomb may make a *fricassée* of you or me instead of those gentry at the Hotel de Ville," said Anatole to his Mentor.

"You speak without reflection. We take precautions; thus we inhabit the cellars. They must remain in the gilded halls of the Municipality. A shell can easily reach them; it may do our work for us."

"It may do for me too," growled Anatole sulkily. "I've got to return to the camp in the Boulevard de Clichy. It isn't gay, I can tell you."

Mounting guard on the ramparts by day and by night, an insufficiency of food, and clothes rapidly wearing themselves into cobwebs, were the finest possible arguments in favour of the most violent communistic theories to a man of Anatole's temperament. He was ready for the 18th of March when it came, and ready to hold up the stock of his gun along with the other mutineers when they refused to obey their officers. He yelled himself purple in the face on the day of the manifestation at the Hôtel de Ville, and carried one of the red flags when the Commune was declared.

"My son," said the Père Godillot, "keep well in front. The People has a quick eye and a short memory. Be in evidence always. Observe that family of the Buonapartes; they understood at least so much as that of the art of ruling. The first Napoleon never permitted himself to be forgotten."

Anatole nimbly climbed to the top of a lamp-post and bandaged it with a red cloth. This linking his name with that of Napoleon the First made him nearly burst with pride. It was the secret wish of his heart to become a Napoleon the First; it was the secret wish of them all, the Cluserets, the Bergerets, and the Raoul Rigaults. The Père Godillot, on the other hand, dreamed of a quieter rôle. He was a bit of a philosopher, and he realised that the world produced only a limited number of Napoleons; it seemed to

him improbable that the same country could bring forth two such men in the course of the same century. Moreover he was ignorant of the art of war and personally much averse to it. He had escaped military service so far, only by a severe course of fly-blistering and acute suffering. He proposed to himself to inspire Anatole to deeds of heroism, and then by means of adroit flattery to reap some of the more substantial benefits thereof. He would be the Talleyrand of Anatole's Napoleon, and, like his prototype, would enjoy the sunshine of the hero's course and also survive his fall.

Anatole tried hard to keep in the front, but there were so many others elbowing him out of the first place that he found himself quite a long way down in the ranks of the ambitious. He wanted to be elected to something or other, but the People, who were called upon to elect every second day, got tired of it and would not attend.

"Citizen," said the Père Godillot, "attach thyself to some individual likely to rise to notice. Then, when the moment comes, seize it and mount over his head. Napoleon had his Barras, and his moment came in the Garden of the Tuileries."

"How shall I know when the moment arises? There are so many of them in one's life," objected Anatole.

"Genius will tell thee," replied the Père Godillot sententiously.

Roussel was one of the many men appointed by the Commune to the supreme command of its heterogeneous troops. Anatole attached himself firmly to Roussel, devoutly hoping that he would prove strong enough and would last long enough to float him, Anatole, into the rarefied air of Parisian notoriety. "Citizen Delegate," said he to Roussel, "I have

always advocated your talents to the members of the Committee of Public Safety. They have made you commander; what will you make me?" Time was scarce in Paris, and Anatole went straight to the point.

"Citizen, accept a command at Neuilly, while awaiting a higher one at Issy when it occurs," replied the Commander.

Anatole decided to wait, particularly as Neuilly was at that moment being smashed to smithereens by a constant fire from the guns of Mount Valerien. A few days later he sought counsel of the Père Godillot. Times were getting very difficult even for patriots.

"My fat rat," said the Père Godillot, looking very anxious, "I know not what to advise thee. The questions are getting complicated. People are suspicious. Hist, listen; every one is suspect. I am denounced to the Committee; any day I may be arrested. You know how severe a wound I had on the arm?" Anatole grinned. "In spite of my sufferings I have been forced into the service. I have enemies; they denounce me; I can save myself only by volunteering for active duty. I construct this barricade, as you see."

"Very good," said Anatole with little sympathy.

"It is not good, at least not for me. A hint I'll give thee; abandon Roussel. He is no help any longer; he is suspect; he is denounced, and he has no friends on the Committee."

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed the amazed Anatole. "Then what will the Committee of Public Safety do if it throws suspicion upon tried patriots?"

"*Chut*, there is no Committee of Public Safety, only a Committee of Public Suspicion. From to-day no more barricade-building for me. I prepare for the future."

"How?" asked Anatole, his jaw dropping.

"I hire a little *entresol* in a quiet street in Bercy; no one knows me there. I provide myself with a few valuable pieces of furniture from the house of that rascal Thiers. It belongs to the People; I am of the People; I take my little share. I decamp before it is too late. Do the same, my child. We will meet again after."

"After what?" asked Anatole.

"After the events which are preparing themselves in the future," replied the Père Godillot, moving slowly away from his unfinished barricade.

Anatole looked after him darkly. "Shall I denounce him? The traitor! But no; it is wiser not to make him an enemy. He is powerful; he may be useful to me after the events of the future shall have accomplished themselves."

He went moodily back to his station near the Arc de Triomphe to be informed that Roussel had not only been arrested but had likewise escaped to Versailles. The fort of Issy, moreover, had surrendered. Anatole was glad he had not yet obtained an exalted command there from the hands of Roussel. He resolved to take no command at all; for the moment it was better to be obscure. He obscured himself still further by taking off his uniform and returning to the other side of the river. The attack was so lively on the gate at Neuilly, that he preferred a more retired spot.

All might have succeeded according to his hopes except for that confounded corps of *Citoyennes Volontaires* from the Twelfth Arrondissement. The chief duty of this brigade of Amazons was to hunt out deserters. They had an eye for a man; the she-devils, no one could

escape them! One of them, before she became a Citoyenne Volontaire, had been a washerwoman in the street where Anatole was *garçon-de-chambre*, and she had looked upon him with favour. His evil star brought him face to face with this Fury just as he was trying to obscure himself in the Latin Quarter. She knew him on the moment; of course she did, and knew moreover what he was doing. She was going to denounce him to the authorities, for the anger of a woman scorned is proverbially severe. Anatole bought himself off by declaring in a breath that he loved her to distraction and was on secret military duty. She resolved to see that one of these statements was made true to some extent, and brought him in triumph to the nearest military station at the Panthéon.

Too hard pressed for men to be particular about inquiring into the truth of his asseverations, the captain accepted Anatole with effusion, popped him into a uniform, and clapped a *chassepot* upon his unwilling shoulder. The citizeness too smiled sweetly upon him and said, as she kissed him in farewell: "Ah now thou art launched on a career of glory, my hero, and all through me!"

Such was Anatole's state of mind that he would have gladly planted one of his bullets in her plump person had he dared.

It was on May 22nd that the above episode took place in the career of Anatole; it was on the 23rd that the Versaillais troops got into Paris and brought to a close many careers. As the circle of fire and steel narrowed around Anatole at the Panthéon he became like an infuriated tiger. Perhaps it was the flames of the burning Tuileries that got into his head. His captain had now no need to keep an eye upon him for fear of his deserting; on the contrary the soft-cheeked man

was possessed with a veritable mania of destruction. "Those dogs of Versailles," he would scream as the shots came nearer, "they think to take Paris! They don't know; we have the hearts of real Republicans; there have been no true ones till now. Paris will not be taken alive. We will be buried under the ashes of our city and live for ever in men's memories, a terror to traitors."

When the news came that the Versailles troops had penetrated into the heart of the city, a ferocious and sanguinary despair took possession of the men who were fighting at the Panthéon. They bound themselves by oath to resist to the last, and then to blow up the building. The crypt was used as a store-house for gunpowder and was supposed to be still nearly full. The captain undertook to set the match to the powder at the last moment, when no chance remained of beating off the attack. The Versaillais might take the Panthéon if they could; woe to them in that hour, and to half the city besides!

In the meantime there were the prisoners, some dozen luckless individuals belonging to the opposite party who were held as hostages. Belleville and Montmartre had already shot its prisoners. Why should not the Latin Quarter follow so patriotic an example? It did so, and Anatole felt the blood-fever beat more fiercely than ever in his brain as he levelled his rifle on the line of manacled pale-faced men who stood with their backs against the walls of the Bibliothèque.

The prisoners were shot, and six hours later General Cisseay with his brigade appeared in the square leading to the Panthéon. Timely desertions had somewhat thinned the ranks of the Communards around the building; the remainder placed themselves behind the columns, and in spots of

vantage whence they opened a relentless fire on their assailants. Anatole took his station in the colonnade under the dome, where the columns afforded him admirable shelter. He fired slowly, steadily and with deadly accuracy, bringing down his men one after the other.

By and by his gun got too hot to work properly, and he was obliged to stop, but only for a moment or two. As he lay flat down in the gutter close to the balustrade, he heard the balls spluttering against the walls behind him. "Ah, they have discovered me, the scoundrels," he said gnashing his teeth; then more quietly he added: "I prepare myself, the end approaches."

He felt the barrel; it was still too hot. He had only six cartridges left, and he must not waste them. He took his bayonet and, while crouching down, scratched a few words on the wall behind him. The square was filling with Versaillais, and a perfect hail of bullets was falling. "*Sapristi!* why did not the Captain put the match to the powder? Now is the moment; it would lay that *canaille* low." The Captain's match was safely extinguished in his own blood as he lay dead on the steps of the church; but this Anatole did not know.

The barrel is cool again. Ah, now for the six cartridges; if only that storm of bullets would slacken so that

he might take good aim. *Sacré-à-à*— he must hasten if he was to use those six cartridges with advantage. They are bringing artillery into position in front and massing men for a rush behind the corner of the Mairie.

The gun was loaded. Anatole rose to his knees; he sighted; his head swam, but surely he could not miss his shot in that solid mass below.

He never fired; but some others did. A whirlwind of bullets converged on him from the windows of the Law-School. The Versaillais had entered from the rear and were in possession of fifty windows looking straight on to the sheltered position whence Anatole had hoped to use his remaining cartridges with such advantage.

When the victorious troops examined the place they found dead Communards in every nook and cranny of the building. They had held it to the last knowing there would be no quarter on account of the slaughtered hostages, and also of the conflagrations which were still raging.

In the colonnade over the door they found a body lying in a pool of blood, and above it on the wall freshly scratched with some sharp instrument were these words: *Ici un brave a versé son sang*. It was Anatole's only monument, but it is not given to every *garçon-de-chambre* to be inscribed at the Panthéon.

REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE superb collection of Rembrandt's etchings now exhibited in the print-room at the British Museum forms a fitting complement to the recent exhibition of paintings by the same master at Burlington House; and the appreciation of the incessant labour bestowed on the preparation and cataloguing of some three hundred unrivalled drawings and etchings in their various states, in due chronological order, by Mr. Sidney Colvin, Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings, is best shown by the number of visitors. It is not a little strange to find that, whereas many previous catalogues of Rembrandt's etched works have been made, both at home and in foreign countries, it was left to the persistent efforts of an English etcher, Sir Seymour Haden, to advocate the manifestly correct arrangement which is here for the first time completed, to the advantage alike of the student and of all who are interested in art. In the result we have a clear insight into the methods adopted by the great artist at the different periods of his career. In certain table-cases, set apart for the purpose, every detail of the etcher's art is practically shown, from the smooth copper plate to the varnished and smoked surfaces; from the acid bath to the engraved plate ready for the printer's hands, with the needles and implements used for the actual process of drawing. Then again, we are led by ocular demonstration to detect the differences between etching proper and the dry-point method whereby the artist leaves behind the varnished surfaces and acid bath,

draws upon his plate direct, and produces those rough edges to the lines which give that exquisite velvet texture to the etching, known amongst experts as *the burr*, and so extensively used by Rembrandt in the maturity of his powers. We are likewise instructed in the difference between the etcher's needle and the burin by means of which the line-engraver accomplishes his work. All this is extremely valuable from an educational and technical point of view, while the admirable catalogue, even if it will not gain the entire approval of the dealers on account of the thorough efficiency of its instruction, is the greatest boon to the visitor and a marvel of cheapness at the price of twopence. In short, these etchings are a revelation, and a visit, or series of visits, is strongly recommended to all those who do not consider themselves too old to learn. It is said that such persons do exist in the world.

Almost every etching is shewn in two or three states, concerning which Mr. Colvin adds a few opportune words of caution in his introduction to the catalogue. He is careful to explain that the term *first state* is a vague and unsatisfactory expression which is capable of several interpretations. It may even imply a rudimentary and unfinished production that does not convey the full intention of the artist's mind, which is only revealed in the additional work bestowed on the later impressions. Or again, the differences between a first and second state may be so trivial as to suggest accident rather than design. The first state of an

etching may therefore mean everything or nothing. The honest and careful examination of these magnificent works at once suggests a comparison between the genuine lover of art and the mere collector of rare prints and engravings. Not for a moment would I imply that the two cannot be united in one person; but, on the other hand, the thorough-going collector is an animal *sui generis*, and you cannot judge him by ordinary standards.

From a purely artistic point of view there can be little doubt, I think, that the great majority of these etchings are infinitely finer in the second, or even third states, than in the earlier stage; and this fact is more particularly noticeable when the artist has reached the plenitude of his powers,—an argument which I hope to substantiate by a reference to several of the more notable pictures in the exhibition. The collector, however, at once pounces on the often most crude first state, and gazes lovingly, if covetously, upon this rarity, which the catalogue, and possibly his own experience, tells him exists only in the Ryksmuseum at Amsterdam and in the collection of Baron Edmond de Rothschild. The rarity of the condition, or state, is placed before the intrinsic value as a work of art; and thus we have the anomaly of an inferior production appraised at ten times the figure of a superior second or third state. It only means that the collecting mania frequently gets the better of an artistic temperament. "Give me," says the owner, "the impression that my great rivals do not possess, and I am happy. What does it matter to me if the first state is incomplete from the artist's standpoint? It is rare, if not unique." It is just the same thing with the collector of books; an error in the plates enhances the value of his first editions. This distinction between the artist and the

collector is curiously emphasised as we compare the successive states of these great etchings.

The first section of the exhibition includes one hundred and sixty-four specimens of the etcher's art; and there is, perhaps, some sense of disappointment experienced as we pore over the small studies of heads or figures in which we find numerous portraits of himself, his father and mother, various peasants, and a few studies of the undraped female figure. During this period (1628-39) it will be observed that the artist changes his signature from R. H. to R. H. L., or Rembrandt in full. He appears to have been always experimenting in styles during these earlier years, oscillating between highly finished etchings of extreme fidelity and a bold freedom, which become most happily united in later periods. It is expressly stated that Nos. 51-83 and a few others (marked with an obelus in the catalogue) are either the work of pupils or spurious imitations of the master's etchings. The slight sense of disappointment to which we have referred very quickly passes away as the power of the artist is gradually expanded in more elaborate and striking subjects; and the attention of the student is presently arrested by the more ambitious treatment of scriptural subjects, such as *The Descent from the Cross* and *The Angel appearing to the Shepherds*, even where a portion of the work may be justly ascribed to pupils.

Those who saw the wonderful collection of Rembrandt's paintings at the Amsterdam Exhibition and the more recent Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, will be prepared to find among the etchings portraits of himself in every available attitude and position. His rugged features, powerful enough in a painting or etching, are not in themselves attrac-

tive; and it is remarkable that his most successful portraits, independently of his own, are selected from among friends of the middle classes of Dutch society, while the figures of his studies are repeatedly derived from the lower classes. In the portrait of himself as a young gallant with cap, plume, and sabre (No. 118), it is amusing to find what liberties he has taken with his own homely features.

A *Woman seated on the Ground* (No. 43) has an unpleasant interest derived from the fact that it represents one of his early studies of the undraped figure in almost brutal fidelity. Throughout the range of Rembrandt's etchings and drawings, indeed, the same coarse treatment of the stolid Dutch *vrouw* is invariably depicted when he attempts the nude female figure. It is almost inexplicable that a great artist, whose splendid portraits frequently exhibit great refinement in feeling and treatment, can fail so lamentably in this respect. And yet the fact is indisputable. There is a single instance (No. 224), in a later etching where the artist's model is vigorous in drawing without any actual lack of refinement; and there the female figure is merely sketched in outline, left in an unfinished condition, in fact, an omission for which one would fain thank the great Rembrandt. Indeed, nothing much would be lost if these repulsive studies were passed by without a close inspection. No. 42, *Diana at the Bath* is another case in point. Instead of a well-knit, graceful, and lithesome body, the artist portrays a gross and fat Dutch woman more in character with a fish-wife of the Zuyder Zee. In contradistinction to this idiosyncrasy note the *Bust of an Old Man with flowing beard* (Nos. 25, 26, 27) in three positions, where the subject is drawn with

every possible refinement, and exhibits all the promise of future greatness. No. 37, *The Blind Fiddler*, again is both attractive in itself and has a special interest, inasmuch as the first state represents a pure etching, the second state is partly re-worked with the burin, or graver, and the third state is almost entirely re-worked. A little practice soon enables the inexpert to detect the difference between the lines of the needle and the graver, and also to appreciate the beauties of the dry-point method, so much employed in Rembrandt's later etchings.

Passing by a score of impressions of doubtful authenticity, we come to more ambitious subjects, groups of figures rather than single busts, or full-length studies. *The Good Samaritan* (No. 93), with a great deal of fine work in it, is somewhat of a puzzle; the dog represented in the foreground is manifestly of inferior workmanship, and parts of the picture, as suggested by Sir Seymour Haden, are perhaps the production of a pupil, who might be Ferdinand Bol. Mr. Colvin appropriately points out that the same etching in reverse by Rembrandt, without the dog, exists in the Wallace Collection. In some of the larger scriptural subjects, in which many figures are introduced, it is possible that a good deal of accessory work comes from the needles of the master's pupils. After a spirited *Cavalry Fight* (No. 97), there is a most impressive etching of *The Raising of Lazarus*, realistic to the last degree, and infinitely finer in the third state, I venture to think, than in the earlier condition. No. 99, *The Descent from the Cross*, is a grand composition, the first impression, however, being little more than a smudged plate, some accident having evidently happened to the varnished copper as there is a complete failure in the biting. It was

probably a study for Rembrandt's picture on the same subject at Munich. In the finished second state the original etching is regularly graved with the burin; and whether this was accomplished by the artist himself or by pupils under his direction, it may be unhesitatingly claimed as a composition of the first rank direct from the master's mind and hand. No. 106 has a special interest from the fact that it is a portrait of his wife Saskia Van Uylenburg, to whom he was married in the same year (1634) that the etching was completed; a pleasing bust, with pearls in the hair. Both in his paintings and etchings the same features become very familiar in ever varying form; and until the period of her death we find her influence strongly reflected in his work.

The Angel appearing to the Shepherds (No. 108) is a marvellously intricate picture, and peculiarly interesting on account of the different conditions of the series of plates which reveal, as it were, the methods of production. The first state is almost unique, being only known elsewhere in the Dresden Collection. The angel in glory is merely sketched in, while the shepherds and their flocks exist only in outline. It is an indication, in fact, of the artist's intentions rather than the fulfilment of a design, deeply attractive as an exhibition of constructive methods, but not for a moment to be compared with the second and third states, where the shaded detail in all its completeness is superb. For my own part I prefer the slightly altered third state, even if a light on the branch of a tree has been scratched out (as the catalogue informs us) with a penknife. The face-impressions are worth a full half-hour's study. They form a notable example of the in-

veterate collector's habit of going for the wrong thing; with him, the unfinished etching is always the best.

We are now just entering upon the threshold of all that is greatest in this wonderful collection, and the interest is keenly aroused at every step in a perplexing wealth of material. No. 126, *The Great Jewish Bride*, is probably a portrait of Saskia in the year of her marriage to the painter; a splendid full-face with the hair falling down the back in luxuriant waves. Confirmation of this supposition is to be found in the picture, *The Jewish Bride*, in The Hermitage at St. Petersburg, and also by a comparison with the etching No. 150, *Saskia as St. Catherine* (also called *The Little Jewish Bride*) on these same walls. A curious tradition is referred to by Mr. Colvin that she was the daughter of the Jewish physician, Ephraim Bonus, of whom more anon. A fine series is presented in the vigorous portrait of Jan Uytenbogaert, Preacher (No. 127), the first state being of such rarity that only two others appear to be extant. A wonderfully forcible character is here most powerfully portrayed. As usual, the finished impression is the most admirable, although some additions are said to be by another hand, the dark-curtained arch, for instance, and some rather heavy work on the left; these, however, in no way detract from the remarkable brilliancy of the plate. A little lower down the room we reach No. 134, *Christ before Pilate*, in which the nobility and grandeur of the central figure are superb. Pilate and the group of men near to him are left as blank spaces in the first proof, a habit that Albert Dürer also had in his engraving. There is undoubtedly work by other hands in this etching, notably in the disproportionate length of the hand of the soldier who addresses the crowd

below, a figure which could hardly have been drawn by Rembrandt himself. The third state, partly worked with the graver, is incredibly fine. No. 156 represents very coarse Dutch figures as Adam and Eve. In No. 158 one portion of the studies is possibly intended for Saskia ill in bed; and a little close comparison suggests that the etching served as a study for No. 157, *The Death of the Virgin*, a strangely fantastic subject somewhat unequally treated. The central figure is good enough, as likewise is the man reading from the scriptures in the foreground; but the High Priest, who stands as a gorgeous figure beside the bed, must be over eight feet high, another instance of an error in proportion which can surely not have proceeded from the artist himself. No. 162, *The Gold-Weigher*, is another most powerful portrait. In the first state the face is but lightly indicated; the second state is very brilliant, with the shading of the features finished, and possessing that velvety texture in the picture which we learn to look for in the dry-point etchings. A very fine portrait of himself in rich attire brings us to the end of the first period in the year 1639. There can be no doubt that the death of his wife Saskia exercised a profound effect on the artist, adding, if possible, to the intensity and marvellous power of his work; his art now became his sole life.

The second period covers the years 1640-1649, and it may not be out of place to dwell for a few moments upon the brilliant group of painters of European fame besides Rembrandt Van Ryn, who had raised the art of etching to a high degree of perfection, and made it a medium for the exposition of their work. Among those famous artists, known more generally perhaps as painters, who

worked with the needle, the great Flemish artist Van Dyck had but recently passed away (1641), and the younger Teniers still flourished in full vigour. Turning to France, we find Claude Gellée (better known as Claud Lorrain) contemporary with Rembrandt, and hard at work on his landscape-studies so imbued with the spirit of classic times. Jacques Callot, a notable etcher had lately died. The Dutch painters, who were invariably accomplished etchers, were represented by a brilliant group of names, Paul Potter, Albert Cuyp, A. Van de Velde, Jacob Van Ruysdael, Hercules Seghers (who influenced Rembrandt), Jan Van de Velde, Simon de Vlieger, Van Ostade, Jacob Duck, Berchem who had fallen under Italian influences, and many other engravers of great repute. Ferdinand Bol, of Dordrecht, must be reckoned Rembrandt's leading pupil, while amongst those who palpably fell under his influence are Jan Livens, H. Leyden, Van Vleit of Delft, Salomon Koninck, Eeckhart, and P. de Witt. Some idea of the pains taken by Mr. Colvin in the preparation of this exhibition may be gained from the fact that upwards of five hundred specimens have been mounted and framed in illustration of the work of Rembrandt's principal contemporaries. He himself was a follower of no school, although he had been apprenticed to the engravers Swanenburgh and Lastman. When he had finally chosen his career he devoted himself for three years to studying painting and etching in his own way. His peculiar genius found expression in a style of his own creation, wholly uninfluenced by Southern or classical schools; though when it is conclusively proved that several of his pupils were under the spell of Van Dyck, it is reasonable also to suppose that Rembrandt him-

self to some extent felt his power, even if the styles of the two artists are so totally different.

From the fact that Rembrandt only commenced to etch landscape subjects after the loss of his wife, it has been surmised that he retired into the country for a time after that event. In examining such a fine work as *The Landscape with the Three Trees*, one feels that the artist might have achieved the greatest reputation both as a painter and etcher of landscape, had he been so disposed. It is a charming example of the master's style, with a breadth of treatment and the most exquisite balance of light and shade. At first sight, the heavy slanting lines on the left foreground, representing the rays of light from the clouds above, may appear excessive; but a close study shows how artfully they intensify the effect of the middle distance. In some other etchings the rigidity of the rays of light have a slightly incongruous effect. No. 178, *The Angel departing from the Family of Tobias*, is a curious work, the celestial visitor being represented by a fat Dutchman, whose substantial legs and broad flat feet, all uncovered, are exhibited in the act of disappearing through the window. The figure is anything but angelic, and recalls a well-known engraving of Hogarth's in which the disappointed lover makes an ignominious exit through the window. To compensate for this droll representation there is a fine portrait of Cornelis Claesz Anslo, Preacher, with plenty of dry-point revealed in the technique, a refined study of a thoughtful man which forms the first of a grand series of portraits belonging to this second period of Rembrandt's etchings. *Six's Bridge* (No. 209) is a bold and vigorous study in outline drawn with every indication of haste on the artist's

part. The story is that a servant had forgotten to bring the mustard-pot for a picnic by the river or canal-side. The fellow had been sent back to town to remedy the omission, and Rembrandt, knowing his dilatoriness, undertook to complete an etching during his absence; in this bold effect we see the result, completed in due time according to the artist's promise.

Let us now turn again to the portraits. That of Jan Cornelius Sylvius is exceedingly fine, but even that is overshadowed by the superb study of the Jewish physician, Ephraim Bonus. This incomparable picture shows us a man of most intellectual countenance descending the staircase, as if in deep and anxious thought concerning some serious case on which he has been engaged. As he descends from the sick-room, the face is laden with deep care. Note the black ring on his finger in the first state, and the play of the light on the cloak. At the Holford Sale £1,900 was paid for an impression by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. Only two others are known to exist. The second state, though less rare, is equally fine; but the ring is white instead of black, whence comes the fictitious value set on the first state. A succession of glorious portraits follow, perhaps the most refined work in the whole collection being found in the incomparable portrait of Jan Six, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam and firm friend of Rembrandt. If there is anything in the way of criticism to be urged against this rich and effective etching, it is a suspicion of effeminacy depicted where all around is remarkable for rugged strength and determination of countenance.

No. 233, *Christ Healing the Sick*, otherwise known as *The Hundred Guilder Print*, brings the second series of etchings to a fitting con-

clusion. There are no less than four impressions shown of this rare and marvellous picture which, for comparative effect of light and shade and force of dramatic expression, surpass anything that even Rembrandt ever accomplished with the needle. The nobility of the central figure stands out prominent amid an astonishing wealth of detail, and reveals a depth of religious fervour in the mind of the artist which is unsuspected in the earlier work.

The third portion of the etchings covers the period from 1650 to 1661. For a few years we find attractive landscapes, with all the richness of burr due to the dry-point process. Typical among these is *The Flight into Egypt* (No. 265) which has the velvet texture so strongly developed that a very close inspection is needed to discern the figures of Joseph and the Virgin and Child riding on the ass. The landscape suggests a bold hilly country, with a somewhat park-like profusion of foliage and timber, which is hardly in character with the Holy Land; but it is, nevertheless, an exceedingly fine picture. Another sacred subject, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, is treated as a night-piece; the light is beautifully concentrated on the faces, the figures being chiefly lost in the general sense of darkness produced in the dry-point method of working, and the gloom even exaggerated. The vigorous series of portraits is continued in this third group of etchings, although Rembrandt has now ceased to reproduce his own features. Clement de Jonghe, printer and artist, is portrayed as a most contented and benevolent old gentleman, well satisfied with life in relationship to himself and generally to all mankind. Then we reach a most wonderful study of Dr. Faustus in his study, watching a magic disk. There is a certain supernatural effect

in the treatment of the subject which is exceedingly happy, and the lights and shadows are exquisitely subtle. No. 268, *The Golf-player*, is somewhat of a curiosity in its suggestion that the game was actually played in Holland in the year 1654, although the ball depicted is about the size of a turnip. Where, one would ask, did the all-prevailing pastime originate?

Liervus Willemz Van Coppenol, *Writing-Master*, is represented in a small plate (No. 262), and this may well be compared with the extraordinary series (six in number) of a large-plate portrait of the same individual (No. 295), which contains a great deal of Rembrandt's most powerful work. In the very next case are placed some more studies of the undraped female figure, of which I can only wish it were possible to echo Mr. Colvin's sentiment that the treatment is more refined than in the earlier examples. The same radical defects, however, are always noticeable in this respect. Happier in every detail are the portraits which follow, including the elder Jan Lutma, goldsmith and sculptor, which is in itself sufficient to stamp Rembrandt as a genius of the first rank. In sheer bewilderment we continue to examine portrait after portrait of incredible beauty and finish. The two Haarings, for example, father and son, are world-renowned prints, and associated with the artist's own painful history in a remarkable manner. Jacob Haaring was the warden of the Debtors' prison at Amsterdam; and Thomas Jacobsz Haaring, the son, sold Rembrandt's effects in his capacity as auctioneer. Yet another magnificent etching is found in the portrait of Arnold Tholinx, Inspector of Medical Colleges in Amsterdam; it is exceedingly rich in effect through the contrast of the white paper and the burr. Apparently the

first state is both costly and rare, seeing that at the Griffith Sale an impression was purchased for £1,500. Another fine series represents Abraham Francen, art-dealer; and this concludes the most prominent efforts in portraiture.

The more we study these grand prints, the greater becomes the fascination, until the figures seem veritably to live again, and we learn that colour is not indispensable in art. The last signed and dated etching, it will be observed, was executed in 1661, some eight years before his death, the close of his life having been passed amid considerable hardship and misfortune. To sum up the man as seen through the medium of his art, I cannot do better than quote Mr. Colvin's words.

Far profounder elements were his unrivalled insight into the strength and pathos of human character and feeling, not disdaining the common, the degraded, or the grotesque; and his acute and wholly original sense of the magic of light and shade and atmospheric mystery, as enveloping and transfiguring all the objects of vision, and revealing in them a thousand subtleties of form, colour,

and relation, unperceived by common eyes. From the gift of nature and from indefatigable self-training he derived an unequalled command, which steadily strengthened from youth to age, of the technical resources required for expressing these powers and sensibilities on canvas.

In addition to the large numbers of etchings there are about ninety specimens of Rembrandt's vigorous drawings in chalk, bistre-wash, or Indian ink, exhibited here in separate cases, which serve well to illustrate the transitions through which the master passed in pursuance of his art. The most interesting examples are those which palpably served as studies for the more elaborate paintings and etchings. A similar collection of drawings by Rembrandt was exhibited in one of the rooms at Burlington House last winter. There are bold and even startling effects produced in many of these rough sketches which should prove most valuable to students, and the master-mind is invariably revealed in the character of even the rudest productions.

C. PARKINSON.

SAVROLA.

(A MILITARY AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the President's custom to rise early, but before doing so he invariably received the newspapers and read such remarks as dealt with the policy of the Government or criticised its actions. This morning his literature was exceptionally plentiful. All the papers had leading-articles on the restriction of the franchise, and the great riot which had followed its announcement. He first opened *THE HOUR*, the organ of orthodox mediocrity, which usually cautiously supported the Government in consideration of certain pieces of news with which it was from time to time favoured. In a column and a half of print *THE HOUR* gently regretted that the President had been unable to restore the franchises unimpaired, and thus gratified the bulk of its readers. In a second column it expressed its severe disapproval (*unqualified condemnation* was the actual term) of the disgraceful riot which had led to such *deplorable consequences*; it thus repaid the President for sending round the text of the English Note, which had arrived the night before, and which it printed *verbatim* with pomp and circumstance as coming from Our Special Correspondent in London. *THE COURTIER*, the respectable morning journal of the upper classes, regretted that so unseemly a riot should have taken place at the beginning of the season, and expressed a hope that it would not in any way

impair the brilliancy of the State Ball which was to take place on the 7th. It gave an excellent account of the President's first ministerial dinner, with the *menu* duly appended, and it was concerned to notice that Señor Louvet, Minister of the Interior, had been suffering from an indisposition which prevented his attending the function. *THE DIURNAL GUSHER*, a paper with an enormous circulation, refrained from actual comments, but published an excellent account of the *massacre* to the harrowing details of which it devoted much fruity sentiment and morbid imagination.

These were practically the organs on which the Government relied for support, and the President always read them first to fortify himself against the columns of abuse with which the Radical, Popular, and Democratic Press saluted him, his Government, and all his works. The worst result of an habitual use of strong language is that, when a special occasion really does arise, there is no way of marking it. *THE FABIAN*, *THE SUNSPOT*, and *THE RISING TIDE* had already exhausted every epithet in their extensive vocabularies on other and less important incidents. Now that a severe fusilade had been made upon the citizens and an ancient privilege attacked, they were reduced to comparative moderation as the only outlet for their feelings. They had compared the Head of the State so often and so vividly to Nero and Iscariot, very much to the advantage

of those worthies, that it was difficult to know how they could deal with him now. They nevertheless managed to find a few unused expressions, and made a great point of the Ministerial dinner as being an instance of his "brutal disregard of the commonest instincts of humanity." THE SUNSPOT was thought by its readers to have been particularly happy in alluding to the Ministers as, "Indulging in a foul orgie of gluttony, and dipping their blood-stained fingers in choice dishes, while the bodies of their victims lay unburied and unavenged."

Having finished his perusal the President pushed the last paper off the bed and frowned. He cared nothing for criticism, but he knew the power of the Press and he knew that it reflected as well as influenced public opinion. There could be no doubt that the balance was rising against him.

At breakfast he was moody and silent, and Lucile tactfully refrained from irritating him by the laboured commonplaces of matutinal conversation. By nine o'clock he was always at work and this morning he began earlier than usual. The Secretary was already busily writing at his table when Molaro entered. He rose and bowed, a formal bow, which seemed an assertion of equality rather than a tribute of respect. The President nodded and walked to his table on which such parts of correspondence as needed his personal attention were neatly arranged. He sat down and began to read. Occasionally he uttered an exclamation of assent or disapproval, and his pencil was often employed to express his decisions and opinions. From time to time Miguel collected the papers he had thus dealt with and carried them to the inferior secretaries in the adjoining room, whose duty it was to elaborate into the stately pomposity of official language such

phrases as, "Curt Refusal," "Certainly not," "Apply to War Office," "Gushing reply," "I do not agree," "See last year's Report."

Lucile, also, had letters to read and write. Having finished these she determined to take a drive in the Park. For the last few weeks, since, in fact, they had returned from their summer residence, she had discontinued what had been in former years her usual practice; but after the scenes and riots of the day before she felt it her duty to display a courage which she did not feel. It might help her husband, for her beauty was such that an artistic people invariably showed her respect. It could at least do no harm, and besides she was weary of the palace and its gardens. With this intention her carriage was ordered, and she was about to enter it, when a young man arrived at the door, who saluted her gravely.

It was the boast of the citizens of the Republic of Laurania that they never brought politics into private life, or private life into politics. How far they justified it will appear later. The present situation had undoubtedly strained the principle to the full, but formal civilities were still exchanged between political antagonists. Lucile, therefore, who knew the great Democrat slightly, smiled, bowed in return, and asked him whether he came to see the President.

"Yes," he replied; "I have an appointment."

"Public matters, I suppose?" she inquired with the suspicion of a smile.

"Yes," he repeated somewhat abruptly.

"How tiresome you all are," she said daringly, "with your public businesses and solemn looks. I hear of nothing but matters of State from morning till night, and now, when I fly the palace for an hour's relaxation, they meet me at the very door."

Savrola smiled. It was impossible to resist her charm. The admiration he had always felt for her beauty and her wit asserted itself in spite of the watchful and determined attitude of mind he had assumed as a preparation for his interview with the President. He was a young man, and Jupiter was not the only planet he admired. "Your Excellency," he said, "must acquit me of all intention."

"I do," she answered laughing, "and release you from all further punishment."

She signed to the coachman and, bowing, drove off.

He entered the palace and was ushered by a footman, resplendent in the blue and buff liveries of the Republic, into an ante-room. A young officer of the Guard, the Lieutenant who had commanded the escort on the previous day, received him. The President would be disengaged in a few minutes. The other members of the deputation had not yet arrived; in the meantime, would he take a chair? The Lieutenant regarded him dubiously, as one might view some strange animal, harmless enough to look at, but about whose strength, when roused, there were extraordinary stories. He had been brought up in the most correct military ideas: the people (by which he meant the mob) were "swine;" their leaders were the same, with an adjective prefixed; democratic institutions, Parliament, and such like, were all "rot." It therefore appeared that he and Savrola would find few topics in common. But besides his good looks and good manners, the young soldier had other attainments; his men knew him as "all right" and "all there," while the Lancers of the Guard polo-team regarded him as a most promising Two.

Savrola, whose business it was to know everything, inquired respecting the project, lately mooted by the Lauranian Cavalry, of sending a polo-team to England to compete in the great annual tournament at Hurlingham. Lieutenant Tiro (for that was his name) addressed himself to the subject with delight. They disputed as to who should be taken as Back. The discussion was only interrupted by the entrance of the Mayor and Renos, and the subaltern went off to inform the President that the deputation waited.

"I will see them at once," said Molara; "show them up here."

The deputation were accordingly conducted up the stairs to the President's private room. He rose and received them with courtesy. Godoy stated the grievances of the citizens. He recalled the protests they had made against the unconstitutional government of the last five years, and their delight at the President's promise to call the Estates together. He described their bitter disappointment at the restriction of the franchise, and their keen desire that it should be fully restored. He dilated on their indignation at the cruelty with which the soldiers had shot down unarmed men, and finally declared that, as Mayor, he could not vouch for their continued loyalty to the President or their respect for his person. Renos spoke in the same strain, dwelling particularly on the legal aspect of the President's late action, and on the gravity of its effects as a precedent to posterity.

Molara replied at some length. He pointed out the disturbed state of the country, and particularly of the capital; he alluded to the disorders of the late war and the sufferings it had caused to the mass of the people. What the State

wanted was strong stable government. As things became more settled the franchise should be extended until it would ultimately be completely restored. In the meanwhile, what was there to complain about? Law and order were maintained; the public service was well administered; the people enjoyed peace and security. More than that, a vigorous foreign policy held the honour of the country high. They should have an instance.

He turned and requested Miguel to read the reply to the English Note on the African Dispute. The Secretary stood up and read the paper in question, his soft, purring voice proving well suited to emphasising the insults it contained.

"And that, Gentlemen," said the President, when it was finished, "is addressed to one of the greatest military and naval powers in the world."

Godoy and Renos were silent. Their patriotism was roused and their pride gratified; but Savrola smiled provokingly. "It will take more than despatches," he said, "to keep the English out of the African sphere, or to reconcile the people of Laurania to your rule."

"And if stronger measures should be necessary," said the President, "rest assured they will be taken."

"After the events of yesterday we need no such assurances."

The President ignored the taunt. "I know the English Government," he continued; "they will not appeal to arms."

"And I," said Savrola, "know the Lauranian people. I am not so confident."

There was a long pause. Both men faced each other, and their eyes met. It was the look of two swordsmen who engage, and it was the look of two bitter enemies; they appeared

to measure distances and calculate chances. Then Savrola turned away, the ghost of a smile still lingering on his lips; but he had read the President's heart and he felt as if he had looked into hell.

"It is a matter of opinion, Sir," said Molará at last.

"It will soon be a matter of history."

"Other tales will have to be told before," said the President, and then with great formality: "I am obliged to you, Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, for representing the dangerous elements of disorder which exist among certain classes of the people. You may rely on every precaution being taken to prevent an outbreak. I beg you will keep me further informed. Good-morning."

The only course open appeared to be the door, and the deputation accordingly withdrew, after Savrola had thanked the President for his audience and had assured him that he would lose no opportunity of bringing home to him the hostile attitude of the citizens. On the way downstairs they were met by Lucile, who had returned unexpectedly early from her drive. She saw by the expression of their faces that a heated discussion had taken place. Godoy and Renos she passed unnoticed, but she smiled merrily at Savrola, as if to convey to him that she was uninterested by politics and could not understand how people ever managed to get excited about them. The smile did not deceive him; he knew too much of her tastes and talents, but he admired her all the more for her acting.

He walked home. The interview had not been altogether unsatisfactory. He had never hoped to convince the President; that indeed was hardly likely; but they had expressed the views of the people, and Godoy and Renos had already sent copies

of their remarks to the newspapers, so that the party could not complain of their leaders' inaction at such a crisis. He thought he had frightened Molara, if indeed it were possible to frighten such a man; at any rate he had made him angry. When he thought of this he was glad. Why? He had always hitherto repressed such unphilosophic and futile emotions so far as possible, but somehow to-day he felt his dislike of the President was invested with a darker tinge. And then his mind reverted to Lucile. What a beautiful woman she was! How full of that instinctive knowledge of human feelings which is the source of all true wit! Molara was a lucky man to have such a wife. Decidedly he hated him personally, but that, of course, was on account of his unconstitutional conduct.

When he reached his rooms, Moret was awaiting him, much excited and evidently angry. He had written several long letters to his leader, acquainting him with his unaltered decision to sever all connection with him and his party; but he had torn them all up, and was now resolved to tell him in plain words.

Savrola saw his look. "Ah, Louis," he cried, "I am glad you are here. How good of you to come! I have just left the President; he is recalcitrant; he will not budge an inch. I need your advice. What course shall we adopt?"

"What has happened?" asked the young man, sulkily but curiously.

Savrola related the interview with graphic terseness. Moret listened attentively and then said, still with great ill-humour: "Physical force is the only argument he understands. I am for raising the people."

"Perhaps you are right," said Savrola reflectively. "I am half inclined to agree with you."

Moret argued his proposition with vigour and earnestness, and never had his leader seemed so agreeable to the violent measures he proposed. For half an hour they discussed the point. Savrola still appeared unconvinced; he looked at his watch. "It is past two o'clock," he said; let us lunch here and thresh the matter out."

They did so. The luncheon was excellent, and the host's arguments became more and more convincing. At last, with the coffee, Moret admitted that perhaps it was better to wait, and they parted with great cordiality.

CHAPTER V.

"THAT," said the President to his confidential secretary, so soon as the door had closed on the retiring deputation, "is over, but we shall have plenty more in the future. Savrola will most certainly be elected for the Central Division, and we shall then have the pleasure of listening to him in the Senate."

"Unless," added Miguel, "anything should happen."

The President who knew his man well, understood the implication. "No, it is no good; we cannot do that. Fifty years ago it might have been possible. People won't stand that sort of thing nowadays; even the army might have scruples. So long as he keeps within the law, I don't see how we can touch him constitutionally."

"He is a great force, a great force; sometimes, I think, the greatest in Laurania. Every day he grows stronger. Presently the end will come," said the Secretary slowly and thoughtfully. As the partner of Molara's dangers, no less than of his actions, he had a claim to be heard. "I think the end is coming," he con-

tinued; "perhaps quite soon,—unless——" he paused.

"I tell you it can't be done. Any accident that happened would be attributed to me. It would mean a revolution here, and close every asylum abroad."

"There are other ways besides force, physical force."

"None that I can see, and he is a strong man."

"So was Samson, nevertheless the Philistines spoiled him."

"Through a woman. I don't believe he has ever been in love."

"That is no reason against the future."

"Wanted a Delilah," said the President dryly. "Perhaps you will find one for him."

The Secretary's eyes wandered round the room artlessly, and paused for a moment on a photograph of Lucile.

"How dare you, Sir! You are a scoundrel! You have not an ounce of virtue in you!"

"We have been associated for some time, General." He always called him *General* on these occasions; it reminded the President of various little incidents which had taken place when they had worked together during the war. "Perhaps that is the cause."

"You are impertinent."

"My interests are concerned; I too have enemies. You know very well how much my life would be worth without the protection of the Secret Police. I only remember with whom and for whom these things were done."

"Perhaps I am hasty, Miguel, but there is a limit, even between——" He was going to say *friends* but Miguel interposed *accomplices*. "Well," said Molara, "I do not care what you call it. What is your proposition?"

"The Philistines," replied Miguel, "spoiled Samson, but Delilah had to cut his hair first."

"Do you mean that she should implore him to hold his hand?"

"No, I think that would be useless; but if he were compromised——"

"But she,—she would not consent. It would involve her."

"She need not necessarily know. Another object for making his acquaintance might be suggested. It would come as a surprise to her."

"You are a scoundrel,—an infernal scoundrel," said the President quietly.

Miguel smiled, as one who receives a compliment. "The matter," he said, "is too serious for the ordinary rules of decency and honour. Special cases demand special remedies."

"She would never forgive me."

"The forgiveness would rest with you. Your charity would enable you to pardon an uncommitted crime. You have only to play the jealous husband, and own your mistake later on."

"And he?"

"Fancy the great popular leader, Patriot, Democrat, what not, discovered fawning on the tyrant's wife! Why the impropriety alone would disgust many. And more than that,—observe him begging for mercy, grovelling at the President's feet,—a pretty picture! It would ruin him; ridicule alone would kill him."

"It might," said Molara. The picture pleased him.

"It must. It is the only chance that I can see, and it need cost you nothing. Every woman is secretly flattered by the jealousy of the man she loves, even if he be her husband."

"How do you know these things?" asked Molara looking at the ugly pinched figure and glistening hair of his companion.

"I know," said Miguel with a grin of odious pride. The suggestion

of his appetites was repulsive. The President was conscious of disgust. "Mr. Secretary Miguel," he said, with the air of one who has made up his mind, "I must request you not to speak to me of this matter again. I consider it shows less to the advantage of your heart than of your head."

"I see by your Excellency's manner that further allusion is unnecessary."

"Have you the report of the Agricultural Committee for last year? Good,—please have a *précis* made of it; I want some facts. The country may be kept, even if we lose the capital; that means a good part of the army."

Thus the subject dropped. Each understood the other, and behind lay the spur of danger.

After the President had finished the morning's business he rose to leave the room, but before he did so he turned to Miguel and said abruptly: "It would be a great convenience for us to know what course the Opposition intends to pursue on the opening of the Senate, would it not?"

"Assuredly."

"How can we induce Savrola to speak? He is incorruptible."

"There is another method."

"I tell you physical force is not to be thought of."

"There is another method."

"And that," said the President, "I directed you not to speak of again."

"Precisely," said the Secretary and resumed his writing.

The garden into which Molara walked was one of the most beautiful and famous in a country where all vegetation attained luxuriant forms. The soil was fertile, the sun hot, and the rains plentiful. It displayed an attractive disorder. The Lauranians were no admirers of that peculiar taste which finds beauty in the exact

arrangement of an equal number of small trees of symmetrical shape in mathematical designs, or in the creation of geometrical figures by means of narrow paths with box-hedges. They were an unenlightened people, and their gardens displayed a singular contempt for geometry and precision. Great blazes of colour arranged in pleasing contrasts were the lights, and cool green arbours the shades of their rural pictures. Their ideal of gardening was to make every plant grow as freely as if directed by nature, and to as high perfection as if cultivated by art. If the result was not artistic, it was at least beautiful.

The President, however, cared very little for flowers or their arrangement; he was, he said, too busy a man to have anything to do with the beauties of colour, harmony, or line. Neither the tints of the rose nor the smell of the jasmine awakened in him more than the rudimentary physical pleasures which are natural and involuntary. He liked to have a good flower-garden, because it was the right thing to have, because it enabled him to take people there and talk to them personally on political matters, and because it was convenient for afternoon receptions. But he himself took no interest in it. The kitchen-garden appealed to him more; his practical soul rejoiced more in an onion than an orchid.

He was full of thought after his conversation with Miguel, and turned down the shady path which led to the fountains with long, hasty strides. Things were looking desperate. It was, as Miguel had said, a question of time, unless,—unless Savrola were removed or discredited. He refrained from precisely formulating the idea that had taken possession of his mind. He had done many things in the rough days of the war, when he was a struggling man, the memory of which

was not pleasant. He remembered a brother-officer, a rising man, the colonel of a regiment, who had been a formidable rival; at a critical moment he had withheld the supports, and left it to the enemy to remove one obstacle from his path. Then another tale came into his mind, which also was not a pretty one; a tale of a destroyed treaty and a broken truce; of men, who had surrendered to terms, shot against the wall of the fort they had held so long. He also recalled with annoyance the methods he had adopted to extract information from the captured spy; five years of busy life, of success and fortune, had not obscured the memory of the man's face as it writhed in suffering. But this new idea seemed the most odious of all. Though he was unscrupulous, like many men in history or modern life he had tried to put away a discreditable past. Henceforth, he had said, when he obtained power, he would abandon such methods: they would no longer be necessary; and yet, here was the need already. Besides Lucile was so beautiful: he loved her in his hard way for that alone; and she was such a consort, so tactful, so brilliant, that he admired and valued her from a purely official standpoint. If she ever knew, she would never forgive him. She never should know but still he hated the idea.

But what other course remained? He thought of the faces of the crowd the day before, of Savrola, of the stories which reached him from the army, of other tales of a darker and more mysterious kind,—tales of strange federations and secret societies, which suggested murder as well as revolution. The tide was rising; it was dangerous to tarry.

And then the alternative presented itself; flight, abdication, a squalid existence in some foreign country

despised, insulted, suspected; and then exiles always lived to a great age, he had heard. He would not think of it; he would die first; nothing but death should drag him from the palace, and he would fight to the last. His mind returned to the starting-point of his reflections. Here was a chance, the one solution which seemed possible; it was not an agreeable one, but it was that or none. He had reached the end of the path and, turning the corner, saw Lucile seated by the fountain. It was a beautiful picture. She saw his pre-occupied look and rose to meet him. "What is the matter, Antonio? You look worried."

"Things are going wrong with us, my dear. Savrola, the deputation, the newspapers, and, above all, the reports I receive of the people, are ominous and alarming."

"I noticed black looks this morning when I drove. Do you think there is danger?"

"I do," he answered in his precise official manner, "grave danger."

"I wish I could help you," she said, "but I am only a woman. What can I do?" He did not answer and she continued: "Señor Savrola seems a kind man."

"He will ruin us."

"Surely not."

"We shall have to fly the country, if indeed they allow us to do that."

She turned paler. "But I know what men look like; there is a sympathy between us; he is no fanatic."

"There are powers behind and beneath him of which he knows little, which he cannot control, but which he has invoked."

"Can you do nothing?"

"I cannot arrest him; he is too popular, and besides he has broken no law. He will go on. In a fortnight are the elections; he will be returned in spite of my precautions;

then the trouble will begin." He paused, and then, speaking as if to himself, continued : " If we could learn what he means to do, perhaps we might defeat it."

" Can I not help you ?" she asked quickly. " I know him ; I think he likes me. He might whisper to me what he would not tell to others." She thought of many victories in the past.

" My darling," said Molara, " why should you spoil your life by mixing in the darker side of politics ? I would not ask you."

" But I want to. I will try, if it would help you."

" It might do much more."

" Very well, I will find out for you ; in a fortnight you shall know. He must come to the State Ball ; I will meet him there."

" I am loth to let you talk to such a man, but I know your wit, and the need is great. But will he come ?"

" I will write him a note with the invitation," she said, " laugh at politics, and advise him to keep his private life at least free from them. I think he will come ; if not, I will find some other way of seeing him."

Molara looked at her with admiration. At no time did he love her more than when he realised of what use she was to him. " I leave it to you, then. I fear you will fail, but if you can do it, you may have saved the State. If not, no harm will have been done."

" I shall succeed," she answered confidently, and rising from her seat began to walk towards the house. She saw from her husband's manner that he would like to be alone.

He remained seated there for a long time, staring into the water in which the fat, lazy, gold fish swam placidly. His face wore the expression of one who has swallowed some nasty thing.

(To be continued.)

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VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARÏM.)

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Pâsha believed that he had made a discovery. Mademoiselle, who was so quiet and retiring, had her own attractions, and she had found an admirer. She was so reserved that she would no doubt have kept it a secret, but the Pâsha had taken her by surprise, and the expression of overwhelming confusion that he had seen in her face seemed to him an unmistakable indication of the state of affairs. He was deeply interested, and benevolently sympathetic, but he was also inquisitive, and he could not resist the temptation to tease that the occasion seemed to offer; he only waited for the end of his English lesson the next afternoon to begin.

"I hope I have not kept you too long, Mademoiselle," he said politely, as he shut up the book. "I have not been in the way of your keeping an appointment at Esbékiah, *par exemple*?"

Margaret's heart seemed suddenly to stop beating, and her cheeks flushed a dark red. She said nothing, and the Pâsha's eyes twinkled as he looked at her.

"Did I not see you in the gardens yesterday?" he asked mischievously. "And you were not alone, *ma foi*! you were in very gallant and dis-

tinguished company. Who was the gentleman, Mademoiselle,—is it permitted to ask?"

Margaret murmured something indistinct,—she scarcely knew what—about a mere acquaintance.

"*Mais mon Dieu*, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the Pâsha laughing, "you have no cause to blush for him. He is a most honourable and distinguished person. Was it not Fitzroy Bey?"

"Do you know him, Excellency?" asked Margaret with a start.

"Oh yes, I know him,—not personally of course, but by sight. He occupies a high post in the service of the Khedive, and one hears a good deal about him at the Court."

"Do you? And what sort of a reputation do you think he bears?" Margaret asked anxiously.

The Pâsha laughed mischievously. "Aha, Mademoiselle, you are interested in him, you cannot conceal it! You would not be so much concerned to know about a mere acquaintance. And *mon Dieu*, why not?" he added indulgently, as he saw the painful colour mount again almost up to her eyes. "He is very handsome, and has every quality to attract a woman; I am sure I do not wonder. He is clever, too, and he speaks foreign languages much better than most of his countrymen.

I know that Lord Cromer thinks highly of his judgment, and he seems to have considerable influence with the Khedive. But he is leaving the service, and going back to England; did you know that?"

"Yes, I knew it; he told me. He will be leaving Egypt in a few weeks."

"It is a pity," observed the Pâsha with a benignant smile. "There will be an attraction the less for you in this country, and perhaps it will not be so easy for us to persuade you to remain?"

"Oh no, Pâsha, no indeed! I assure you that you are mistaken; you were never more mistaken in your life. Captain Fitzroy is nothing to me, and I need no inducement to make me wish to stay on with you. I am perfectly content here."

"You are content, you are, really? Well, I am glad if it is so," said the Pâsha kindly. "I am sure we don't want to lose you, though of course, if you thought of marrying, Valda would be the last person to wish to stand in the way of your happiness. I have been afraid that you might have been finding your life rather dreary and monotonous lately. You enjoyed going to the theatre with Valda, didn't you, but you have been only two or three times I think? I regret so much that she always takes Hamida Hânem with her now."

"It is over now," said Margaret; "last night was the end of the season, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but there is something to-night, a *bal masqué*, I believe. The French community here are getting it up for some charitable fund, and I was asked to take a box. I refused, because I did not want Valda to go. It does not seem to me that this play-going has been beneficial to her, and I do not care for her to be so much with Hamida; but it seems that she

has set her heart upon it. I tried to dissuade her, but she would not listen to me, and after you left us last night we came nearer to a quarrel than we have ever been before."

"And is she going to-night then?"

"Of course she is. Do I ever refuse her anything on which she has set her heart? I had to go out this morning and pay double to secure her the box that she wanted. This is what it is to be a Turkish husband! Now tell me, Mademoiselle, are Englishmen more complaisant?"

"I don't know,—not many of them I fancy. But you are too good—" Margaret checked her laugh, and ended with a sigh. "However, this is the last night."

"Yes; to-morrow will be the first day of our great Fast. As soon as the new moon makes its appearance, you will hear the guns of the citadel firing in Ramazân. Bah! it is a wretched time, and for myself, I wish it were over; but I think that all the visiting may be a distraction for Valda."

"Will she keep the Fast?"

"Oh no, I always get an indulgence for her. She and her mother, and the old lady, my mother-in-law's mother, are not strong enough to fast, and I give fifty piastres a day to our fund for the poor in order to exempt them from the obligation. You will have your meals comfortably with them as usual."

With this sustaining assurance, the Pâsha gathered round him the folds of his voluminous dressing-gown, and went off to his own room. He thanked Margaret for the lesson first, as his courteous custom was, and she managed to force a smile as she met his glance, but the moment that he had left the room her self-command deserted her. Her eyes filled with tears, and she let her hot cheeks sink into her hands.

"The poor Pâsha, oh, the poor Pâsha! How kind he is, and how unsuspecting! If he knew, if he guessed what had been going on,—but oh, I hope he will never know! It is the last night before Ramazân, the last time that she can see that horrid man, and by the end of the Fast he will be gone."

The last night, the last night! This was the refrain that was also ringing in Valda's head all that day. She knew nothing of the appointment made by Hamîda; but she realised that this was the last opportunity that she would have of seeing Fitzroy even from a distance, and she was feverishly anxious not to lose it. She had overcome her husband's opposition, and that evening she went to Hamîda's house, and drove in her carriage to the Opera. "This once more, this one last time I shall see him," she thought, as she entered her box; and while Hamida was still occupied in taking off her wraps at the back, Valda pressed her face against the iron grating, and looked eagerly out into the brilliant scene below.

He was there. She saw him directly, standing bare-headed and unmasked in the midst of the grotesque and motley throng. There were a good many men present in ordinary evening-dress, who had come merely to look on, among them men of position and standing, whose wives and daughters, in satin and diamonds, were looking down from the open boxes on the left of the theatre; but there was not a single person there, Valda thought with a proud exultation of heart, to be compared with Fitzroy in distinction of appearance and bearing.

She looked at him through her opera-glasses, noting every detail about him, from the white flower in his coat to the characteristic wave of his fair

hair. He was not dancing; he was not paying any attention to the extraordinary figures that whirled past him; he stood alone and abstracted, glancing up now and then to scan the occupants of the boxes, and occasionally bowing to an acquaintance. In his hand he held a letter; but Valda did not know that, still less could she know whence it came or what it was about. It was that letter, however, that filled his thoughts, and it was the cause of the colour in his cheeks and the light in his eyes. "She does not know of our plan yet," Hamîda had written; "I judged it best to keep it back from her until I have got her safely to the theatre. But do not be afraid; I know how to manage her, and we will join you at supper after the *cotillon*. Only be careful to secure a table in a secluded place, and make the waiters keep away. We shall be in blue dominos embroidered with stars and crescents in white."

At the back of the theatre, behind the stage occupied by the band, was a wide open space arranged as a restaurant with little tables laid out for supper, and Fitzroy had made all his preparations. The evening was half over already, and at the end of the *cotillon*, which the dancers were now beginning, there would be a short interval for refreshment. It was in this interval that Hamîda had promised to bring Valda down, and Fitzroy was waiting for it in a turmoil of suspense and anxiety. He stood among the crowd well outside the circle of the dancers, watching with indifference and impatience the various features of the entertainment. Most of the company were French,—very French indeed; and the little dressmakers and *grisettes* of the town were enjoying themselves vastly. The managers of the *cotillon* had been to considerable trouble in devising new

features for the distribution of partners, and some of the figures were very pretty and graceful. The last of the series was an amusing one. A large paper-covered screen was brought out into the centre of the arena, and folded round a party of about fifteen or twenty ladies so as to conceal them entirely from view, and then, as the music struck up, their would-be partners, in considerably greater numbers, danced in a ring round the screen. Here and there, a little white-gloved hand would be seen, thrust invitingly through the paper, and a small satin slipper would be visible from under the boards at the bottom, but it was all a chance what partner a man would be able to secure when the signal was given for bursting through the screen; and as the numbers were unequal, the competition was keen and the struggle exciting. Every man who was lucky enough to secure a partner in the *mêlée* waltzed off with her, but those who were unsuccessful had to retire discomfited amid the laughing condolences of the whole assembled company. The figure was a popular one, and had to be repeated many times with fresh screens, until all the ladies who wished to dance had had their turn; but Fitzroy, whose interest in it had quickly subsided and who could not be prevailed upon to join in it, watched impatiently for it to come to an end.

The supply of screens was exhausted at last, and the dancers careered in a wild *galop* for the last time round the arena. The *cotillon* was over, and as the band struck up the strains of the Khedive's March, there was a general move to the top of the room. Fitzroy shouldered his way through the crowd in the opposite direction, and soon found himself near the main entrance at the bottom of the theatre, where he hoped to see two blue

dominos make their appearance. He waited in vain for some minutes; there was a block of people in the doorway, and he could not see a sign of any fresh arrivals.

"Will she come, will she come?" he asked himself in a fever of anxiety. "No, she will not, her friend will be unable to persuade her; she will never consent to it." Valda had never yet, in the whole course of this strange episode, done anything that implied her sanction to it. She had taken the initiative in no sort of way; would she be induced to take this, which for a woman in her position was such a very serious and decided step? Fitzroy scarcely dared to hope for the possibility of it, yet he felt ready to stake everything upon it, and he waited at his post near the door, straining his eyes, and tormenting himself with alternate hopes and fears.

He was beginning to give way to despair, and was moving away from the door, when, through a parting in the crowd, he heard, in the guttural accents of low-class Parisian French, a speech that arrested his attention.

"What! A new arrival, at this hour! You are late my pretty, and you must pay the penalty. Allow me to remove your mask."

Up to this time the festivities, though lively enough, had been of a perfectly orderly and decorous nature; but as the evening wore on, it was only to be expected that the rougher members of the throng would become more boisterous, and a burst of rude laughter warned Fitzroy that some devilry was going on. He did not guess that it was anything in which he was concerned, but he instinctively pressed forward to interfere, and he came none too soon.

Valda and Hamida had entered through another door, and they had been searching for him in vain.

Valda had been startled by a chance remark made by one of the masks in passing, and her shrinking manner as she clung to Hamida had drawn upon her the notice of a young madcap who had been prancing about the whole evening taking all the liberties of the licensed jester whose cap and bells he wore. When Fitzroy came up, he was on the point of putting his hand upon the lace of Valda's black silk mask in order to pull it off, and she uttered a stifled cry of terror as she saw his intention; but before he had time to carry it into effect, a strong arm had thrust him aside, and he found himself held fast in a grip like that of a vice.

Fitzroy had recognised the blue domino with a pattern of white stars and crescents dotted over it, and the sound of Valda's cry for aid sent the blood bounding through all his pulses. He was in a white heat of fury and indignation, but his habit of self-command came to his aid in this critical moment and enabled him to exercise a restraint which was very necessary. He knew that anything in the form of a scene or a scandal would be fatal to his wishes, as well as dangerous for Valda; and only in the flash of his eyes and the iron grip of his fingers on the Frenchman's shoulders did he suffer the intensity of his feeling to betray itself.

"Be off with you, you cad, and be thankful that I let you go so easily," he said, throwing the fellow from him with a twist that made him spin and stagger like a collapsing top. "If I catch you molesting people any more I will give you in charge to the police."

Fitzroy spoke in English, and the youth, who was a mere hobble-de-hoy, could not understand a word of what he said; but the Englishman's superior strength and authority were more

forcible arguments than words, and he was completely subdued and overawed. Some of the bystanders raised an ominous murmur as they saw in the spurning of their countryman another instance of outrage by perfidious and usurping Albion. In no quarter of the world does the national antipathy and grudge between French and English betray itself in such intensity as on the disputed soil of Egypt; and these Frenchmen pressing round, with their fierce moustaches projecting from the grotesque masks of bears and foxes and owls that they wore, were just like a pack of growling curs ready to set upon an enemy whom they feared and hated.

But the tall Englishman, who faced them with his fair hair uncovered and his handsome features unmasked, was unmistakably a person accustomed to command, and he had an air of distinction and authority betokening the high rank and position which was becoming the monopoly of the English in Cairo. The hustling instinct of the crowd was for a moment held in check, and while they hesitated, their opportunity was gone. Fitzroy did not wait for a rejoinder to his scornful speech, and the moment that he had flung the offender aside, he offered his arm to Valda.

"Out of the way!" he said imperiously to a couple of youths who stood in front of a group of women a little on one side; and as they moved off, a way was instantly made, through which he led the two ladies out of the press.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was but a slight affair, and it was over; but the effect that it produced upon the chief actors in it was serious out of all proportion to its apparent significance. As Fitzroy led Valda up the room, and felt her

clinging desperately to his arm as if yielding herself altogether to his protection, he was in a silent ecstasy of happiness. He looked cool and self-possessed enough, and walked with a firm step and steady face, but inwardly he was in a tumult of emotion, and his sensations were almost too keen for endurance.

"Do not be frightened," he said, bending to speak to Valda in a low voice of such tenderness as only a lover knows how to use; "it was merely a momentary disturbance, and there is no harm done. You are quite safe now, and if I had only known by which door you were coming, I would have been there to protect you from the first. Oh Valda, Valda darling, it was good of you to come; I hardly dared to hope you would!"

Valda did not answer, and as he saw that she was too much agitated to be able to speak, he did not press her further. Hamîda Hânem was walking on the other side of him, and she was very much agitated too, but fright had not deprived her of the power of speech, and the moment that she reached the place of privacy and shelter that Fitzroy had provided, she burst forth into voluble expression of her feelings.

"*Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" she cried, flinging her two fat hands into the air, and speaking as fast as her tongue would go, as she plumped herself down upon a chair. "I thought we were lost, I thought we were certainly lost! Allah, Allah, Allah! That was a terrible moment, and if you had not come when you did, Monsieur, I am sure I should have died. I could feel my heart shrinking up into a bouncing ball, and I expected to see it leap out of my mouth every instant. You were expecting us at the other door, I suppose? I told Valda that it must be so, and so we went to look for you; but

could I have known of the dangers to which we were going to expose ourselves, I should never have ventured to take a single step. Oh the rude wretches! Oh the monsters! Oh my heart, my heart, my heart!"

Hamîda pressed both her hands upon that broad region in which she imagined her heart to reside, and threw herself back in the chair until it creaked and groaned under her. But suddenly she saw someone coming in, and sat upright, checking her transports with an exclamation of alarm.

"Allah, Allah, Allah! Who is this? A man,—oh Allah protect us!"

The room that Fitzroy had procured was not really a room at all; it was only a recess, curtained off from the rest of the place by his orders. It was the best arrangement that he had been able to contrive at such short notice, and inside the curtain the little table laid for four, with everything placed ready upon it, so as to obviate the need for attendance, looked very private and snug. The table was laid for four, however, and not for three, for Fitzroy had been quite alive to the necessity of providing some person to entertain Hamîda, if he was to get any satisfaction out of the meeting for himself and Valda. He had therefore invited a friend whom he could trust to join the party, and it was the appearance of this fourth guest within the folds of the curtain that excited Hamîda to a fresh access of agitation.

Fitzroy made haste to explain matters and to introduce his friend, and so soon as Hamîda understood that he was to be her partner in the little *partie carrée*, she showed herself immensely flattered and gratified. She accorded him the most gracious reception, and the gallant officer, who was a stout and worthy Major in the

Army of Occupation, and who had never in all the five years of his residence in Cairo enjoyed such a chance as this before, was charmed with the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a Turkish lady of such an appreciative disposition.

Hamîda was not troubled with the least vestige of shyness, and when the Major showed her that by keeping his ponderous foot upon the edge of the curtain, he could guard her from all risk of intrusion, she acceded with frank and delightful willingness to his suggestion that she should take off her mask. She was thus enabled to enjoy her supper and to display her charms at one and the same time, and it was a question which advantage she appreciated the most.

Fitzroy had never enjoyed the privilege of beholding her before, and he was thunder-struck by the vision now revealed. Her bad complexion and features were redeemed by a pair of undeniably fine gray eyes, and with the relief of the dark hair which it ought to have had, the face might not have been ill-looking; but the hair falling over her forehead in a straight and wispy fringe, was fair, very fair, with that lifeless appearance which is the effect of unskilful dyeing, and the effect, already startling enough, was rendered worse by an artificial blackening of the eyebrows and lashes. Fitzroy thought that he had never seen anyone so hideous, but the little Major was evidently of a different opinion. He thought her a fine woman, and he was charmed with her attentions to himself. She turned her big gray eyes upon him in a manner which showed that she fully understood their value; but neither he nor she was at all inclined to forget their supper, and in the intervals of laughing and chattering they managed to make an astonishing

impression upon the *pâté-de-foie-gras* set before them.

The Major and Hamîda sat side by side, enjoying themselves amazingly, but for the other two, the supper was a pretence. Valda could not be induced to take off her mask for a single instant, or even to lift the lace that bordered it, so as to drink the champagne that Fitzroy pressed upon her. She had allowed him to put her into a chair next himself in the far corner of the recess, and when he took her hand in a passionate attempt to reassure her, she did not immediately withdraw it; but she could not say a single word, and she was shaking from head to foot with a nervousness that was like an acute attack of stage-fright.

Hamîda looked up once or twice from her flirtation with the Major to rally Valda upon her silence, and at last she turned with a laugh to her partner. "I think that my friend must be shy on your account, Monsieur! Supposing, now that we have had our supper, we take a stroll round the room to see what is going on? Then, when we come back, we may find that matters have improved."

"Hamîda, don't go! Hamîda, Hamîda, you must not leave me!" Valda cried, springing up from her chair; but Hamîda had already slipped on her mask, and heedless of the appeal, was passing out under the curtain that the Major was holding aside for her.

"Would you like to go too?" asked Fitzroy considerably. "If you dislike to remain for a few moments under my care——"

"Oh no, no, it is not that!" cried Valda, touched by the gentleness of the reproach. "I am not afraid of you, M. Fitzroy, please do not imagine that."

"Well then, what would you like to do? You see your friend has gone;

would you like to follow her, or would you prefer to wait for her here?"

"Oh, I will wait here. I must remain until the time that she appointed for her attendant to come and fetch us, and I am safer with you than anywhere else in this room. Please forgive me for being so tiresome and disappointing. I am sorry indeed, but oh, I ought not to have come! I did wrong in listening to Hamida's persuasions, and I feel it now. I ought never, never to have come!"

"You have received a shock to your nerves through the insolence of that fellow, and you are thoroughly upset," said Fitzroy. "It is only natural, but it will pass off if you will take some wine. Drink this,—yes Valda, you must—I insist upon it," he said imperatively, handing her a glass of champagne that he had just poured out, and he stood at the entrance to hold the curtain while she took off her mask to drink it. The effect was what he anticipated, and in a few moments she was able to subdue her hysterical sobs. "You are perfectly secure in here," he went on, gazing with delight at the beautiful face which was now free from its ugly disguise. "Your friend will return presently, and I will see that you get safe back into the charge of your attendant without any more adventures. And now tell me, why do you feel that you have done wrong? What harm is there in a meeting like this, which is the last we can ever have? It is little enough for me, only the privilege of seeing you to say good-bye; it would have been too unkind of you to have denied me that."

"That was what Hamida said, and I did not know how to resist her," Valda said falteringly; "but something in my heart tells me that I am wrong. If my husband were ever

to know of it, what would be his feelings!"

"You think so much about his feelings,—you care for him then?" asked Fitzroy quickly.

"He cares for *me*," said Valda simply, and the answer was significant of much.

"Well, and he has you," said Fitzroy with sudden bitterness; "he need not grudge me the little I have. I love you more than he does, a thousand times more, and I must go without even the sight of you all my life. Oh Valda, tell me for my comfort, tell me that I may think about it when I am far away from here and separated from you for ever,—I love you so much, do you care a little for me also?"

Valda was silent. Her eyes were full of tears, but they were bent upon the mask upon her lap, the strings of which her fingers were twisting restlessly. Outside in the theatre there was a Babel of blending sounds; the hum of many voices, the rhythm of dancing feet, the singing of the violins in the music of the waltz. The little curtained recess at the back of the theatre seemed a comparatively quiet and sheltered place, and Valda had recovered from the paralyzing effect of her terror; but it had given place to an emotion not less overwhelming.

"Valda, tell me,—is it nothing to you that this is the last time that you will ever see me? Do you not care in the least what becomes of me?"

Love is apt to be selfish, but when Fitzroy saw the look in Valda's eyes as she at last lifted them, he felt some touch of remorse for what he was doing.

"Why do you ask me what you know,—what you know only too well?" she said passionately. "You know that I love you, that I care for nothing in the world but you; but

the gulf that lies between us is impassable,—we can never cross it.”

“We could if we tried,” said Fitzroy, in low tones which had a strange ring of hope in them.

“We may not try ; I may not, and I will not. No, Monsieur ! You will go your own way, and live your life, and I mine. You will return to your own country, and there doubtless you will marry and be happy. You will forget the poor imprisoned Turkish girl for whom you thought you cared, and I,—well, perhaps I may forget too,—I hope that I shall. I shall find oblivion in death, if in no other way.”

The abandonment in her voice was the abandonment of despair, and it was more than Fitzroy could bear ; his heart leaped up in revolt against it. “You shall not !” he exclaimed, taking both her hands firmly in his. “You shall not suffer as I know you would. Come to me, and I will take care of you ; only come with me to England.”

Valda wrenched her hands away from him, and rose from her chair. “Impossible !” she said ; “you do not know what you say.”

“I do, and I will maintain it. If you love me, it is not impossible ; I will manage it, and I will make you happy. Oh Valda ! How happy you would be in that free life in England, and how much admired ! You would be a queen wherever you went, and there would be no one to compare with you. I would take you everywhere with me, wherever I went you would go, to every sort of pleasure that you liked ; we would go together, and the whole world would envy me for being the husband of its brightest star. Such beauty as yours was not meant to be hidden away in a *harem* ; it was meant to be a light and glory in the world. You would shine, Valda, and you would be happy,—I know you would !”

Valda listened to him with her great eyes fixed in a tragic stare under her sharply-drawn brows. It was a strange picture that she was looking at. Herself in the guise and circumstances of an English lady, going about unveiled, learning what life was. He would let her do that, he would let the whole world of men look upon her and admire her, and he would feel no jealousy. That was freedom, and he would give it to her,—but ah, she did not want it ! She did not want the admiration of society ; she shrank from the very notion of it. Valda had often pined for liberty. The restraints of her life were galling to her, and she had longed for more freedom ; but not for the sake of the admiration that it might bring her. There was singularly little vanity in her disposition, and this appeal to it did not move her. If he admired her, if he loved her, that was all that she cared for ; but that, even that, was too much. “It is impossible,” she said hopelessly.

“It is not impossible. Oh Valda, let me arrange it ! Listen to me——”

“No, no, no ! I may not. Do you think that a Turkish woman has no feeling of honour ? My husband has been good to me, and I have no complaint to bring against him. He would break his heart if I were to throw him off like that, and I cannot do it. Then my little boy,—my little Djemâled-Din—no, no ! I am bound by ties that are too strong to be broken,—I am bound, bound, bound fast !”

She flung out her hands with a gesture of despair as she spoke, and the action expressed the strength as well as the weakness of her nature, but Fitzroy was blind to its significance. He caught her hands again and held them fast in a grasp against which she felt herself powerless. “If you love me as I love you, there

is no tie, no bond that can hold us asunder. I would break any tie, make any sacrifice for your sake, Valda, and what is your husband that he should stand between us? A Turkish Pâsha, who will replace you by the first person whom his relations select for him! He did not choose you, he did not woo you; he married you as he would have married any woman who had been brought to him, had she been as ugly as sin and as wicked as a witch. I do not consider that you are legally bound to him; he is not the true husband that Heaven meant for you. Marry me, Valda, and you shall know what true marriage means."

Valda was silent, and for an instant, Fitzroy thought that she wavered. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "Mademoiselle,—what would she say, what would she think? She is a good woman, and she knows what is right and what is wrong. She would say that it was a sin; she would think of me as of a wicked woman."

"Oh, Mademoiselle," said Fitzroy in deep disgust; "you must not be guided by her. She is a bigoted and unreasonable person who is quite ignorant of the ways of the world: she would never be accepted by society in England; she is no better than a nun, and her opinion is of no value at all; it counts for nothing."

But that it did count for something with Valda Fitzroy saw from her face. She thought of Margaret, of her clear and honest eyes, and of the conceptions of right and wrong that she lived up to in all the little details of her daily life; and the realisation of that standard made her feel, as nothing else could have done, the falsity of the ideal now held up to her.

"Valda, Valda!" Fitzroy exclaimed, getting desperate as he saw

his chance slipping from him. "Why do you hesitate, why do you trouble yourself to think what an insignificant person like that may say? It does not matter in the least. You love me and I love you, and it is fate that has brought us together. Do not struggle against the decree of destiny, and so spoil both our lives."

"Destiny is powerful, but God is all-powerful," said Valda with a shudder. "God is great, and His curse would be upon me if I did this thing. I dare not do it!"

"What are you afraid of? You need do nothing,—I will do it, and I will take the whole responsibility of it. With the *harim* gates open all night long, as Hamîda Hânem tells me they are during the whole of Ramazân, it will be easy enough to manage. You have only to let yourself out through the *selâmlek* to meet me, and then,—then, in a few hours we should be at Ismailia, on board the boat, and steaming straight for England. Oh, Valda, think of it! You and I together for all our lives, with no one to come between us,—what happiness would be before us."

"Not with God's curse upon us," said Valda. "Something would happen, some punishment would fall. The ship would be wrecked, or you would be struck down by illness or accident. I should never get to England. I should have received my reward before that, for if anything happened to you, I should have nothing left to do, but to wait for the first dark night to throw myself into the sea."

"Oh Valda, this is fantasy, this is superstitious folly!" cried Fitzroy, his determination gaining strength from her opposition. "Surely you are not a coward, to be afraid of imaginary dangers?"

"No, I am not a coward. I am the daughter of long generations of

soldiers, and I am afraid of nothing for myself," said Valda firmly. "Let God's vengeance fall on me; I should deserve it, and I could endure to suffer myself; but it would not be only on me that it would fall. It would be on my husband, it would be on my little Djemâl-ed-Din, it would be on you. Do not ask me any more, Monsieur. I tell you that it is impossible; we must part."

"Yes,—if you decide it so—we must; we must part immediately, and for ever. In a few minutes your friend will be here, and by the decision you have come to then we shall have to abide. Now the choice lies in your hands, and it is the choice between happiness and misery. Oh Valda, I implore you, for my sake, if not for your own, consider what it is that you are doing. I do not know how to live without you; every chance of happiness will be lost to me, and my life will be made barren. I am leaving the country, and if I leave you behind, I know that I shall never see you again. Valda, Valda, say something to give me a little hope,—I beg of you, I implore you, before it is too late——"

But it was already too late. Already Hamîda's step was approaching, and her laugh was audible on the other side of the curtain. Valda snatched up her mask, and with shaking fingers fastened it into its place. She was trembling all over, and her face would have betrayed her to the most casual observer; but it was safely hidden by the time that Hamida came in, and her curious glance was unable to make anything out of the situation.

"Well!" she said gaily, "I hope you feel better, Valda? *Ma' sh' Allah!* Have you been in here all the time? It was best for you perhaps, since your nerves had been so shaken, but it is really a pity that

you should have missed seeing all the fun. Such spectacles we have seen! But now we must be going. Already we shall be behind our time, and my negro, though he is well schooled, has limits to his patience. Oh well! thank you M. le Majeur, I think I will have a glass of champagne, and just a mouthful more of that delicious *pâté*,—just a very little bit——"

"Hamîda, we must not stay," said Valda imperiously; "we must not keep the man waiting. Come at once,—I will not stay,—we have run enough risks."

Valda was desperate, and Hamîda had to drink off her champagne in a hurry, and leave untouched the plateful of *pâté* to which the Major had helped her.

"There is no fear," she said crossly, as they left the place; "my attendant is a discreet fellow, and he will never play us false. He knows that it would not be to his interest to do so. I am in possession of secrets that he would not like to be known, and therefore I can trust him with mine. We should find him at his post even if we were to be an hour behind our time."

Her confidence in the man was not misplaced. They found him in the dark archway where he had been ordered to wait, and as soon as he saw his mistress, he came forward silently.

Hamida had gone first with the Major through the boisterous crowd of dancers, and Fitzroy had managed to detain Valda a few steps behind. The evening was at its height, and the theatre was so full that it was not a very easy matter to steer a passage through the crowd, but with Fitzroy to guard her Valda was not afraid. She was weeping silently behind her mask, and she did not say a word as they made their way through the noisy scene; but as they passed out

of the brilliance, and reached the passage where the Major was bowing his adieux to Hamida, Valda paused, and held out her hand to Fitzroy. "Adieu, Monsieur," she said in a stifled voice; "may peace go with you, and happiness attend you!"

"Peace," said Fitzroy in a low tone of intense bitterness, "peace and happiness! No, Valda, they will be far enough from me; you could give them to me, but you will not."

"I cannot,—ah, forgive me,—indeed I am suffering enough!"

"Remember, M. le Majeur; goodbye in Turkish is *Ah las mâledüc*. Yes, now you say it rightly; that is

perfect. And now I must say it in earnest, adieu, adieu! Valda, my dear, are you coming?"

Hamida had been instructing the Major in Turkish phrases, his pronunciation of which had made her shriek with laughter, and it was a final lesson that gave Fitzroy the opportunity of lingering over his leave-taking; but now it was over, and Valda was turning away.

"*Au revoir*, Valda," he said in a hurried whisper. "I refuse to give up hope altogether, so it is *au revoir*, not adieu."

"*Ah las mâledüc, Monsieur!*" said Hamida.

(*To be continued.*)

POPE AND KING.

LAST year was fraught in Italy with stirring incidents, startling episodes, and memorable anniversaries. In a land where history confronts one at every turn, where the past is more pervasive than the present, the calendar is rich in such occasions. Two that were commemorated during the winter of 1897-98 revealed in vivid outlines the divisions of Italian life. The Jubilee of Pope Leo the Thirteenth and the Jubilee of the Constitution (or *Statuto*), though frankly opposite, if not hostile, in their objects, had one impulse in common. With the religious fervour that inspired the first, and the political feeling that marked the other, was manifestly blent the patriotic passion of an ardent people. It is this fact, combined with subsequent events, which make both celebrations worthy of more notice than they received at the time from the outside world. In attempting a brief description of them I by no means propose to enter upon the wide and thorny field of Italian politics, but merely to give impressions left upon the mind of a sojourner in this fascinating city.

Rome is still as enthralling as ever to the mind attuned to its manifold charms. It is the fashion in these days to decry its present aspects, to lament its modern expansion, to vilify the innovator's hand. "Rome is spoiled," are words not seldom used by the visitor whose æsthetic ardour blinds him to considerations of health or economics. Having lived in the Eternal City when Pio Nono was King as well

as Pope, and at several subsequent periods, I cannot say that Rome seemed to me one whit less picturesque or interesting as we drove from the heights beyond the Pincian early in the morning of Sunday, February 13th, to witness the Pope's reception of the pilgrims in St. Peter's. For weeks past this occasion had been anticipated with anxious eagerness. It was one of twofold interest. The Pope was about to celebrate not only the twentieth anniversary of his accession to the Pontificate, but also the sixtieth anniversary of his First Mass as priest. For twelve years he had not shown himself outside the Vatican, and had been seldom visible in St. Peter's. For twelve years the Head of the Church had been almost self-exiled from its great cathedral, during which time the splendid functions for which that august fane was famous had been, with rare exceptions, memories of the past. A Cardinal may be a Prince of the Church, and no doubt for spectacular purposes he is a very imposing and impressive personage, but he is not the Holy Father, *Sanctus*, the successor of St. Peter and the spiritual ruler of Catholic Christendom. A particular interest has, moreover, centred in the personality of Leo the Thirteenth. His great age, his gentleness, the simplicity and saintliness of his life, his keen and cultivated intellect, and the charm of mystery which surrounds the recluse, have all helped to make him the most attractive and popular figure in Europe. Though sufficiently accessible when

approached through the proper channels, his delicate health limits the possibilities of public or private audience, while his appearances in the Sistine Chapel are not nearly as frequent as they would otherwise be.

Although it was known that the Pope was himself keenly anxious to celebrate his Jubilee in some marked and memorable way, there was, up to the last moment, no certainty that he would be able to appear. With the advent of the new year parties of pilgrims had arrived in Rome from different quarters and countries, bearing tributes and messages, but the greatest demonstration of all, that organised by the many towns and religious bodies throughout Italy, was so timed as to take place on Jubilee Day itself. For two or three days before that date the city began to swarm with groups of country folks from all parts of Italy, many of whom then saw Rome for the first time. Clad in quaint and motley costume some of these visitors seemed to have sprung out of an earlier age, but all, whether from the modernised city or the mountain village, testified by their grave and subdued demeanour to the devout purpose of their mission. It was reckoned that at least sixteen thousand of these representatives took part in the Pilgrimage, and as each of them had a ticket of admission to St. Peter's, and as forty-five thousand tickets were issued to applicants, it was certain that not less than sixty thousand persons, and probably many more, were present in that mighty shrine.

Residents in Rome are not early risers as a rule, and miss therefore one of the delights of life in that place of magical atmospheric charm; but on that morning the streets were full of carriages and wayfarers before sunrise. Everyone was eager for a place, and all were in dread of being

crowded out; even the proud holders of tickets for the tribunes were eager to secure good seats. As a matter of fact, however, there was no need for such violent haste, as those who breakfasted at leisure and reached the cathedral at nine did just as well as those that went there starved and shivering in the chilliest hour of the morning. Where is the early sunshine brighter, or the sky bluer, or the air more buoyant, or where do the sparkling waters of the many fountains dance more joyously, than in Rome? And never were all in a happier mood than on that day. The Tiber, swollen by rains, was radiant in the sunlight, as it swept swiftly but silently between those stately quays that have done so much for the health and convenience of the city. When the temporary iron tram-bridge has been replaced by the handsome stone structure which is to succeed it; when the colossal pile of new Law Courts and offices, now all but ready for the roof, has been completed, flanking the Castle of St. Angelo with a yet lordlier edifice; when the embankments on both sides of the river have been finished as far as the end of Corso Vittorio Emanuele, as they ere long will be; and when the improvements now going on among the buildings on the southern bank have been carried into effect, then the aspect of Rome as seen from the Tiber will be more imperial than it has been at any period of its history.

No part of Rome has been less changed than the corner occupied and dominated by St. Peter's. There, at any rate, time has stood still so far as architecture is concerned. A tramway has been laid down the Borgo Vecchio, though it seems to apologise for its existence amid such surroundings; but the three streets that lead up from the Tiber to the cathedral

are flanked by the same gloomy, old-world buildings that stood there fifty years, or a century ago. They are streets full, as ever, of vivid life and variegated interest. Meat-shops hung round with lambs, kids, birds, either skinned or furred and feathered; bread-shops filled with loaves, rolls, buns, paste, macaroni, and meal in every form; fruit-shops abounding in oranges, apples, tomatoes, figs, raisins, and vegetables of all varieties; curiosity-shops, churchware-shops, wine-shops, shops which are more like caverns than places of trade in the nineteenth century, diversified by a church on one side and a fountain on the other, with a jostling chattering throng of pedestrians,—sightseers, priests, soldiers, peasants, students, children, and tradesfolk—all driven hither and thither by hurrying carriages, omnibuses, and carts, these are, as of yore, the incongruities that precede the vision that immediately succeeds.

For a vision it is of beauty and of splendour, that lordly Piazza of San Pietro, as much to our eyes to-day as it was when it first met them thirty-one years ago. Putting all technical questions of style and school, of measurement and proportion, aside, I am simple enough to hold that no modern edifice has a finer approach, a nobler disclosure, than St. Peter's. That circumambient colonnade of tawny columns, four abreast, with its crest of marble figures standing out against the sky-line; the vast circle of free space embraced therein, with its central Egyptian shaft piercing the blue, and its glorious fountains on either side, whose unresting waters flash so joyously in the morning sunlight; the huge golden-tinted pile beyond, crowned by its line of colossal figures and surmounted by its kingly dome,—all make a spectacle which uplifts the heart and satisfies the imagination. They certainly did so

on the morning of the Pope's Jubilee, when the great space, ampler even than it seems, was crowded with people and carriages, and the keen air was vibrant with the hum of a vast multitude.

As we stepped down to the pavement at the foot of the obelisk news-vendors beset us with copies of *VERA ROMA*, the Papal organ, with its admirable portrait and memoir of the Pope, and with copies of the Mass about to be performed. Soldiers kept guard and order, though there were no signs of disturbance; dealers in rosaries offered their beads and tokens; the grim, uncouth walls and windows of the Vatican looked down on the busy scene, as blankly as they have done for three centuries. There was no crush at the entrance. According to the colour of their tickets visitors filed off to the right or to the left, and, spared the weariness of lifting the ponderous leather curtains, found their way at once into the church which still, as Byron wrote of it when the century was young, stands alone of temples old, or altars new.

It is, I know, the fashion at this end of the century to decry the architectural merits of St. Peter's. Modern æstheticism finds all sorts of fault with an edifice which embodies the genius of Michel Angelo and inspired the genius of Byron. During successive visits to Rome, at different periods of life, I have striven to discover what justification there might be for this view, but have again and again failed in the endeavour. The impression of stillness and vastness and blended magnificence produced by the first glimpse of the wonderful interior is as overpowering now as it was then. Age does not wither nor custom stale that unique sensation. As one grows old, and as life's shadows deepen, the mind still asks

——what could be,
 Of earthly structures, in His honour
 piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty,
 all are aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

And what a scene it presented on the occasion I write of. Vast though its spaces are, the Church was filled with an ever-shifting congregation. Under the dome, and behind the high altar, tribunes had been erected for the accommodation of a favoured few, but otherwise the marble floor was occupied by a standing multitude, literally gathered from all the quarters of the earth. Down the centre armed men kept an open way for the Pontifical procession. Immediately behind them rows of patient spectators were ranged four and five deep, gladly ready to stand there for hours in order to secure a good view of His Holiness. Here it was impossible to move freely, but in the side aisles there was easier passage, though every buttress, cornice, ledge, or other coign of vantage was closely tenanted.

The composition of the crowd was, of course, its chief point of interest, as revealing the true significance of the occasion. In Rome one is ever wondering to what extent the Papacy still retains its hold over the loyalty and affections of the people, and the question is not easily answered. Foreign visitors find it difficult to penetrate the surface, or to judge between the conflicting utterances of either party. The Whites and the Blacks,—the Court and the Clerical, elements—are divided by such a deep line of cleavage that the mind is apt to be at fault when striving to estimate the relative strength of either. Both sides resort to bewildering violence of language in denouncing each other. Judging by the appearance of the throng in St. Peter's

there could hardly be a doubt that to a host of people in Italy the Church is still a living power and the Pope still a revered personality. As usual in Italian churches the occupants of the building were all mixed together without regard to class, age, rank, or origin. Peers and peasants jostled each other; the rough jacket of the rustic rubbed against the furred broadcloth of the noble; the laces and satins of the highborn dame mingled closely with the rough homespun and the gaudy cottons of the *contadina*. Priests and students, eager and animated, in gowns of many hues, swarmed everywhere. Soldiers in diverse uniforms were almost as numerous. The splendid figures of the Papal carbiniers stalked slowly about. Children of all ages and varieties of garb dogged the steps or burdened the arms of their elders. The ubiquitous foreigner was abundantly in evidence. Round the transepts and the tribune it was difficult to edge a way. In one corner a temporary hospital enclosure had been provided, with nurses in attendance, and thither at times fainting or overwrought sufferers were convoyed by the zealous guards. Beyond the black effigy of St. Peter, clad grotesquely for the occasion in gorgeous vestments, a group of emblazoned banners, borne by pilgrims, fluttered brightly above the heads of the crowd in the sunlight which streamed from the dome upon the burnished *baldacchino*, the glittering mosaics, and pale sculptures. The glimmer of lighted candles at the high altar and in the side chapels vied vainly with the morning radiance as it poured through the eastern windows and glorified the many-coloured scene below.

And through and over all this packed and shifting multitude was the ceaseless hum and muffled murmur of expectant myriads. One looked in

vain for signs of indifference or amusement. If enemies of the Church were there they did not let their faces betray their hostility. All seemed possessed by a vivid interest in the day's event; all seemed heartily in earnest. As the hours crept on, the tension of a common feeling became more manifest. Half-past nine had been announced as the time of the Pope's entry, but long ere the hands of the clock reached that point eyes were turned towards the crimson screen in the corner chapel on the right through which the procession was to pass. For once the equable atmosphere for which St. Peter's is famous grew close and heavy, until the opening of a door lightened it. Among the dense rows of spectators that lined the nave frequent passages of words enlivened the tedium. Struggles for place, not far removed from scuffles, were accompanied by exchanges of international vocabulary. At one point certain clerical students from Eastern Europe, who seemed anxious to displace a group of young Englishwomen, were addressed by a sturdy young American in terms which, though expressive, were hardly devotional or polite. Few forms of fatigue are more exhausting than that which attends standing in one place, and the weariness begotten by hours of waiting was hardly conducive to good manners. Yet as the time drew near all these disagreeables were forgotten in the excitement of the moment. Again and again a false report of the Pope's coming sent a wave of emotion through the church; and when the players on the silver trumpets, so seldom heard there in these days, were seen to gather in the gallery over the main entrance, the strain of suppressed emotion was quickened to almost painful intensity.

For let it be remembered that the aged Pontiff for whom we were look-

ing had been throughout the twenty years of his reign a prisoner, though a prisoner by his own will, in the Vatican; that to the Italian, and especially to the Roman mind, he represents a line of dignitaries who, with intervals of exile, were for nearly eighteen centuries the heads of the Church and the sovereign rulers of Rome; that he is in their eyes God's recognised Vicegerent on earth, and the possessor of special, if not superhuman attributes, and that he embodies to their minds all that is holiest and highest in our mundane life. Although he had been visible at times to people of position, of influence, or of wealth, he had through all these years been rarely seen in public or by the populace. A superstitious fancy that he might not live to witness his Jubilee had widely prevailed, and the final, actual dispersal of that fancy was all the more signal when it came.

The hum of many voices had swollen almost to uproar when the crimson hangings were at last drawn back, and from the silver trumpets overhead a blast of welcome pealed joyously forth. Then fell a moment's silence,—the hush of thrilled expectancy—followed by a growing tumult of cries as the procession slowly filed in. It is needless to describe it. The soldiers, the choristers, the priests, the surpliced acolytes, the mitred prelates, the purple *Monsignori*, the scarlet cardinals, the richly clad officials, the gorgeous vestments, the flickering candles, the pervading incense,—all seemed commonplace and familiar in anticipation of the closing figure, for which all eyes were straining, to greet which all throats were eager; and when, borne shoulder-high above the sea of heads, flanked in his chair of state by the snowy plumes of the *flabelli*, Leo the Thirteenth at last appeared frail, white, and

shadowy, wearing his Papal robes and the triple crown, a roar of sound acclaimed his advent. Then ensued a scene of enthusiasm such as I have never seen equalled. All restraint was forgotten, thrown to the winds, and a frenzy of delight seized everybody. Frantic shouts and cheers filled the air. Cries of *Santita! Santita! Il Papa! Viva!* burst from thousands of throats, while from not a few more daring lips the elsewhere impossible utterance, *Papa il Re*, was hurled forth, regardless of consequences. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved without intermission as long as the Pope was in view. Women knelt and wept, and men of sober mien let the tears course down their cheeks without a thought of shame. Others clasped their hands in pious ardour, or embraced with grateful joy. Children clamoured to be lifted up for a better glimpse of the spectacle. Even stolid English folk were carried away by the rapture of the moment, and one little Anglo-Saxon damsel found herself clambering up the stalwart back of an acquiescent young Roman in her eagerness to see the good old Pope.

And he looked a fitting subject for such a marvellous outburst. White, fragile, and slender he seemed more a spirit than a man,—an apparition rather than an embodiment. For once the human form typified to the eye its particular office and associations. Here was a Pope whose outward aspect and mien were in manifest harmony with his august position and sacred calling. His dignity of bearing was matched by his benignity of expression. Of all that passionately excited throng he was, perhaps, the most moved. It was a moment he had waited for, hoped for, but hardly dared to expect. His dark Italian eyes, still keen with youthful fire, revealed the joy within; his tall frame, enfeebled by age, but

still erect, was quivering with emotion. Not content, like his predecessor, to dispense his blessings in somewhat angular automatic fashion while seated, he rose to his feet, and staying himself with one hand holding the arm of his moving throne, he swept his other arm from side to side over the mass of heads before and around him, audibly repeating without cessation his pontifical benedictions. And this continued during the many minutes that were occupied by the slow passage to the altar, the plaudits only growing in intensity, the gladness never ceasing to spend itself, until, as the throne was lowered and the Pope reached the foot of the altar to kneel and pray there, a sudden hush fell upon all and the clamour of welcome ended.

It was in truth a strange and enkindling spectacle. Regarded in all its aspects, religious, historical and picturesque, it was I think, unique. It effectually dispelled any doubt as to the reality, the magnitude, the strength of the affection which a vast number of the people of Italy cherish for their Church and its present Head. It is not my concern to consider figures or to estimate proportions. What I was convinced about, and what I desire to indicate, is that, despite political differences, the alleged spread of scepticism, and the growth of a cynical worldliness (not confined wholly, it is said, to secular circles) there is both in Rome and in Italy a passionate attachment to the Pope's person and office which only needed occasion to exhibit itself in the manner I have attempted to describe. Free-thought and irreligion are, no doubt, as prevalent in Italy as elsewhere, and certain incongruities of profession and practice may force themselves on attention more frequently than in countries where the ecclesiastical life is less in evidence. But that the Church and the Pope

are both living powers and active, if not aggressive influences in Rome and in Italy no one present at the Jubilee could either deny or doubt.

Of the hour that followed the Pope's entry little need be said. Pontifical celebrations of the Mass are more or less alike, varying only with the music or the celebrants. On this occasion the service was materially abridged out of regard to the Pope's health; but he went through the solemn function and he received the homage of the pilgrims with a vigour that surprised everybody. In truth for the time being he appeared inspired and uplifted by a spiritual enthusiasm, or fervour, which overcame the frailty of the body, and expressed itself in every line and gesture. The exaltation on the part of the central figure in the pageant seemed to some extent shared by the multitude. There was less than usual of perfunctory dullness in the responses, just as there seemed a fuller ring of triumph in the *Glorias* and the *Aves*, and a softer touch of entreaty in the supplicatory refrains. Never did a deeper silence, a more solemn hush fall upon a prostrate throng, than when Leo the Thirteenth elevated the Host under the bronze canopy beneath the dome. The silvery hair and blanched visage of the venerable Pontiff gleamed forth from the wealth of colour in the golden sunlight that streamed down from the southern windows; the high priest looked worthy of the tabernacle; the sensation of the moment was attuned to the occasion and the shrine.

St. Peter's has been the scene of many imposing ceremonies. Councils have met and dogmas have been promulgated there. The bones of one hundred and thirty-four Popes are said to rest beneath or upon its marble floor. Centuries of strife, of controversy, and passion have ebbed and flowed around

it. But it is something to remember that though stripped of temporalities and shorn of earthly sovereignty, its chief priest is still the spiritual lord and arbiter of the Catholic world.

Little more than an hour had passed when the service closed, the music ceased, and the Pope was borne back again amidst a chorus of sound even more deafening and jubilant than that which hailed his entrance. The great doors were thrown open and the crowd surged forth, crushed and breathless, glad to reach the outer air with clothes untorn and pockets unrifled. A city of queer contrasts surely is Rome. Where else are the sublime and the beautiful so sharply confronted by the squalid and the base? And yet therein probably consists one of the secrets of its charm. When once the scramble and the suffocation were over and the radiant amplitude of the piazza was attained, all was forgotten in the wonder of that scene of swarming and intermingling humanity.

In the early part of 1848 the first free constitution conferred upon any portion of modern Italy was promulgated in Turin, the capital of what was then the kingdom of Sardinia and Piedmont. That was the beginning of the end, so far as despotic rule in Italian territory was concerned. One after another during succeeding years Sicily and Naples, Tuscany and Lombardy, Venice, and the lesser Duchies secured their freedom and joined their neighbours, until on September 20th, 1870, the Italian troops marched into Rome and the emancipation of the peninsula was complete. Partly by way of national rejoicing, and partly, perhaps, as a counterblast to the Pope's Jubilee, it was arranged to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first of these events in a manner befitting such an occasion. In most of the chief cities, and they are many,

celebrations more or less impressive took place, and that in Rome was necessarily the most notable and interesting. Here, too, was an opportunity to scan the social surface for some evidence of the forces that work below ; for though Italy is united in form it is by no means at one in sentiment. Political divisions are deep and wide throughout the country. Conflicting opinions are expressed with undisguised rancour. Oppressive taxation is a constant cause of discontent. Cumulative duties on every article of household consumption have borne heavily on a hard-working and often poverty-stricken people. A costly government, a great army, an ambitious navy, extravagant public works,—all have to be paid for out of scanty earnings, narrow profits, and depreciated property. But the origin of political discontent is too large a question to be here dealt with. I merely mention it as a reason why special interest attached to the jubilee of the *Statuto* in March of last year.

Proceedings began on Tuesday morning with a grand review of troops on the Piazza Indipendenza. As usual the sun shone brightly and the national flag fluttered bravely from hundreds of windows and house-tops ; but there was no organised scheme of street decoration. The square is not a large field for a military demonstration, but it is the freest open space within the walls, and as the function took the form of a march past there was room enough for the concourse. Pavement, windows, ledges, and doorways were all packed with people, and owners of benches, stools, and boxes drove a good business in providing standing-room for eager spectators. There must have been tens of thousands of them ; all were orderly and all seemed pleased, very much like a crowd in London on Lord Mayor's Day. Eager yet not

noisy, they waited in patience for the troops and for the King.

The open space of the piazza was kept clear by soldiery. About ten o'clock a murmur, but not a shout, betokened an advent, and immediately after there entered on the scene that which is in Rome a familiar but ever popular spectacle, the Queen's equipage. With its scarlet-clad outriders, coachman, and footmen, its fine horses and, above all, its regal occupant, Queen Margharita's carriage makes a brave and a becoming show ; and as it is seen during the season almost daily in the streets and public places of Rome, all classes of the people are well acquainted with the personality of their Sovereign's consort. Roman loyalty may be ardent, and there is no reason to doubt its sincerity, but it is not effusive ; it is respectful, but it is silent. As at other times, hats were lifted and heads bent, but there was no cheering ; local etiquette or custom forbids a more vociferous greeting. There could be no doubt, however, as to the interest which the Queen's appearance evoked. Necks were strained, children were held up, faces relaxed, a buzz of contentment was audible as the gracious lady, bowing incessantly as she always does, from side to side, was driven slowly past to the upper end of the square, the most attractive object in the show.

A body of cavalry came next, the personal guard of honour to the King, who followed, magnificently plumed and mounted, with a gorgeous escort of princes and officers, many of them in foreign uniforms. Again there was the same unemotional welcome, so different from what one might have expected from an impulsive Southern race. Had it not been for the martial clangour of the bands and the tramp of regiments upon the basalt roadway, the quietude of the

scene would have been strangely incongruous. Regiment after regiment, squadron after squadron, battery after battery, the troops filed past, bronzed, well-set-up, sturdy,—good fighting material one would say—with intelligent faces and resolute mien. They saluted the King stationed in the centre of the square, and he, with streaming white moustache, looking a very soldierly figure, seemed pleased at their martial aspect. Over twenty thousand men of all arms thus paraded, vanishing into the streets beyond. Then there was at last a cheer, somewhat formal, and the King and Queen departed as they came, and the crowd dispersed, mostly streaming in the wake of their Majesties, to the palace of the Quirinal.

There is no more interesting spot in newer Rome than Monte Cavallo, where the colossal horses and figures, confidingly attributed to Praxiteles, flank the yet more ancient obelisk from Egypt, with its cryptic carvings. Long before both were placed here the Temple of Romulus invested the scene with special sanctity. Now what was so long the residence of the Popes, built three centuries ago, a huge barrack-like pile, imposing by reason of its size, is the central home of the sovereigns of Italy. From its upper windows the eye sweeps over the whole of Rome, from the Coliseum to St. Peter's. It is the heart of the present city, the centre of its social life. Thither, after the review, flocked the loyal citizens and curious strangers, eager for a less formal glimpse of royalty. Cannon were planted across the street at the corner of the palace, with a sinister significance scarcely in keeping with a festal occasion. Armed men were plentiful. The neighbouring buildings were bedecked with flags and flowers. All round the central foun-

tain the piazza was soon tenanted by a surging crowd, much noisier in its disposition than that which had just broken up, and denser in proportion to the more limited space. Shouts and laughter were more frequent, and snatches of song were heard. The national colours were largely displayed, but there were not a few countenances whose sullen or cynical aspect betrayed the rankling hostility beneath. A full hour must have been spent in impatient waiting, and cries of *Il Re!* were multiplying, when attendants appeared on the marble balcony over the main entrance, and spread a velvet covering over the balustrade. In a minute or two the King and Queen stepped out and bowed two or three times to the multitude. Cheers roared out and hats and handkerchiefs were waved, but the Sovereigns retired almost as soon as they appeared, and the second excitement of the day was over.

It was in the Quirinal that the Cardinals used to meet in conclave, on the Pope's death, to choose a successor. It was from that balcony that the election of a new Pope was made known, and it was there he appeared for the first time, and gave his blessing. Doubtless there were many in the crowd who remembered those days with regret, and who deemed the change of sovereignty dearly purchased, though weighted with the gain of national freedom, unity, and constitutional right.

Two hours later a more impressive function took place amid yet more majestic surroundings. If the Quirinal be the centre of modern busy Rome, the Capitol was the heart and crown of ancient and imperial Rome. There was

—the rock of triumph, the high place

Where Rome embraced her heroes ;

there too, below, was spread, and
still spreads

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and
blood

where

—a proud people's passions were
exhaled,

From the first hour of empire in the
bud

To that when further worlds to conquer
fail'd.

The Capitoline Mount remains very much as it was in Byron's time and as Michel Angelo adorned it, but municipal care has cleared out its corners, garnished its slopes with soft sward and dainty shrubs, eased and broadened its approaches, and renovated its palaces. Though the pillared temples to pagan deities which once glorified its summit have long since vanished, the height still retains a certain stateliness of aspect which even the hard blank outlines of *Ara Cœli* fail to destroy. Whatever man may have done or undone there the memories that haunt the spot are imperishable; and as one paces slowly up the ramped slope that leads past *Rienzi's* effigy, the caged wolves, and the *Twin Brothers*, whose colossal figures and champing horses crest the brow, to the bronze and mounted presentment of Rome's noblest son, those memories crowd the mind, and cannot be put aside.

It was meet that such a place of majestic associations should be associated with the celebration of Italian unity and freedom. Here it was then that the King received in state the representatives of all the chief Italian municipalities, as well as the heads of the government and the institutions, —the spokesmen, that is to say, of the civil life of Italy. Counterfeit barriers of painted canvass walled in the open spaces between the three

palaces, and made a sheltered court of the square on the summit. Profuse floral decorations and flags bedecked the sculptured porticoes and façades. Thousands of gaily dressed men and women, the former clad in orders, uniforms, and evening dress, occupied this area, and pressed round the canopied throne, where for nearly two hours the King received the assembled deputations and personages. The addresses presented were all couched in a strain of fervid patriotism and national glorification, inseparable from such an occasion. They dilated on the loyalty of Italians to their present constitution and on the advantages that had accrued from their unification under a free central government. Whatever political spectres might haunt the background were necessarily invisible at such a moment. The King's responses were in every sense worthy of his theme and his position, as they generally are. He let it be clearly seen that he was conscious of his dignity as the latest inheritor of Roman sovereignty, the successor of that long line of rulers, kings, consuls, emperors, and pontiffs, who had for six and twenty centuries swayed the destinies of Rome.

Though some complain of the costliness of the Court, none deny the fidelity of the King to his constitutional obligations. Like the Emperor of Austro-Hungary he has a perilous course to steer between rival interests and hostile parties. If he seems to favour the one he offends the other; if he seeks to conciliate the Blacks he alienates the Whites; if he pleases the Soldier he alarms the Socialist. In such circumstances the only safe line to follow is to obey and abide by the Constitution, and that he strives to do, though even in doing that he is sometimes accused of violating its provisions, by acceding to the wishes of his Ministers. Called upon by the

exigencies of unity to maintain establishments in nearly a dozen different palaces, it is unavoidable that the expenses of the royal household should be heavy, if not extravagant, and the fact is made the most of by the Clericals; but both the King and the Queen are lavish in the dispensation of charity and in the personal encouragement of philanthropic work. Though their presence does not evoke any passionate expression of popular sympathy, the manifestations which accompany it indicate no lack of respect or popularity. It must be remembered that in Rome the dynasty is comparatively a new thing. It is barely a generation old, and it is confronted by an organisation which dates back to the times of the Cæsars.

There were other incidents of the festival of which much might be said did space permit. When the King returned from the Capitol to the Quirinal, attended by his chief Ministers, the whole route was densely crowded, though the enthusiasm was not more clamant than it had been earlier in the day. Some offence was caused, it was said, by the presence of guns at the approaches, as suggesting a distrust of popular feeling for which there was no ground. Throughout Italy, however, the army is everywhere in evidence, and in Rome the garrison is always large. At night there was a fairly successful attempt at illumination, the broad new thoroughfare of Via Nazionale being converted into a tunnel of flame by arches of iron pipes from which numberless gas-jets blazed. Clusters of electric lights towered above this avenue of fire and

the arches of the Coliseum, close by were lit up by flares of coloured light. A great reception was held in the halls of the Capitol, where "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome" loomed grimly out of the garish splendour of modern garments, and the drooping head of the Gladiator seemed stricken by the incongruous gaiety of the throng around him. On the day following the first stone of a monument to King Charles Albert of Savoy was laid in the public garden which flanks the Quirinal. The King and the Queen with the young, handsome, and popular Count of Turin, heir-presumptive to the throne, walked across from the palace, and more patriotic speeches were delivered. Monuments to the three saviours of Italy,—Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour—are to be found in every city of note throughout the kingdom; and very effective they mostly are, with a boldness of design, and a breadth of pedestal in which British monuments are too often lacking. Squares, avenues, and fountains named after one or other of the three are not less numerous. The gigantic pile of masonry, which is being slowly erected in honour of the first of them at the foot of the Capitol, will enable the mind to compare the architectural genius of this age with that of the Renaissance and the Empire. Whatever else may be said of New Rome or New Italy, it cannot be said that either is deficient in any desire to commemorate the names and lives of its worthies.

JOHN ROBINSON

DANTON.¹

FOR French historians the Revolution is still a subject of perennial occupation, but in England it has of late years been somewhat neglected. It disputes with the French Wars of Religion and our own troubles in the seventeenth century the constant affection of the historical novelist; but no very serious English work on the period has been produced for some years, with the exception (a very notable exception) of Mr. Morse Stephens's still unfinished history. There was therefore ample space for a new study of one of the chief characters in that strangest of stories.

It is to be regretted that the two lives of Danton which have been simultaneously presented to us should both have been written from much the same stand-point. The Revolution is one of those complex movements of which we can hardly obtain a satisfactory view from a single position; certainly neither from the extreme right nor from the extreme left. And while it is true that sympathy and comprehension are so closely allied as to be almost inseparable, it is also true that sympathy with a part may be so intense as to fatally affect the endeavour to comprehend the whole. The imperfect success of Mr. Belloc's attempt has considerably marred the value of his brilliant study; in Mr. Beesly's work there is no sign of any such attempt having been made.

"To understand the Revolution,"

says M. Aulard, "we must love it. Without this love, would Michelet, for all his genius, have succeeded in divining the souls of these men and the significance of these things? And in the same way, would the historian of another popular movement, the author of the *Life of Jesus*, have so profoundly understood his hero if he had not loved Him, if he had not in his own way believed in Him?"¹ The illustration will strike many who have studied both Michelet and Renan as unfortunate; and though it is impossible to suspect M. Aulard of a disrespectful thought about the idol whose modern High Priest he is, on other lips his maxim might be wrongly interpreted. It might be thought to contain the sinister suggestion that if the Revolution is to be loved at all, it must be before it is understood. Both Mr. Beesly and Mr. Belloc are fully provided with the sentiment which M. Aulard considers their first requisite; they love the Revolution, they believe in it, but not at all in M. Renan's way; they are in fact republicans first and historians afterwards. This is particularly the case with Mr. Beesly, and it is the more to be deplored because his book seems to be written for the general, that is the uncritical reader. This may be gathered mainly from the loose and rather injudicious nature of his references to the sources of his narrative. What "a Minister of Sweden" or "a fanatically Royalist

¹ 1. *THE LIFE OF DANTON*; by A. H. Beesly. London, 1899.

2. *DANTON*; a Study by Hilaire Belloc. London, 1899.

¹ *ETUDES ET LEÇONS SUR LA REVOLUTION FRANÇAISE*; par F. A. Aulard. Paris, 1893.

writer" said is not evidence; and when he informs us that "we are told that an autograph letter has been seen," it does not seem unduly inquisitive to ask where and when. He is indignant with Lafayette for prefacing with a "probably" his supposition that Danton meant Orleans to replace Louis on the tenth of August, but he is himself too fond of the word. "This may have been true, but if true, what Danton probably aimed at was,"—"What Danton said, if he said anything, was probably this:"—such phrases occur too often; and it is a little startling to be assured that for a certain fact "there is other evidence than supposition."

But these are venial faults compared with the use of a double set of measures whenever the King is in question. Mr. Beesly relates several anecdotes representing Louis as ferocious, cowardly, coarse, and intemperate; and he proceeds to add: "All this gossip, certainly malevolent and much of it perhaps untrue, ought to be most carefully sifted, before it could be accepted as a faithful portrait of the King. Here it is quoted because, whether false or true, it equally evinces the small estimation in which he was held." It is doubtful whether the gossip of malevolent liars, however carefully sifted, should ever be accepted as a faithful portrait; but portrait-painting is not Mr. Beesly's gift. Curiously enough, much the same accusations have been brought against Danton, as against Louis. He too was described by many of his contemporaries not only as false, profligate, and corrupt, but also as ferocious, cowardly, coarse, and intemperate. Do these charges, false or true, equally evince the small estimation in which Danton was held? Not at all: "The stories about Danton," (including, it must

be supposed, those that represent him as running away from the perils he had persuaded his friends to encounter, and stealing the Archduchess's table-napkins,) "show how much he was dreaded." Something seems wanting to these conclusions; is it good faith, or merely logic?

The enthusiasm of both these biographers for their hero is unbounded, and yet the result is not completely satisfactory; neither of them has ventured to paint him "with the warts." Mr. Belloc passes rapidly over his childhood, and does not read much prophetic meaning into the boyish insubordination which reveals to Mr. Beesly's more curious gaze "the born politician and the born orator." In the pages of the latter we see Danton develop first into a cultured and industrious young barrister of spotless reputation, and then into an earnest and conciliatory statesman, in whom there is little to remind us of that earlier portrait of the formidable tribune, shaking his huge black head and roaring down his opponents with his great reverberant voice. The "orgies" of which so much has been made, were, it seems, cheerful and inexpensive dinner-parties to which a young nephew could safely be invited. Was Danton "what is now called an Agnostic?" He was still respectful to the belief of others and would often take his wife to the church-door. Is it on record that he sometimes said bad words? It was only because "in his lighter moments he used the language used by every other man he met in society." We cannot expect any conscientious biographer to invent blemishes for the artistic gratification of his readers, but one may confess to a little disappointment at finding that circumstances have not permitted the retention of a single defect, if only to remind us of

the Danton we used to know. The admission that he was "not constitutionally painstaking" does not quite meet the case.

Of the men who made, or were made by the Revolution, Danton was undoubtedly the ablest after Mirabeau. Among a crowd of untaught and unteachable theorists, he was the only man who had the power of seeing things as they are, of grasping the actual facts of the situation, of realising that, in his own words, a revolution cannot be geometrically perfect. Unlike the more respectable of his associates, he was aware that the duty of a statesman does not precisely coincide with that of an apostle, and that to combine these offices is likely to imperil either a creed or a country. He made it his business not to preach the new gospel of the Rights of Man, in which, perhaps, he was not very keenly interested, but if possible to govern France. The powerful personality of "the great Conventional," his patriotism, his eloquence, his good sense, his rare freedom from the least taint of personal rancour,—*"I am constitutionally incapable of bearing malice,"* he said, and nothing in his life contradicts him—all help to make him an attractive figure; and yet when this is admitted, the impartial student must still realise that something is wanting to the making of a statesman, a good deal to the making of a hero.

Long before 1789, the year in which Danton abandoned the career of a clever and successful barrister for wilder and darker ways, it was plain that some great social or political catastrophe was at hand. All Europe was vibrating with the expectation of an impending crisis; for financial disorder, popular discontent, the unspeakable misery of the peasantry were not, as Mr. Beesly seems to believe, the portion of France alone.

The revolution which seemed imminent in almost every Continental State in the last half of the eighteenth century, took place in France, not because the condition of the French people was worse than that of their neighbours, but because, on the whole, it was better. The cruel exactions and restrictions which oppressed the French peasant were less hopelessly severe than those which crushed his brother in Germany, Austria, and Hungary; he was no longer a serf; he often owned the field he tilled; and it was because he had been permitted to take the first steps on the path of freedom, that the fetters which still galled his limbs became intolerable to him. Nothing was left of the feudal system in France but ruined fragments, and the Revolutionists tore down a crumbling wall. "By destroying some of the mediæval institutions," says de Tocqueville, "those which were left were made a hundred times more hateful." And the conclusion is confirmed by the fact that the old order found its most ardent defenders in those provinces,—Brittany and Poitou,—where the old feudal relations had been least affected by the modern idea. Under a ruler as adroit and unscrupulous as Louis the Eleventh or Henry the Fourth, France might have emerged from the crisis as the constitutional monarchy of which Mirabeau traced the audacious outline, in whose "perfectly flat surface" (a single class of citizens) he thought Richelieu would have found something to like. Under the slow-witted, kindly, honest, irresolute man who was called to that post of overwhelming difficulty, no such compromise was possible; and the pall that covered Mirabeau's coffin, as he had foreseen (what did he not foresee?) covered the monarchy too. The gentle humanity of Louis and his want of self-reliance made him singularly unfit

to deal with a nation in revolt; but his indecision and the criminal folly of his advisers were not the only elements in the process which transformed the Revolution, under the eyes of those who had hailed it as the angelic herald of peace and joy, into an object of terror and disgust. The incapacity of the King was equalled by the incapacity of the popular assemblies which took upon themselves to supersede him; the enthusiastic *bourgeois* who undertook without much reflection the government of a great nation, were fatally hindered in their task by their colossal ignorance not of affairs only, but of human nature, of life itself. In a situation so bewildering, so intoxicating in its novelty, they could not estimate with any certainty the results of any of their measures; their wish to alter the course of the ship was thoroughly commendable, but had they known more of seamanship, they would not have begun by throwing the compass overboard. Inconsequent, visionary, and impatient, they promised the country freedom and could only bestow anarchy; in the name of brotherhood and equality they placed some thousands of their fellow-citizens beyond the pale of the law; they used the ruins of the old despotism for the foundation of a tyranny as crushing as the world has yet seen. Owing no law but the will of the people they allowed the clamour of the Parisian populace to drown that greater voice. "Paris alone," says Mr. Belloc, "made the fourteenth of July, almost alone the tenth of August, alone and against France the second of June. It was the rule of Paris that made the whole course of the Revolution." The statement has been disputed, but not, I think, disproved. The peasantry formed the bulk of the nation, and the peasant was inaudible under the new order as under the old. He

had no place in the National Assembly; its aspirations were not his; he begged for bread and they gave him a Constitution, for peace and they thrust a pike into his hand, for unity and order, and behold the black labyrinths of the Terror, and beyond them Napoleon. By the spring of 1793 two representatives on mission, members of the extreme revolutionary party, reported to the Convention that "the whole country is sick of the Revolution." Even the heroism of the army, the glory in which its great achievements draped France, cannot conceal the squalid misery to which she was reduced; never was that great nation "so splendid without, so soiled within."

With the work of national defence Danton's name is inseparably connected; it is his best title to remembrance. But in his foreign policy there is nothing distinctively democratic. On the contrary, he had no difficulty in perceiving that in international affairs, the Republic must speak the same language as the Monarchy, if it wished to make itself heard. Thus, when the Convention had promised protection to any people desirous of resisting the oppression of a tyrant, Danton pointed out that, "This somewhat vague decree would pledge us to go to the aid of any patriot who might choose to make a revolution in China. It is time for the Convention to show Europe that we know how to unite political capacity to republican virtues. We must think first of the safety of the body politic." And when he proposed the annexation of Belgium, the republican virtues were set so far in the background that they became invisible; Richelieu would have been proud of his disciple.

Had Danton seen as clear and as far in other directions as he did in foreign affairs, he might have saved France not only from the Prussian

invader but possibly from herself. But that great task was beyond him; and the lack of personal ambition, which prevented him from being a good party leader, the readiness to compromise which led to his being suspected of inconsistency and vacillation, only partially account for his failure as a statesman. It was mainly due to his want of foresight and perception. He shared naturally, to some extent, the limitations of his colleagues; his robust common-sense did not compensate for his lack of training and experience, and without Mirabeau's knowledge of the world he could not estimate the probable action of the forces which he contributed to release. At the beginning of his political life he committed himself to the advanced revolutionary position. The placards which invited the Parisian mob to march on Versailles (October, 1789,) were signed by his name; standing on the altar on the Champ de Mars (July, 1791,) he read to the crowd the petition which demanded that the throne should be pronounced empty, because of the King's flight to Varennes; it was he who was chiefly responsible for the insurrection of August 10th (1792), when, in reply to the threats of the Prussian invaders, a furious attack on the Tuileries drove the royal family to take refuge in the Assembly, to be led thence prisoners to the Temple. He assisted, that is to say, to shatter the machinery of government without any clear idea of how to replace it; and he did not recognise till too late that any government was better than none.

The tenth of August was a memorable date in Danton's history and in the history of the Revolution. It marks the end of the Monarchy and the beginning of the Republic; but it was hardly less fatal to the one than to the other. The day which dawned blood-red over the palace,

rose not less ominously over the half empty hall close by in which the representatives of the nation sat listening to the musket-shots without. On that day the stronger of the Revolutionary leaders, with Danton at their head, deliberately set law aside in favour of force; and with the National Assembly sitting impotent and degraded before the insurrectionary fury of the populace, the republican ideal faded finally into the mists from which it rose and France entered unaware upon the reign of terror.

With the Monarchy, the common enemy disappeared, but peace and order were now further off than ever. Louis had not known how to rule, but he knew how to die; and the serene dignity of his last days sent home to the hearts and consciences of his people the appeal which his misfortunes had already made, not wholly in vain. But his death did not only alienate the sympathy of France from the Revolutionists of Paris; it set them freetoturn their swords upon each other.

Danton saw plainly the shameful folly of party quarrels while a foreign army was crossing the frontier; and to avert that additional danger there was nothing he was not willing to forego or to forget. But other men's memories were more tenacious than his, or their attachment to their country less disinterested and less unfaltering. In vain he repudiated Marat and held out his hand to the Girondists; they would not take it, it was not clean enough; they chose rather to die than to be saved by Danton. Doomed to associate with colleagues whom he despised but whom he could neither conciliate nor control, too often a follower of the rabble he was supposed to be leading, he was forced to masquerade as a ferocious demagogue, lest the appearance of humanity and moderation should disgust them.

After four years of anarchy he acknowledged that France needed a dictator; and he did his best to provide what was wanted in the Revolutionary tribunal. They had arrived, he said, at a point when the public safety required terrible measures; and he could see no halting-place between the ordinary law which he had left far behind him, and the monstrous possibilities of the Tribunal. But he was not strong enough to control the machine he had invented, nor dishonest enough to pretend that government by guillotine had advanced the regeneration of France. "For demanding the institution of the Revolutionary Tribunal," he said when his own turn came to follow the Girondists to the scaffold, "I ask pardon of God and man." And he added: "I am leaving everything in a terrible muddle."

On the subject of the September massacres Danton's biographers have naturally much to say. His connection with them has been generally considered the darkest blot on his name; and the defence which Mr. Belloc here presents is the weakest page in his book. Longwy had capitulated to the Prussians on August 24th, and Verdun was taken on the 30th. Paris was in a frenzy of alarm and indignation when Danton declared that the tenth of August "has divided France into two parties, one of which is attached to Royalty, the other desires the Republic. The latter as you cannot disguise from yourselves is in a very small minority. To disconcert their measures and to check the enemy, the Royalists must be frightened." His apologists say that he was thinking only of the Royalists at large who were corresponding with the invaders, and not of the Royalists who were crowding the prisons; but the Commune of Paris did not concern itself with the dis-

tinction. On Sunday, September 2nd, a small, well-organised band of murderers invaded the prisons and a systematic and orderly torture and butchery went on all day; at night the committee of one of the sections of Paris dared not refuse to send wine and food "for the brave workmen who were delivering the nation from its enemies." After the political prisoners, of whom the most illustrious was the Princess de Lamballe, it was the turn of humbler victims, of the women and girls in the hospital prison of the Salpêtrière, of the unhappy wretches confined at Bicêtre. Forty-three of these were under eighteen. "The murderers said that it was much more difficult to finish off the children than the grown men," reported one who was present; "at that age one has such a hold of life." The slaughter continued for four days. Mr. Belloc reminds us that the number of the murdered has been greatly exaggerated; it is generally reckoned at a thousand, but it may only have been seven hundred. Mr. Beesly deprecates too severe a condemnation, because much the same thing was done, he says, at Austerlitz, "by a general who may recount his order without a blush." They both assure us that Danton was radiantly innocent of the affair. In the first place, says Mr. Beesly, it was not his business, as Minister of Justice, but that of Roland, as Minister of the Interior, to preserve the peace and security of the citizens. Secondly, any one in his position "must have had much else to do which at the time seemed even more urgently imperative" than the arrest of the long agony of defenceless men and women. Thirdly, he could not have interfered without risking his popularity, possibly his life. In this view Mr. Belloc concurs. After the tenth of August Danton was, he says, the foremost man in

France, "practically the Executive himself." And yet, if he had wished to act it would have been impossible. But did he wish to act? Mr. Belloc is too honest and too well informed to assert it. To attempt to stop the massacres would have been, he thinks, to risk his influence, "To win something that was not precious to him at all,—the lives of a mass of men, the bulk of whom demanded the success of the invasion."

What a heavy sentence is this which falls from the lips of Danton's eager advocate! So ignorant was he then of the spiritual aspects of life, that he did not recognise that there was here no mere question of "the lives of a mass of men;" so blind that he did not see that the deepest wound made by the murderer's knife was in the heart of his young Republic: the "thing that was not precious to him at all" was the vital principle of justice; and his indifference, not his impotence, condemns him. But Mr. Belloc's moral sense is more acute than he would have us believe, and a certain uneasiness, a certain regret, pierces the justification he presses upon us. Had it been Danton who struggled to the Carnes with his two policemen, in a vain effort to stop the slaughter, how he would have rejoiced to paint for us his heroic failure. But it was that commonplace person, the Procureur Manuel, who forced his way through the crowd, while Danton silently turned his back on the murderers till the time came to defend them in the Convention. It is not easy to believe that neither his silence nor his speech accuses him.

Mr. Belloc has no hesitation in accepting the whole of the Revolution legend, including the cheers of the Vengeur; he reminds us indeed of Lord Beaconsfield's saying that there are only two events in history,—the

Siege of Troy and the French Revolution. He has carefully studied both the older and newer writers, and while he is most sensible of his obligations to the modern school, his book owes still more to a greater than any of them; he has caught from Michelet something of his warmth and his sincerity, and something too of his imaginative power. He holds, as Michelet did, that everything that came after the Revolution was directly due to it; indeed in some cases it seems to have exercised a kind of retrospective beneficence. "How many unquestioned dogmas," he says, "were suddenly brought out [by the Revolution] to broad daylight! All our modern indecision, our confused philosophies, spring from that stirring of the depths. Is property a right? Is marriage sacred? Have we duties to the State, to the land? All these questions begin to be raised." But both Voltaire and Rousseau lived and wrote before the National Assembly of 1789; and men had not waited till their time, as Mr. Belloc suggests they did, "to rise up and ask, 'Is there a God?'" He even calls upon his readers to admire the religious influence of the Revolution. "There are to-day," he says, "more monasteries and convents in France, more of the clergy, both regular and secular, by far more missionaries than there were in 1789. The Revolution, for all its antagonism, gave to the Faith a new life." It is generally admitted that persecution either exterminates or stimulates faith; and still we are slow to congratulate the persecutor upon his services. And for the rest, the statement is as true of England as of France; so that perhaps we ought to connect the increase of religious activity in the English Church with the destruction of the Bastille.

But there are one or two conse-

quences of the Revolution or of the form it took (and we cannot separate soul and body) which he has forgotten to enumerate, but which a dispassionate observer cannot well overlook. One of these is the permanent distrust of France which it created without her borders. "In this crisis," says M. Aulard, "the French nation showed the depths of her being. Men saw then what this people was, what it could do, and they thought they saw what it might some day be." M. Aulard utters the sentence with a note of triumph in his voice; and we repeat the words after him but not in triumph. For what Europe saw in that crisis was a very ugly sight, and one that will never be quite forgotten. By many students of national character the Terror is not only regarded as an indelible stain on the French reputation, but also as a hideous revelation of the possibilities of French nature.

Guizot tells us that while in English history we perceive "no old element

perishing entirely, no new one wholly triumphant," on the Continent, on the other hand, "each system, each principle has in some degree had its turn. In the Continental States all political experiments, so to speak, have been fuller and more complete." The statement is too sweeping to be accepted without qualifications, but France at least has lent herself very fully to its illustration. For a little more than a hundred years that country has been governed by a series of political experiments, of which the great Revolution was the first and the most remarkable. Experiments on so large a scale are naturally costly, but one truth at least has been plainly demonstrated by them; and that is that, in changing a nation's form of government, one does not change very much; a country may wrench itself loose from its own past without releasing itself from one of the elements of which, for good or evil, that past was made.

H. C. MACDOWALL.

THE TRUE POET OF IMPERIALISM.

THE rapid development of Imperialist sentiment in our time is one of the most notable incidents of recent history, following, as it does, on a period so sterile in Imperial ideas. In 1841 Sir Robert Peel was willing to let Upper and Lower Canada go their own ways. In 1852 Lord Beaconsfield was restive under "those wretched Colonies." In 1870 Mr. Froude, writing to Mr. John Skelton, alluded to "G. & Co." (meaning Mr. Gladstone) as desirous of seeing the Colonies go into separate political life. In 1873 THE TIMES advised the Canadians to take up their freedom, as "the days of their apprenticeship were over." The late Mr. Forster was the first to make head against this policy; it was he who first gave an authoritative voice to the arguments in favour of retaining the Colonies, of uniting them, and of promoting an Imperial Federation. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the movement for Federation, the name of Mr. Forster must retain the place of honour as the first serious promoter of an ambitious and splendid scheme.

But the Imperialist sentiment is not due wholly to statesmen; the poets also have a claim upon our recognition. At present it is somewhat the fashion to attribute the sudden precipitation of patriotic feeling to Mr. Kipling. No one will grudge him his full measure of credit, or doubt that he has before him a desirable and memorable career as an exponent of British sentiment. But at the same time no one can have read Lord Tennyson's biography with-

out recognising that he held strong Imperialist views in the days when those views were not popular; and taking the biography and the poems together we may easily find in both a splendid body of patriotic policy expressed in noble verse.

The series of Imperialist poems began in 1852, when the outbreak of French petulance produced an equal outbreak of patriotic fervour on the side of England. Tennyson, with his usual historical impulse, sang strongly:

We were the best of marksmen long
ago,
We won old battles with our strength
the bow;
Now practise, yeomen,
Like those bowmen
Till your balls fly as their true shafts
have flown.

Yeomen, guard your own.

And curiously enough in his other contemporary patriotic song he struck that note of friendly feeling for America, the echoes of which have never quite ceased to vibrate, and which have so notably awakened in our own present time:

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant Powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round,
God the tyrant's cause confound,
To our great kinsmen of the West, my
friends,
And the great name of England round
and round.

There may, perhaps, be some reasonable doubt about the permanence of any policy of alliance with a nation which has little unity of popular sentiment, and which for political purposes is influenced, if not dominated, by a foreign and varied vote; but in the main the mass of purely American people is friendly to Great Britain; and the appeal of Tennyson, still read in the homes and ringing in the ears of Americans, will not in the end be forgotten and will not, in due time, have been in vain.

Against the Napoleonic régime, at its beginning at least, Tennyson, in common with most of the literary class, was strongly hostile, and his poem entitled *THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY*, 1852, contains vigorous and stately denunciation as well as lofty appeals to the historic passion of England:

As long as we remain, we must speak free,
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break;
No little German state are we,
But the one voice of Europe: we *must* speak;
That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things we said.

That is a splendid presentation of the consciousness of National greatness and dignity; no poet of our time has presented the same idea with the same strength and charm. When the poet turns in his mood, from self-assertion to challenge and denunciation, his language is equally lofty. The French Emperor is in question:

Shall we fear *him*? Our own we never feared.

From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims.

Pricked by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
We flung the burthen of the second James.

I say, we *never* feared! And as for these,

We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas.

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The peremptory vigour and natural pride of these two concluding lines have never been equalled in our time, have never been surpassed in any time; and we are not assuming too much when we say that the feelings they express are always very near the lips and hands of English-speaking men in all parts of the world.

It was not alone to the passion and pride of his fellow-countrymen that Tennyson appealed; he never ignored the National conscience. Long before the more recent refrain of *Lest we forget* had become familiar to our ears, Tennyson had given forth this note of warning and exhortation:

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, oh God, from brute control;
Oh Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

That is at once an appeal to the National conscience and to the

National reason. It was written long before the author of RECESSIONAL was born. While we may admit the opportunities of the newer voices, we must not forget or neglect the record of what our greater poet, master as he was of the power and music of the English tongue, sang to us not so many years ago.

Tennyson's eye was ever on any part of the empire where the pulse of National being was beating most quickly; and he neglected no episode of courage and daring, no act of endurance, no event of peace or war which added to the National honour. In his DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW, while he celebrates the valour and energy of the British soldier, he does not ignore the loyal heroism of the natives who remained true to our cause.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let
the dark face have his due!

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who
fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and
drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our
banner in India blew.

When we read more modern tributes to the heroism of our native allies we may recognise the justice of them; but we must not forget that it was Tennyson who set the fashion, and turned the mind of England gratefully towards those who stood by us, though they knew that all the impulses that had run through their race for a thousand years were on the side and in the bosoms of the mutineers.

When the pulses of certain public men were beating but feebly in response to Colonial protestations of loyalty, the voice of Tennyson was raised in that fine address to the Queen at the close of THE IDYLLS OF THE KING, which brought forth Lord Dufferin's warm acknowledgment. He wrote from Rideau Hall, Ottawa, in 1873:

Amongst no people have I ever met more contentment with their general condition, a more legitimate pride in all those characteristics which constitute their nationality, or a firmer faith in the destinies in store for them. Your noble words have struck responsive fire from every heart; they have been published in every newspaper and have been completely effectual to heal the wounds occasioned by the senseless language of THE TIMES.

The senseless language was that to which we referred at the beginning of this paper; and the poet's lines which evoked so much comment and admiration were as follows:

And that true North, whereof we lately
heard
A strain to shame us: "Keep you to
yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! Friends, your
love
Is but a burthen: loose the bond and
go."
Is this the tone of Empire? Here the
faith
That made us rulers? This, indeed,
her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of
Hougoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under
Heaven?

The voice and meaning of England was never perhaps fully and fairly expressed by the Separatist party in England. If it was so expressed, there has been a great and, we may hope, a final change. The process of conversion and conviction has been gradual but certain, and Mr. Forster's ideas have become a permanent part of political opinion. In 1875 the late Lord Derby said:

When I entered Parliament in 1849, and for years afterwards, a Member who should have laid stress on the importance of keeping up the connection with the Colonies would have been set down by advanced thinkers as holding respectable, but old-fashioned and obsolete ideas. The doctrine most in favour was that a Colonial Empire added nothing to real

strength, involved needless expense, and increased the liability to war. Now everybody is for holding on to the Colonies which we have got; and a good many people seem to be in favour of finding new ones.

He was unable himself to take very hopeful views of the workable character of schemes for Federation; but he recognised the fact that opinion had advanced, in two or three years, upon that subject. Since his time the advance has been more marked, and though we are still far from having before us a workable scheme, we have at least entertained with favour the idea that such a scheme will at some not distant day be produced; and many intelligent, if yet unsuccessful, attempts have already been made to produce it. And now the poetry of Tennyson has become the poetry of statesmen:

The loyal to their crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who
love
Our Ocean-Empire with her boundless
homes
For ever-broadening England, and her
throne
In our vast Orient, and our isle, one
isle,
That knows not her own greatness; if
she knows
And dreads it, we are fall'n.

We may now feel safe in the assurance that she does know it and does not dread it, and is not fallen but stronger than ever for the knowledge.

In his verses on the opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in 1886 Tennyson once more gave voice to his Imperialist views. He expressed his regret for the one great separation of the race, and his hope for a federal union of what we had gained and kept since then.

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call:
"Sons, be welded each and all
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!
Britons, hold your own."

There has been, we think, some little tendency to overlook this Imperial note in the verse of the greatest poet of our age. Catching phrases and felicitous occasional verses have fastened themselves on the fancy of the multitude; and vigorous, if somewhat vulgar, appeals to common minds and to material forms of thought have had much popularity. There has been a disposition to entertain ideas too favourable to mere national greed, to warlike passion for the sake of war, and some leaning towards admiration for the coarser side of our military life, and the more hectoring spirit of our National politics. In Tennyson's poetry nothing of the kind will be found. The air he gives his readers to breathe is too rare and pure for any but our best to breathe in; and they are our best who do their duty best and with the purest motives, whether that duty be fighting, or trading, or prospecting, or colonising, or taking part in the vast and varied machinery of government. Such at these prevail and rule in the end. As long as they remain with us, part of our National vitality and part of our Imperial hope, so long will they instinctively find inspiration in the pages of Tennyson. And while this is so we may be sure that the future history of the Empire, though it may be stormy, will not be stained.

A CHELSEA MANUSCRIPT.

(EDITED BY RONALD McNEILL.)

ONE other matter, too, shines clear to me through the ever deepening mist of that "Age of Victoria." This, namely, that the appointed Guardian of English souls in that age, called Anglican Church by mortal men, is now in very palpable commotion:—in very travail is our poor Mother, Anglican Church. Hot, and ever hotter debate do her sons now hold under the stars. "Is our poor Mother in very truth Anglican, think you, at all?" "Roman, then?"—"Nay, surely Genevan." Thus do our poor Mother's truculent sons hold high debate under Heaven; busy with the Name and Time-title of her;—of her Honour, and God-given *character*, careless enough.

Surely, of all matters hitherto debated by sons of Adam, this of our Anglican Church is incomprehensible? "Age of Victoria"? I had thought our "Age of Elizabeth" had settled all that:—Scarlet Woman packed to her seven hills never to set wanton foot on English hills more. Thus far, we verily supposed, had we brought it from "pestilent priest" Becket, Langton Charter and "*Ecclesia Anglicana libera Sit*," Præmunire Statutes, Royal Supremacies, Smithfield burnings;—thus far, to total abolition of said Scarlet Woman and consignment of her and her trappings—Confessions, Incense-burnings, all manner of ceremonial garniture and Mass-furniture—to Denial and Everlasting Oblivion. Not so. We will proceed, if you please, in our Age of Enlightenment, and not without heat,

solemnly to debate the matter; will, with "Church Unions," "Church Associations" and the like, proceed to dissect scientifically or unscientifically the character of our Mother.

It is the year of grace, 1835, or thereabouts, as Dryasdust tells me, wherein I discern in this England a cloud like a man's hand, like enough to become Elijah-rainstorm, not altogether of the fructifying species. England is busy in this time,—or, if not busy, at least noisy—and debates Parliament Reforms, Progress of Science, &c., with or without enlightenment. But it is in the Silence, as ever, that seed is planted which with due tending shall grow to umbrageous tree, bearing fruit, sweet or bitter. But, "Of what Species shall the tree be?" This is a question of some importance in a scientific and enlightened Age. Oak, think you?—or, oh Heavens!—upas? We will wait till it grow, and then—will debate the matter.

Dimly, through Dryasdust's telescope, do I perceive a certain young gentleman of the pedagogic-spiritual sort preparing lectures in Oriel College, preparing sermons for Mary's Church in Oxford,—a reverend young gentleman with thoughts in his head, significant perhaps. It is young Mr. Newman who sits there in Oriel College,—a learned, reverend young gentleman reading all manner of Church Fathers and the like, preparing seed of oak or upas. To pedagogic-spiritual Mr. Newman it would seem there are matters

worthier of debate than Parliament Reforms. The character of our poor Mother, *Ecclesia Anglicana*,—this is of all matters the momentousest for the reverend young gentleman. O reverend Mr. Newman, with what infinite searchings of heart, searchings of Church Fathers and all the children of Dryasdust, wilt thou discover that our poor “Age of Elizabeth,” which we hoped had been an Age of Heroism and Fact, was after all clearly an Age of Quackery and Sham-Fact!—that our *Ecclesia Anglicana* is no true child of Reality and Protestant Reformation, but bastard child of Babylonish Scarlet Woman! This, in thine Oriel silence, sowing seed of oak or upas, by Tract Ninety and Church Father learning thou wilt indisputably prove. Nevertheless,—some ten years or more, now gone—I perceive that our reverend friend, doubtful now of our poor Mother’s virtue, or even flatly denying the same, hath, with due “Apology” to all concerned, betaken himself to his Grandmother, veritable Scarlet Woman herself; and will of her Babylonish cloth furnish himself a Hat.

Thus, like Discord from banquet of the gods, friend Newman, with due Apology made, departs leaving on our Anglican board his apple “for the Fairest.” Approach, then, claimant goddesses, that our Paris,—English Demos namely—may award. Catholicism, Protestantism, Liberalism;—which is fairest, think you? Alas! Demos-Paris has not one voice, but many voices. Poor Demos-Paris can in no wise award—cannot so much as rightly speak; can only debate; and our goddesses may wrangle it till Ilion fall—till crack of Doom. Meanwhile, may we not somewhat assist said wrangle with our “Church Associations,” “Church Unions,” “Gorham Judgments,” Privy

Councillings and Parliament Acts? Nay, may not Liberalism too press her claim, and at least write some “Essays and Reviews”? Liberalism is clearly of Teutonic parentage, hateful to “Apologia”-Newman, hateful to Orthodoxy of whatsoever species. Clearly, Orthodoxy will have no “Essays and Reviews,” will inexorably send all writers of such to Darkness and Oblivion. Say you so, my learned friend? Amid those spectral ghosts, hateful to Orthodoxy, do I not dimly discern a certain Temple, not unknown to me? What if said Temple should, by assiduous pedagogic travail, get himself gaiters?—Orthodoxy of whatsoever species would thereat make lamentation, one might surmise, audible to Dryasdust.

Audible too, is the ever growing debate of the sons of our *Ecclesia Anglicana*. Audible,—and sorrowful, tragic! Verily, Man, debating in the deep heart of him, in silence, in meditation, how best to hold converse with the Eternal,—that were indeed worth much. But Man, debating not in any degree that, or in that manner;—debating, rather, with crackling as of burnt sticks, with hissings as of serpents, with Associations, Unions, Apologias, Tract Ninety, and Thirty-Nine or other Articles; debating in what *garments*, with what *posture*, he shall present himself before some symbol of the Eternal,—symbol for the most part now grown to be no symbol—; O Heaven! that were indeed a debate of owls and bats hooting through Night and Chaos! Yet this, and no other has now in our “Age of Enlightenment,”—“Age of Victoria” having by this time a Jubilee or two to its credit, as Dryasdust informs me—become the question of questions for all loyal sons of our Anglican Mother. “Heavens! Dost thou pray Westward, Orthodoxy (of the Catholic species) affirming it shall

be Eastward? Is thy Soul no Fact then, nor Tartarus deep? And dost thou frock thyself in black; knowest thou not such to be Devil's livery? The Almighty, I do assure thee, Protestant friend, hath an eye for colour! Get thee copes therefore, and chasubles, albs, and variegated prayer-clothes changing with Earth's seasons, to cover thy breeches withal. And get thee incense to perfume our souls withal, if haply the Eternal may give heed to us. And such misdemeanours as may be in any son of Adam, let us confess them—not in the Eternal Silence, like blind old Hebrew Prophets and the like—but to thee, Reverend Mr. Chasuble, to thee Reverend Mr. Eastward-Posture." Catholicism furnished with incense-smoke, with variegated prayer-clothes changing with the seasons, confessing misdemeanours to Reverend Mr. Eastward-Posture—is not she indubitably fairest? "Nay," answers Protestantism, "rather is she indubitably daughter of Babylon, daughter beyond question of Deceit and Beelzebub. As for me, thou, who knowest thine 'Age of Elizabeth,'—thou knowest of what Parentage I am. Am not I fairest?" Alas! thou many-voiced Demos-Paris, thou answerest Yea, answerest Nay—clear decisive speech thou hast not, O thou many-voiced!

Meantime Reverend Temple,—he whom we last saw writing certain "Essays and Reviews"—has for years past had gaiters; is not now Reverend Pedagogue, but Right Reverend Father. Audible lamentation of Orthodoxy? Nay, Orthodoxy is now silent,—applauding even. For Right Reverend Father writes no Essays and Reviews more; has sent all such to Oblivion, has become a veritable Temple of Orthodoxy; lays hands on Reverend Eastward-Posture with mitre and rochet and all due and proper Catholic-Episcopal vesti-

ture; sits now in the seat of old Augustine and of vitriolic Dr. Laud, Orthodoxy applauding audibly enough.

I observe, therefore, that for some years past Reverend Posture and Reverend Chasuble have had no let nor hindrance, no Souls-Overseer any longer holding a curb;—curbing, indeed, with "Episcopal Veto" any who would hinder the reverend gentlemen. The reverend gentlemen can now enjoy their postures and haberdashery without question. Protestantism? Was it not clearly a bubble on the stream of Time, now happily vanished into nothingness? If one considers it, Protestantism was perhaps somewhat more than a bubble; may have depths and ocean-tides in it unseen by the reverend gentlemen, but flowing silent and strong in English hearts. May there not be still somewhere in England, as in the Age of Oliver, some Jenny Geddes with a stool, ready, if need arise, to cry to the reverend gentlemen, "Wilt thou say Mass at my lug?" One such I do, indeed, discover hidden among the dust of that time, and not altogether unmemorable,—an obscure seller of books, and a scandalous person, Mr. Chasuble assures me, who even sets up a "brawling" within consecrated brick walls, protests loudly against sacred incense-perfumery and the like. Indubitably a scandalous fellow, showing no deference to Chasuble and Posture. Nay, he will even beard Right Reverend Fathers, and prove if we have Admirable Creightons, or the reverse of admirable; and will, with "brawling" and protests, and in what way soever possible, with or without throwing of stools, say to the reverend gentlemen, "Wilt thou say Mass at my lug?" Obscure scandalous seller of books finds powder dry for his match and makes a notable blaze of it, not easily to be extinguished by lawn-sleeves.

Furthermore, by laborious delving in Dryasdust's bottomless pits, and certain old TIMES newspaper rubbish-bins, the modern reader may about this time hear a sound as of distant storm-portending thunder rolling up from Norman William's New Forest. Think not, O modern reader, the thunder is voice of Norman William. Not of Norman William is the voice, but of Plantagenet William. It is our Right Honourable Friend, Harcourt—known to Dryasdust. Through the Immensities of Space will the voice of our Right Honourable Friend echo like trumpet of brass, heard of gods and men, proclaiming to all and sundry that Protestantism is in very truth the fairest. Did not our Right Honourable Friend long since, on this same business, withstand a very Gladstone to the face, as Apostle Paul withstood Apostle Peter? A trusty, valiant, not unsubstantial Man, is our Right Honourable Plantagenet-Protestant! Give ear then, every English son of Adam! Plantagenet-Protestant proclaims under high Heaven that Apologia-Newman's seed was no true acorn,—properly no acorn at all, true or false. For see, have we not here a upas tree? A most indubitable upas tree, O Plantagenet-Protestant; wherein whoso hath eyes may discern nests of Vampires, of Devils.

And do we not now clearly perceive, moreover, *duce Gulielmo*, that Reverend Mr. Posture himself—whether Eastward or not Eastward—is palpably Reverend Mr. *Im-Posture*?—palpably priest of Babylon and chaos—priest in fact, beyond all question, of the God of Flies? Plantagenet-Protestant we saw formerly, by assiduous help of Dryasdust, to be in Parliament, to be a sort of leader there, performing such Time-duties there as were in him to perform; oblivious enough, Dryasdust

would have me believe, of other than Time-duties. I perceive, however, that our Right Honourable Friend has before this got himself out of that trade; has resolutely, and with whatever of Sincerity and true Fact lies in him, turned his back on all that; will desist for evermore from all Parliament-leading, Time-duties—nay, from Death-duties, Quackery, Home-Rulery, and Knavery of whatsoever sort; and will, henceforth, instead thereof proclaim with Plantagenet-Protestant thunder from Norman William's forest yonder, echoing through all Temples of Orthodoxy at Lambeth or elsewhere, that we will have no more Imposture, whether Reverend, or as is more like, quite un-Reverend; that our poor Mother *Ecclesia Anglicana* shall be forthwith purged of all humours—Apologia-Newmanism, Puseyism, Ritualism, Incenseism (which, if you well consider it, is like to prove *Incendiarism*) variegated Babylonish vestitureism;—that these, and all such are but foul exhalations of Black Tartarus, which shall not in this land of England any longer be.

Gently my Right Honourable Friend! What says my Lord of Halifax? Hath not my Lord twelve legions of Angels at call—a certain "Church Union," namely, increasing in these times, I think, by a thousand per calendar month? "Not upas tree at all," I hear my Lord affirm, "but stout English oak, sheltering all men." "Nor," continues the noble Lord, "was the acorn of Apologia-Newman's planting, but of his *tending* merely. Apologia-Newman but *cleared* our oak's branches of pestilent obstructions, Swiss or German ivy to wit, Tudor mistletoe, sap-sucking parasites of this and that species, and gave our oak freedom and breath of Heaven; our acorn was planted by old Augustine some time back, and by Heaven's rain

and sunshine has now grown to what ye see." So speaks the noble Lord; so speaks our Union increasing by a thousand per calendar month; so speaks Reverend Mr. Posture. Wilt thou not then obey Right Reverend Orthodoxy Temple, friend Posture? He our Right Reverend Arch-Overseer writes no Essays and Reviews in these times; he will, with all graciousness, be pleased to hear you and decide the matter; nay,—will even invite Right Reverend York to sit beside him, and they two, with proper Catholic - Episcopal vestiture and Church Father-learning, not without inward sympathy moreover, will actually hear what you have to say in this business. Didst thou not swear an oath before high Heaven to obey Right Reverend Overseers? What say you, Reverend Sir? My Lord—what?

Thus far, then, have these high debates brought themselves; and now,—as I learn from Dryasdust—Reverend Mr. Posture, Mr. Chasuble, my Lord of Halifax and two thousand or more friends of theirs, gather in some Holborn Hall Conference, and there, or elsewhere, prepare to make answer. Answer significant enough they do in fact duly deliver:—"To all and sundry whom it may or may not concern, hear the reply of Chasuble, Posture, and Company. We the said Company do hereby declare that we will gladly and with all humility obey our Right Reverend Fathers in all things according to oath taken; Provided always—" What! Reverend gentlemen, *Providos*? Provided—what, then? "Provided always that decisions of said Right Reverend Fathers do in all particulars agree with the desires of us Chasuble, Posture, and Company." This then is the answer authentically delivered by Reverend gentlemen increasing by a thousand per calendar month in

your Age of Enlightenment. It is a fact worth considering.

Strange, diverse "forms of Worship" have I known among men since Time began:—still voices speaking in Horeb solitudes within the deep heart of man: Juggernaut cars and Negro fetish:—Highest, and also Lowest. But stranger have I known none than this of your Age of Enlightenment, Age of Victoria:—veritable haberdasher-worship of an Almighty with an eye for colour. Reverend gentlemen, increasing by a thousand per calendar month, and standing not merely at the confluence of two Eternities, but even in an Age of Enlightenment, have now finally, after due examination of the matter, decided that the deep Infinite Mysteries whereby Human in this world may hold converse with Divine, require of thee that thou take pence to the Church-grocer to buy incense-smoke withal; require *this* colour to thy frock, and not *that* colour; require thee to face *this* point of compass and not *that* point. Alas, thou old Horeb prophet, my friend Dryasdust tells me thou didst not live in an Age of Enlightenment; thou hadst therefore but cloak of quite uncanonical hue and texture, and hadst to content thyself with that "still small voice;" fronting the while, as is like enough I fear, some wholly unorthodox quarter of high Heaven. O Horeb Prophet!—O Reverend Mr. Posture!—Aye friend Hamlet, sorrowfully at thy bidding, do I look on this picture and on that.

And now, the assiduous modern reader may, by diligent search, perceive through the murk of the Past that volcanic fires glow in the heart of Plantagenet-Protestant; glow, indeed, in the hearts of quite *un*-Plantagenet Protestants, and simmer there, insurgent. To such a length have our

noble Lords with Unions increasing by a thousand per calendar month, and obscure sellers of books seeking vainly for Admirable Creightons, now brought the business of dissecting scientifically our Mother's character. No determination of the business as yet so much as perceivable. Must our Parliament then move in the business—Parliament now loaded with "Nonconformist conscience," Irish Babylonianism and the like, and ready to explode in such a business? Nevertheless, if by no other means, then even by explosive Parliamentary means. For it is a

matter that by Parliamentary or un-Parliamentary devices needs to get itself determined. Deep-scheming Cecil will perhaps step across from his Celestial despatches and settle it for us? Slim Scotch Balfour, not without some "Foundations of Belief" in him,—were not he a likely one for the job? Upas or Oak? Vampire nests or Paradise-bird nests? That is the question, needing now of all things—answer. Must our tree be *felled* then, before answer given? If in no other way, then even so. Answer is known to Dryasdust; to all other mortal men—unknown.

THE REAL D'ARTAGNAN.

ONLY the other day, in the pages of a popular author, I found the elder Dumas described as "one of the great giants of Romance, the master-mind that invented D'Artagnan." Dumas may have been one of the great giants of Romance, but he did not invent D'Artagnan. That magnificent Gascon was made of flesh and blood, not of ink and imagination; his battles, loves, and friendships were not solely the brilliant creations of a great author. Readers of *LES MEMOIRES DE M. D'ARTAGNAN* know these things, and they know also that the musketeer's three friends, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, share with him a historic foundation. I propose in this paper to inform the admirers of that gallant band who D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos, and Aramis really were. In collecting my facts I desire to acknowledge the powerful assistance received from M. de Jauregain, M. d'Auriac, and other distinguished French writers on this, and kindred, subjects.

The true name of the Comte d'Artagnan, the hero of the Memoirs, was Charles de Batz-Castelmore, the Castelmore being territorial. The surname D'Artagnan (that of his mother) was assumed at the special request of Louis the Thirteenth, and with the full consent of the young man's maternal relatives. A document in the Clarimbault Collection, National French Manuscript Library, says, in narrating the enrolment of the famous musketeer's son, among the pages of the *grand écurie* in 1676: "His patronymic is De Batz, and Castelmore is a territorial ad-

dition. It was the late King who wished that the father of this page, being the maternal nephew of Henri de Montesquiou d'Artagnan, should take the latter surname, because his Majesty was accustomed to hearing it, while the said Henri served him in the regiment of the Guards."

Charles de Batz-Castelmore, otherwise our friend D'Artagnan, came to Paris in 1640, and not in 1626 as in the novel. He was born either at the small *château* of Castelmore, in what is now the department of Gers, or at his maternal grandfather's home of Artagnan, near Vic-en-Bigorre. His father, Bertrand de Batz, Seigneur of Castelmore and of La Plaigne, sprang from a cadet-branch of the house of Batz, which had for centuries held a high position among the lesser nobles of Béarn and Gascony. The patriarch of the family, according to O'Gilvy, was Odon, Baron de Batz, who lived from 1456 to 1492. The head of the house in the days of Henry of Navarre was Manaud, Baron de Batz, a second cousin of D'Artagnan's father. This Manaud, in 1577, was one of the four brave Gascons who saved the life of the future Henri Quatre, at the taking of the town of Eausse in Albret. The King had been separated from his followers, and a number of the garrison attacked him, crying, "Shoot at Green Breeches!" Henry must have been killed, had not Manaud de Batz and three others cut their way through the press, formed a cordon around him, and defended him heroically until help came. Until his death Manaud de Batz remained the intimate

friend and correspondent of his royal master.

D'Artagnan's father descended from this gallant Baron's great-uncle, and also, owing to a marriage between cousins, from the aunt of Manaud, Madame de Lapeyrie. So that he came of a good fighting stock. The arms borne by the branch of Batz-Castelmores were : Quarterly, first and fourth, *or* an eagle displayed *sable* ; second and third, *azure* a castle of two towers embattled *sable*. This was the coat of arms which the young D'Artagnan submitted, when a candidate for a cadetship in the Guards, and which was duly confirmed to him.

So much for the paternal ancestors of D'Artagnan, plain country gentlemen of respectable descent. On his mother's side, his connections were much grander. It was on February 27th, 1608, that the Seigneur Bertrand de Batz-Castelmores was married to Françoise de Montesquiou d'Artagnan. The lady's father was the noble Jean de Montesquiou, Seigneur of Artagnan, of Barbachin, of Ansost, of Masous, and of half-a-dozen other manors, all equally mountainous, and probably equally unproductive. But the blood of this Béarnais nobleman was blue as the sky over ' is native Pyrenees. He was chief of the junior branch of the great house of Montesquiou, directly descended from King Clovis the Great, through Sancho Mittara, Duke of Gascony, and a long line of princely and noble ancestors. The Duc de Fezensac is, I think, the present head of the family. The bride was given away by her distinguished brother, the Chevalier Henri de Montesquiou d'Artagnan, governor of Montaner, the same Henri for whom Louis the Thirteenth had experienced such a liking that he wished our D'Artagnan to take his uncle's name.

In spite of the nobility of the

family which dwelt beneath its roof, the *château* of Artagnan, wherein the mother and father of the musketeer were married, was a modest little house. You may visit it to-day, if you will, for the Comte de Montesquiou, a descendant of the family, owns and cherishes the old rooftree. Artagnan is now a pretty village, near the Adour, and some ten or a dozen miles from Tarbes.

One can well imagine the young bride travelling through the hills of Béarn, to her new home at Castelmores, on a pillion behind her husband. Castelmores was even smaller than Artagnan, and M. de Batz was not rich. Indeed the honest musketeer tells us that his parents were poor, even for Béarnais gentlefolks. No doubt the poor Seigneur of Castelmores was tremendously patronised by his comparatively rich brother-in-law, the lord of Artagnan, of Barbachin, of Ansost, &c., &c. The house of the Batz family was but one story high, but it was well built and fortified. A much renovated edition stands in its place to-day. Near by is the tiny village of Lupiac, and over the hills to the north-east lies the ruin of Batz, once the stronghold of him who saved the life of Henry of Navarre.

To Bertrand de Batz-Castelmores and Françoise d'Artagnan were born six children, four sons and two daughters. Of the musketeer's sisters, Claude married Bertrand de Sivoerd, and was mother of that Lieutenant-General de Sivoerd de Batz, who commanded against the English at Martinique in 1674 ; while Jeanne, in 1652, became the wife of the Seigneur de Peyroux. D'Artagnan came all the way from Paris to sign the contract of this marriage ; no doubt Jeanne was his favourite sister.

Of the sons, the eldest, Paul, succeeded his father as lord of the small domain of Castelmores. He too served

in the Musketeers, became a Chevalier of St. Louis, and died Governor of Navarreux in May, 1703, thirty years after his more famous brother, having attained the great age of ninety-four. Leaving no children, his estates passed to the sons of D'Artagnan. The second son was Jean de Batz, a distinguished soldier, who rose to be commander-in-chief of the French army in America, and a lieutenant-general. He also died childless. The third of the brothers was a simple country *curé*, Arnaud de Batz, who became rector of the parish of Lupiac in 1641, just a year after his youngest brother set out, on the famous nag, to seek his fortune. And then, youngest of all the children, came Charles de Batz-Castelmore.

D'Artagnan states that there was nothing in his boyhood worth talking about; but we need not take this too literally. To one whose manhood was so full of action, even the notable exploits of youth may appear petty and trivial. If he could, while not yet eighteen, take rank as one of the best swordsmen and sturdiest duellists in Paris, he must surely have seen some stern training in his native Béarn. His uncle, Henri d'Artagnan, was a renowned master of fence, and his father had seen some service in the wars. The country around abounded with game, large and small; wolf-hunts were frequent; fish swarmed in the rivers. It is probable, that, since all the Béarnais gentlemen smuggled, or lent aid to the smugglers, skirmishes of a serious nature were not uncommon with the frontier garrisons, and indeed many such encounters are on record. In the circumstances, it is hardly likely that D'Artagnan's early years were spent in the dull monotony he would have us believe.

Let us part now with D'Artagnan for a space, and turn to his three

friends, Porthos, Athos, and Aramis. Dumas probably thought that these were assumed names; and, under his pen, Porthos eventually becomes the Baron Du Vallon, Aramis the Abbé d'Herblay, and Athos the mysterious Comte de la Fère. As a matter of fact, these gentlemen were all Gascons, like D'Artagnan himself; and Porthos, as the musketeer expressly states, was his near neighbour in the valley of the Douze. Moreover their real names were Athos, Aramits, and Porthau, the difference in spelling being due, no doubt, to D'Artagnan's own mistake. One can understand that, when kings spelt badly, the average musketeers of their period were not skilled in orthography.

Porthos was D'Artagnan's first friend in Paris, as the Memoirs tell us. Now Dumas has done Porthos a cruel wrong. Brave and staunch he certainly is made in the novel; but he is made also a vainglorious, stupid braggart, a notorious glutton, the veritable clown of the brotherhood. Both the Memoirs, and all we know of the man's life, point the other way. In order to endow his Porthos with these unpleasant attributes, Dumas took from the autobiography certain passages descriptive of an entirely different person, a certain M. de Besmaux. Regarding this individual, whose works and pomps were so unfairly fathered upon the brave, simple-hearted Porthos, I shall speak briefly later; for the present I will deal with Porthos himself.

Jean de Porthau, musketeer of the first company, was the elder son of Isaac de Porthau, Seigneur of Camp-tort, Campagne, and Castetbon, secretary to the Parliament of Béarn, and at one time a secretary to Henri Quatre. The mother of Porthos was Clemence de Brosser, daughter of the Sieur de Polydavant. There were four children of this union: Jean, the

musketeer; Isaac, who entered the Guards in 1642; Jeanne, who married the Sieur de Domec; and Sara, lay abdess of Rivehaute, who married Abraham de Bachoné. The Porthaus were an ancient family of Béarn, taking their name from one of the old *porthaux* or *portes* (small frontier towers resembling the peel-towers of the British Border) with which the French and Spanish Pyrenees were studded. Porthos left the Musketeers about the time of his father's death, in 1654. He succeeded his parent in the dignified office of secretary to the Béarnais Parliament, and, having sold his chief manor of Campfort, settled down at Campagne, which is only a few miles from the home of D'Artagnan. One can imagine him talking over his adventures with the famous musketeer, and making D'Artagnan's brother the *curé* laugh, in spite of himself, over reminiscences of those merry days of his youth. The present Marquis de Nolivos is a direct descendant of Porthos.

The M. de Besmaux, from whose character, as portrayed in the Memoirs, Dumas took his imaginary Porthos, was also a Gascon, and served with D'Artagnan in the Guards. D'Artagnan did not like him, that is quite evident; and when the son of the House of Castelmore did not like a man, he made no bones about saying so. He accuses Besmaux of conceit, foppery, boastfulness, and a score of other sins against good-breeding. The story of the gorgeous baldric, which was only gold-plated in front, and plain leather at the back, takes a different complexion in the Memoirs from that it bears in Dumas's version. Besmaux, under the pretence of having a cold, wears a cloak over his shoulders in every kind of weather, hoping to delude his comrades into the belief that the gold on the baldric goes all the way round. But the

cadets know that Besmaux is as poor as they are, and cannot afford golden baldrics. The wearing of the cloak confirms their suspicions, and they resolve to expose this daw with peacock's feathers. Besmaux is enticed to Fontainebleau for a walk, the cloak is torn off as if by accident, and the back of the baldric is rudely displayed, in all its nakedness, to a horde of laughing cadets. A duel is the natural outcome of this escapade.

Besmaux was really a serviceable soldier, and a person of birth and position. He afterwards became Governor of the Bastile, and is introduced, under his proper name, in that capacity by Dumas. He was made a marquis by Louis the Fourteenth.

As to Athos, his name occurs again and again in the Memoirs. Now D'Artagnan saves his life in an encounter on the Pré aux Clercs; and now Athos assists D'Artagnan in hoodwinking the husband of the latter's pretty landlady. Occasionally in the Memoirs Porthos, Athos, and Aramis are styled the three brothers. This is not to be taken literally. The three were nearly related,—Aramis and Athos were cousins german—but the expression *brothers* meant no more than the Musketeers' way of describing their extraordinarily close friendship. The full name of Athos was Armand de Sillègue d'Athos. He was the son of Adrian, Seigneur of Athos, Anti-vielle, and Cassaber, and was descended from one Tamonet de Sillègue, a merchant, who in 1557 purchased from the Crown the manors of Athos and Cassaber. Athos lies a league or so from the picturesque town of Orthez in the present department of Basses Pyrénées. The grandfather of Athos was Bertrand, Sieur d'Athos, &c., who died in 1613, having married Catherine de Muneins. This

alliance made Athos a cousin of M. de Tréville, or Troisvilles, the kindly Gascon captain who commanded the Musketeers, before D'Artagnan succeeded to that proud position. It was M. de Tréville who made the Musketeers the veritable nest of well-born Gascons that it was when D'Artagnan joined; and, if one glances over the muster-rolls of the famous corps under the latter's captaincy, one sees that, in this respect, he followed the traditions of his predecessor.

Athos, so far from being the Comte de la Fère, was not even living in the time of VINGT ANS APRÈS. He died at Paris in 1645, probably from wounds received in an encounter, since the cause of his decease is not given in the funeral certificate; and he was buried near the hall of the Pré aux Clercs, within a stone's cast of the spot where he, Porthos, and Aramis fought, with D'Artagnan, against Bernajoux and three of the Cardinal's Guard, in the young cadet's first Parisian duel. D'Artagnan was away campaigning when his friend died. A younger brother of Athos became Seigneur, and carried on the line, which survived in Béarn until the Revolution. The entire incident of Athos and Miladi was borrowed by Dumas from another book.

Aramis,—transformed by Dumas into the Abbé d'Herblay, and afterwards into a Prince of the Church, and Spanish Ambassador—was in truth an *abbé*. He belonged, however to that curious body, the hereditary lay *abbés*, so common in Béarn, and, as such, never took any orders. Many explanations of this rank of lay *abbé* have been offered by antiquaries, but perhaps the simplest is that they were descendants of Huguenot gentlemen to whom Henry of Navarre (in his Protestant days), and others of the Béarnais sovereigns, had granted manors formerly belonging

to the Catholic clergy. At any rate, the family of Aramis was of undoubted Huguenot leanings; and when they married, it was with the daughters of other lay *abbés*. In real life this most subtle of the Musketeers was Henri d'Aramits, lay *abbé* of Aramits on the river Vert, near the town of Oloron. He was closely related to Athos, and a first cousin of M. de Tréville. His grandfather, Captain Pierre d'Aramits, was a Huguenot gentleman, who acquired the lay abbacy of Aramits; and married the daughter of Louis de Tardets, lay *abbé* of Sauguis in 1568. Their eldest son, Phébus d'Aramits, was killed in the religious wars. The second son, Charles, lay *abbé* of Aramits, followed Henri Quatre to Paris, and became Maréchal de Logis to the Musketeers, afterwards commanded by his sister's son, M. de Tréville. This gentleman married the daughter of Jean de Rague, lay *abbé* of Laruns, and was father of Henri, D'Artagnan's friend.

Henri d'Aramits entered the Musketeers in May, 1640, not many weeks before D'Artagnan escaped from the *cachot* at St. Dié and arrived in Paris. He served seven years, resigning on his father's death in 1647-8. Becoming lay *abbé* in succession, he married on February 16th, 1650, Jeanne de Béarn-Bonasse, daughter of the lay *abbé* of Arette. This lady and her father were Huguenots of note. The Abbé d'Aramits made his will on April 23rd, 1654, and died a year later, leaving two sons, Clement and Amant, and a daughter who married Antoine de Lanie. There is more than a hint of Huguenotism in the fact that, very shortly after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Clement, lay *abbé* of Aramits, made over all his property to his brother, M. de Lanie, and left the country. He is said to

have returned to his mountain home many years later; and he died in Oloron in 1715.

Such is the history of Porthos, Athos, and Aramis, so far as careful research has been able to penetrate it. The facts are all taken from marriage-settlements, certificates of birth, wills, the rolls of the Musketeers, and other official records. Most of the information was collected by a few admirers of the great Gascon, chief among whom is M. de Jauregain.

To revert to D'Artagnan himself, before closing this paper. His life was marked by stormy vicissitudes, more stormy than even Dumas suggests. But almost every step he made was a step upwards.

Dumas's account of the events leading up to the appointment of D'Artagnan to a place in the King's Guards (with the exception of the novelist's substitution of De Rochefort for De Rosnay, and his version of the Gascon's first duel) substantially tallies with the Memoirs. D'Artagnan's first lodgings in Paris were over a tavern called the Gallant in Green (*Gálant Vert*) in the Rue des Fossoyeurs, the modern Rue Servandoni. While waiting in the antechamber of M. de Tréville, he introduced himself to Porthos, whose relatives he had known in Béarn; and because the musketeer ventured to receive him somewhat flippantly, D'Artagnan at once challenged his first friend in Paris to fight. Porthos, however, had a more important affair on his hands, an encounter between himself and his cousins Athos and Aramis on the one side, against three of the Cardinal's Guard on the other. Not wishing to see a brother-Gascon deprived of a fight, however, he obligingly offered to let D'Artagnan draw sword with their party, provided that the other side could also find an extra combatant. The offer was enthu-

siastically accepted: the Cardinal's Guard managed to press the Captain Bernajoux into their service; and, after Athos and Aramis had objected strenuously to D'Artagnan on account of his extreme youth, the encounter took place in the Pré-aux-Clercs. D'Artagnan soon put Bernajoux *hors-de-combat*, and rushed to the aid of Athos, who was hotly pressed. This turned the tide of battle, and the Cardinal's men were ignominiously defeated.

From this point onward, until the young Gascon's presentation to the King, Dumas closely follows the narrative of the Memoirs, frequently using the very words of the original. D'Artagnan's first campaign with the Guards was that resulting in the surrender of Arras by the Spaniards. It was practically uneventful; but, on the cadet's return to Paris, he found serious work before him. De Rosnay (Dumas's De Rochefort), the man who had caused him to be set upon, beaten, and thrown into prison, had ventured to visit the capital. D'Artagnan at once went to seek him at his apartments in the Rue de Vieux Colombier; but De Rosnay had been warned of the visit, and had fled. Instead of following, D'Artagnan began a violent flirtation with the fugitive's pretty landlady, which ended in the instalment of the good-looking guardsman, at a mere nominal rent, in the rooms vacated by De Rosnay. The latter then hired some bravoës to assassinate his enemy, but the plot was betrayed, and De Rosnay had to fly for his life to England. In adventures such as these, mingled with frequent duels, and with visits to the play in company with his friend Porthos, did D'Artagnan pass the time between his campaigns.

It may be mentioned that the Rue de Vieux Colombier, his second place

of abode in Paris, now passes as the Rue Jacob. In the days of young D'Artagnan and his pretty landlady, it extended from the Rue de Seine to the Jardin de la Reine Marguerite. The Rue de Bac, to which he moved later on, is the present Rue Dupin.

In 1641 D'Artagnan served at the sieges of Dire, Bapaume, and La Bassée, in 1642 at those of Collioure and Perpignan. In 1643 he went to England, in the suite of the Comte d'Harcourt, and fought as a volunteer for King Charles. On his return to France, Aramis and he had a ferocious duel with an Englishman named Cox and the latter's second, in which the Gascons were, as usual, victorious. In the following year he smelt powder again at Bayette, La Chapelle, St. Falquin, and at the taking of Gravelines. At the close of the campaign Mazarin gave him that long-coveted distinction, the Musketeer's *casaque*. He was allowed to retain his rank in the Guards at the same time.

During the next four years his life was one whirl of excitement. He fought with the Guards and Musketeers in campaign after campaign; and he was sent by Mazarin on a number of missions in which courage, brain, and discretion were required. Mazarin was not a liberal master, and D'Artagnan's rewards came slowly. In 1649 he was made lieutenant of the Guards; and, on February 14th, 1650 (at the age of twenty-six), he became captain of the same regiment, in succession to his old friend and commander, Des Essarts. The salary accompanying this position amounted to forty thousand crowns.

In 1654 Mazarin sent D'Artagnan on a secret mission to Cromwell; but a mistake made by the young Captain on his return brought him to the Bastille, where he remained five weary weeks. Three more years of battling abroad and love-making and duelling

at home, were followed by his nomination, on May 26th, 1658, to the vacant lieutenancy of Musketeers.

Tréville was now dead, and a nephew of Marazin, the incompetent Mancini, Duc de Nevers, commanded the famous corps. The organisation and government of the Musketeers fell almost altogether upon this man of thirty-four years, who was acting as captain of the Guards at the same time that he filled the lieutenancy of the other regiment.

In 1659 D'Artagnan married. He had reached an age when the sowing of wild oats became distasteful; moreover his distinguished military position rendered it desirable that he should settle down, or, as he himself puts it, "dispose of himself to matrimonial advantage." Many ladies of the Court were more than well-inclined towards the dashing Gascon; but the fortunate dame was a young widow of great wealth and beauty, Charlotte Anne de Chanlecy, Baronne de St. Croix. Madame de Chanlecy was the relict of the Chevalier Jean de Damas, and inherited in her own right the barony of St. Croix in the district of Chalon-sur-Saône. Her marriage-portion included the estates of St. Croix and Chanlecy, together with eighty thousand livres in the funds, and a life interest in the manors of Clessy and Tesmont left by her former husband. The wedding, which was a splendid affair, took place in the chapel of the Louvre on March 5th, 1659. The King and Queen-Mother, together with Mazarin and the entire Court, were present. As D'Artagnan stepped forward to take the bride's hand, the young King rose and placed the cross of St. Louis on the Musketeer's breast. D'Artagnan was attended by the Maréchal-Duc de Grammont, and by no less a personage than Messire Francois de Besmaux, Governor of the Bastille. The reader

will recall the jest of the golden baldric, and the early contempt in which D'Artagnan held poor Besmaux. Besmaux must have been a kindly and forgiving soul, to act as D'Artagnan's best man in the circumstances.

I should like to be able to say that the marriage was a happy one. Unfortunately the Baroness de Croix seems to have been a morbid type of woman, but little fitted to be the wife of the gallant Musketeer. In the Memoirs D'Artagnan is made to be very frank about the matter: "I married like the rest, because it seemed to me that if 'twere a folly, (and indeed I look upon marriage as egregious folly), one could not commit this folly very often. I wedded an exceedingly jealous wife, who plagued me to such an extent, that I could not stir out of doors, without a legion of her spies at my heels." Probably the fair Baroness was not entirely to blame for her jealousy. It must have been very hard for a man, whose early life had been spent as was D'Artagnan's, to settle down to the respectable sobriety of married life. A particular grievance of Madame was that her husband took no interest in the management of any of her estates, with one single exception, the great vineyard at Chalon. D'Artagnan believed that he could produce here as good a wine as was made on the neighbouring slopes of Beaune; and with this ostensible end in view, he made frequent visits to the vineyard. It was a pleasant retreat, in the very heart of Burgundy, about sixty-five leagues from noisy Paris. But the jealousy of the Baroness was aroused by these journies with the result that D'Artagnan was forced, in the interest of peace, to abandon them. A favourite method of retaliation, employed by the lady when her husband displeased her, was to retire to a con-

vent. She was actually in a religious establishment when D'Artagnan died.

In 1660 the King sent D'Artagnan to England, to congratulate Charles the Second upon his restoration. In 1661 it fell to his lot to arrest Fouquet and convey him to the Bastile, by way of Angers. In the same year he resigned his captaincy of the Guards, as the King had informed him that he was to be the successor of Nevers in command of the Musketeers. On January 8th, 1665, he was made Brevet-Captain in the absence of the Duke, and the King addressed to him a most complimentary letter, in which he ascribed the remarkable order and efficiency of the regiment to D'Artagnan alone. But it was not until January 15th, 1667, that the coveted prize fell to him, and he was appointed Captain of his beloved corps; and at the same time he was created Comte d'Artagnan and Baron de Batz-Castelmoré. During the ensuing spring he was further honoured by the rank of Brigadier-General, retaining of course the proud official designation of Captain of the First Company of the King's Musketeers, popularly known as the Mousquetaires Gris, from the colour of their horses.¹

¹ There were two companies of Musketeers. The first company, to which D'Artagnan and his friends belonged, was formed by Louis the Thirteenth in 1622. It was recruited almost wholly from the old company of Guards (*Gardes du Corps de Roi*, or King's Body-Guard), known as the *Carabins*, the change having been made on the introduction of muskets, and the King himself was the Honorary Captain. At first no special uniform was worn, save the *casaque*, or cloak, which was blue with a silver cross surrounded by rays of gold. But in 1657 the first company was ordered to wear gold lace and to be mounted on gray horses, whence they were popularly known as *Les Mousquetaires Gris*, while the second company, *Les Mousquetaires Noirs*, was distinguished by black horses and silver lace. After 1673 both companies were dressed alike in a uniform of scarlet with blue facings and silver lace. The Musketeers

While in command of the Musketeers, I find that D'Artagnan had for his lieutenant, M. de la Riviere, for his ensign, the Sieur de Jauvelle, and for his cornet, the Marquis de Maupertuis, who afterwards rose to the Captaincy himself. Many soldiers, afterwards renowned, received the first lessons in arms under him, as he had received his under Tréville.

By his marriage with the Baronne de St. Croix (who survived her husband eleven years) D'Artagnan had two sons. The elder, Louis de Batz-Castelmore, Comte D'Artagnan, was baptised in 1674, on March 3rd, being then about fourteen years of age. Louis was his godfather, an honour indeed in those days, and probably intended to show the King's respect for the memory of the boy's father. He inherited a good fortune from his mother, and his father's titles and pension. After serving as a page, he entered the Gardes Françaises; but, on the death of his father's elder brother, he settled down in the old *château* of Castelmore, having already risen to the rank of lieutenant of the regiment and displayed notable promise. His abandonment of a military career was caused by an unfortunate love-affair; he died at Castelmore, unmarried, on April 5th, 1709.

The second child, another Louis, to whom the Dauphin stood sponsor by proxy, was baptised by no less a personage than Bossuet, on April 5th, 1674, at the age of eleven. This son inherited his mother's barony of St. Croix, and all her landed estates.

were disbanded in 1776, reorganised in 1789, licensed by the Republic in 1797, and finally disbanded in 1815.

The Guards, in which D'Artagnan first served, the parent corps from which the more brilliant Musketeers had sprung, were originally raised by Louis the Eleventh; the Cardinal's Guards were raised by Richelieu, and disbanded after his death.

After his elder brother's death, he became Comte D'Artagnan, and was made a Chevalier de Saint Louis. He married Marie Anne, daughter of Jean Baptiste Amé, Conseiller du Roi at Rheims, and appears to have lived, for the most part, on his country estates. He died in 1717 aged fifty-four. Of his two sons, the elder Louis-Gabriel de Batz is described, in his certificate of death, as Marquis de Castelmore, Comte D'Artagnan, Baron de St. Croix, de Batz and de Lupiac, Seigneur de Chanlecy, de Castelmore, de Meymies, d'Espas, and d'Averon, Chevalier de St. Louis; a goodly string of titles, at which the honest Musketeer would have smiled, had he been alive. But this grandson left little beyond his titles to make him remembered, and died, without issue, in 1783, at the age of seventy-three. Of his younger brother, Louis Jean Baptiste, styled Baron d'Armanthieu, little is known, save that he married Quitterie de Chambré, and left a son, Bertrand de Batz, Seigneur d'Armanthieu. The son of this Bertrand, by his wife Marie de la Boge, was Jean de Batz, who succeeded, at the death of his great-uncle, the old Marquis de Castelmore, to what that spendthrift nobleman had left of the family estates.

Jean de Batz was the first of D'Artagnan's descendants to show himself worthy of his ancestry; and, indeed he was a man after the great Musketeer's own heart. Being comparatively poor, thanks to the wanton extravagance of his great-uncle, he cast aside all the loftier titles of that personage (most of them resting upon very slight foundation), and called himself simply Baron de Batz et St. Croix. The King made him Grand Seneschal of the Duchy of Albret, and he was sent as a deputy to the States General in 1789. He it was who daringly attempted to release the

King in 1792, and only failed because of the cowardly desertion of his associates. After the restoration he received the cross of St. Louis, and was made Marechal-de-Camp. His adventures, while wandering in disguise through France and Navarre during the period of the Revolution, were worthy of D'Artagnan himself. His later days were spent in authorship, and he died on January 10th, 1822.

I have purposely kept the death of D'Artagnan to the last, as I think an account of that event belongs appropriately to the close of my paper. VINGT ANS APRÈS is a glorious romance, and the D'Artagnan that one finds there is indeed a striking figure; but the true story of the Musketeer growing old is, perhaps, a finer, certainly a more tender one. All through the later years described in the Memoirs one is made to feel the regrets of the grizzled soldier for the happy, careless past. He would have us think that he remained the same light-hearted soldier to the end; but, in spite of all his efforts, there lurks the suggestion of a sigh within each printed page. Athos was dead long ago; the little Abbé Aramis had gone to his account; Porthos alone survived, but Porthos dwelt afar from busy Paris, among the slopes of the Pyrenees. Once a year there passed letters between them, no doubt; and the news of the great world, going down, met the gossip of the Douze valley on its way up to Paris. Or may be into the anteroom at the Hotel St. Croix came stalking a brace of raw-boned Béarnais cadets, who, being questioned, roundly replied: "*Mor-diou!* Our cousin De Porthau sends us to see service with his brother, the Captain. Tell M. D'Artagnan that we've come, as Tréville and he did, to fight for our fortunes." But in the flesh Porthos and D'Artagnan met never more.

The grim Gascon stood alone. His wife, gay like all the Chanleecys, loved the soft mirth of courts: his sons were not the sons he had wished for; and thus it came about that, between his campaigns, he dictated his memoirs to the patient Courtilz de Sandras, or scrawled them himself on the back of one of Anne Charlotte's loving letters to her absent lord. These recollections gave him some relief; for, as he told them, time ran back for him; he fought his old battles over again, loved again the old loves, and in fancy grasped once more the honest hands of Athos, of Porthos, and of Aramis.

D'Artagnan died as he had often wished to die, on the field of battle. He was killed by a ball in the throat while charging at the head of his Musketeers, at the assault on the second *demi-lune*, outside the gates of Maestricht, on June 25th, 1673. The King saw him fall; and a well-authenticated tradition exists to the effect that Louis had just despatched a *maréchal's* baton to his captain when D'Artagnan fell from his grey charger into the arms of M. de Maupertuis, and was carried off the field by his men under a heavy fire.

There exists a verse, quoted by M. d'Auriac, and said to have been written by Louis the Great himself, to commemorate the passing of this cherished paladin, which may be thus roughly rendered into English:

The royal heart by grief sincere
Is touched, this direful news to hear,
And sorrow reigns the Army through;
Scarce can they bear their hero's death,
They cry, as in a single breath,
With D'Artagnan dies Glory too!

And with this tribute to the love and admiration in which he was held by King and comrades, I will leave, for the present, the real D'Artagnan.

GERALD BRENNAN

THE WEDDING OF A RAJPUT PRINCE.

THE sleepy little Himalayan town of Chamba was, for the nonce, very much awake. Its steep streets and open shop-fronts were a-buzz with one all-absorbing topic,—the approaching marriage of its sixteen-year-old Maharajah. The boy being still a minor, the affairs of his small State were administered, nominally, by a British Resident, actually by those two invincible gods of the East—“*dustur* (custom),” and the Holy Brahmin. The Maharajah was of the bluest Rajput blood, a Hindu of the Hindus, a *Surj-bunsi*, or lineal descendant from the Sun. It followed therefore, that superstition and priest-craft were as the breath of his nostrils, and that the will of the Brahmin was law throughout the State; an iron will, against which force, persuasion, argument, dash themselves in vain.

Now therefore was the voice of the Court-Astrologer uplifted in solemn commands that none dare disobey; for was he not the mouth-piece of the stars?

The present month being that of October, it was decreed that the Maharajah should marry in the following March or April, these being auspicious months; and since the stars had spoken, it was obviously useless for so unenlightened a being as a British Resident to offer any opinion on the matter. Wherefore he very wisely held his peace and let the stars have their way. The first marriage of a Rajput Prince (he is permitted, be it remembered, to repeat the ceremony not oftener than once a year) is perhaps the most solemn and important event of his life; yet he is allowed no

voice in the elaborate arrangements such an event involves, least of all in the choice of his senior Ranee that is to be. The whole affair is, in fact purely a matter of business between State and State; a question of the best bargain and the largest dower, provided only that the lady be the Prince's equal in birth and blood. The Rajput chiefs are thus placed in a somewhat delicate position with regard to their wives; the more so since no one connected with the bridegroom is allowed to see the girl, whose charms must therefore be accepted on hearsay evidence only. The husband himself may not set eyes on his bride till the wedding-rites are three parts over; and should she then prove uncomely in his eyes the loss will be hers,—for her supremacy will be of short duration.

In the present instance the Maharajah had been betrothed, three years previously, to the grand-daughter of the Ruler of Cashmere; and an agreement had then been entered into that she should be the first wife, and thus have permanent precedence in the palace household. This was a necessary stipulation; but it so chanced that the favoured bride was of the tender age of eight years, and was therefore scarcely fitted, as yet, to assume the responsibilities of wifehood. This difficulty was duly put forward by the Resident, when a council was called to discuss the delicate question; but a bearded senator, full of years and authority, waved it aside with a dignified sweep of his hand.

“The Sahib surely forgets,” quoth

he, in a tone of mild reproof, "that the Rajput does not marry once only. Let but the present marriage take place in *Phagun* [the last month but one of the year] and the Maharajah can then take to wife a lady of riper age in *Bisakh* [the first month of the new year] the younger bride abiding with her parents till they shall see fit to send her to us. Are not my words the words of wisdom, oh my brothers?"

The answer to this appeal was one of unanimous assent, and the resolution was carried without further debate.

Preparations for the coming event now began in serious earnest. The modest resources of the State treasury were taxed to their utmost to meet the demands of the occasion; for the castle of the first bride's father lay in one of the valleys on the outer slopes of the Himalayas, some six marches (seventy-five miles) from the town of Chamba: and it was estimated that upwards of two thousand people would probably accompany the procession.

The Hindu year begins on the 12th of April, and early in January a council was held to fix both the date of the actual ceremony, and also that of the Prince's journey,—a matter so all-important to the truly pious Hindu, that astrologers were sent over by the bride's family to be present at the deliberations. The Resident suggested March 12th as a fitting day for the wedding, rather with a view to setting the debate in train, than with any hope that his suggestion would be accepted; for he was a man well versed in the ways of the inscrutable East. Scarcely had he spoken, when a wrinkled grey-beard up-rose and, solemnly stroking his close-clipped chin, gave voice to the wisdom of the heavens.

"Listen, oh my brothers, and take heed. A man may fall into the fire

and escape burning; he may be bitten of the cobra, and escape death; he may fling himself from the housetop, and rise up unhurt; but if so be that he marry on the twelfth day of March, he hath not a year of life to live. This is truth. The stars have spoken!"

A murmur of approval greeted this new revelation; and in this matter, as in most others, the stars remained the masters of the situation. The 13th of March was the day eventually chosen; and in the meanwhile preparations for the great journey were vigorously set on foot.

For full four days before his departure the Maharajah was so grievously girded about with restrictions, and ceremonies, and much praying that he dared scarcely call his soul his own. He was forbidden to approach either the river, the bridge, or the steep hillsides of the little town. He was but rarely permitted even to look out of the window, lest some evil should befall him. On one occasion he was constrained to sit for four hours with the soles of his feet upraised, while they, and the palms of his hands, were stained with henna. On the last day of all he was arrayed in an ancient and very unclean suit of clothes, and was sent thus into the women's apartments, whence he shortly emerged, bare-headed and clad in spotless raiment, only to fall anew into the tyrannous hands of custom. He was now placed upon a low chair, while his friends and relations, each in turn, anointed his head with feathers dipped in sweet oil. On that same evening the great courtyard of the temple without the palace was thronged with the Maharajah's loyal subjects. The square enclosure was blocked with a bewildering mass of light, colour, and sound,—restless yellow torches, flashes of brilliant raiment, of gold and tinsel and jewels

—and through all, and over all, the long wailing shriek of conches, and the ceaseless throbbing of innumerable tom-toms. The guests, who numbered a thousand, were regaled with unlimited boiled rice, stewed goat's flesh, and spices; and they dispersed at a late hour, full-fed and frolicsome, blessing their Raj.

At ten o'clock next morning the procession set out in state from the little town, a winding, many-tinted file of men and horses, with the bridegroom's scarlet-domed litter blazing like a ripe pomegranate in their midst. Under the scarlet dome the Prince sat, cross-legged, clad in a long high-waisted robe of crimson and gold, surmounted by a jewelled turban. From turban to waist fell his wondrous veil, wrought in alternating lines of tinsel and fine seed-pearls. Twenty led horses, richly caparisoned, went before him; and these again were preceded by a hundred of the State troops, in gorgeous uniforms. The state band, and the royal pipers (in full Gaelic garb, with pink-stockinged knees, and plaid hose scantily filled out by the Hindu highlander's slim calf) marshalled the surging crowd onward with a mighty blare of cheerfully discordant sound.

On the hither side of the bridge below the little town the procession came to an abrupt halt, for here a goat must needs be sacrificed, to ensure the King's safe transit across the water. But before the doomed animal is beheaded, it must be induced, by some manner of means, to tremble or shake itself, else will the sacrifice be of no avail. In order to produce the desired result it is usual for the officiating priest to pour a little water into its right ear; but upon this occasion the goat received the gentle hint with such stoical calm, that the holy man, in desperation at

the untoward delay, emptied an entire vessel of water over the obdurate victim's head. The result was as vigorous a shaking as heart of Rajput could desire, and a cry went up as from one mighty throat: "The sacrifice is accepted—is accepted! Strike!" A single sabre-sweep laid the goat's head in the dust; and the Brahmin, triumphant at last, flung it far into the river, while the body, leaving a crimson trail in its wake, was dragged across the suspension bridge immediately in front of the Rajah's litter.

Two more marches brought the wedding-cohort again to a river's bank, on the further shore whereof lay the territory of the bride's father. Here was no bridge; and the crossing was accomplished in relays, on a flat-bottomed barge, and on string-beds supported by inflated buffalo-skins. From the moment of entering the Bassoli State the Rajah and his suite were the guests of its Ruler and his subjects; and the burden of keeping this small army supplied with the necessities of life fell somewhat heavily upon those peasants and landholders whose homes lay along the line of march. On the morning of the sixth day the procession reached its final halting-place, a wide, green plain overlooked by the ancient castle of Ramkot, within whose walls the bride awaited the coming of her unknown lord. The great plain was as thickly sprinkled with white tents as is an English meadow with daisies in May; for here the Rajah and his two thousand followers were to encamp during the coming festivities. At the entrance to the main street of this veritable City of Tents were ranged line upon line of round flat baskets, a hundred and twenty in all, covered with squares of wondrous, rainbow-tinted silk, which, being uplifted, revealed a quaint medley of things eatable, — vegetables, sweet-

meats, rice (white and saffron-tinted), roast fowl and pigeon, bread-cakes,—in short, a small presentation breakfast to the bridegroom on his arrival.

Throughout all that day he was kept a close prisoner in his tent, while those without made all necessary arrangements for the great event of the morrow; and not without many words, and much wrangling betwixt the priests of both parties, was an auspicious hour fixed for the Rajah's entry into the castle of his bride. From the earliest glimmer of dawn onwards the steep, narrow streets of the little town were aflame with colour, and murmurous with ceaseless sound. Every house-front was swept, and plastered with fresh mud, every doorway and quaintly-carved balcony garlanded with marigold-heads and jasmin-buds every available roof and window thronged with eager brown faces, peering from beneath turbans of every conceivable tint and shade. The procession below vied even with the house-tops in brilliance and variety of hue; for here the sunbeams flashed light from gold and silver trappings, from tinsel and jewels and instruments of brass. Behind twenty caparisoned horses, two bands, and a company of infantry, the Resident, enthroned upon a state elephant, whose trappings of scarlet and gold were surmounted by a howdah of solid silver, towered majestic, the only white man amid all that vast throng. In the wake of the great elephant swung the scarlet-domed litter of the bridegroom; and before it went twelve nautch-girls in brilliant tinselled raiment, moving rhythmically forward to the tinkle of bells and bangles, and the musical clash of heavy silver anklets. A medley of the Rajah's friends and relations, mounted upon steeds of every conceivable breed, shape, and colour, brought up the rear; and on

all sides were handfuls of silver and copper coins showered into the streets and on to the house-tops, where yelling, jostling crowds scrambled for them at the imminent risk of their lives.

Within the courtyard of the castle the bride's parents, relatives, and their retainers were gathered together to await the coming of the King. These presented a strange contrast to the mass of moving colour without, being clad altogether in white, the mourning colour of the Rajputs, for a daughter of the Blood, once married, is as irrevocably cut off from her home and people as though she were dead indeed. Custom decrees that neither father, mother, nor any near relative shall ever set foot in the bride's new home, and it is given only to five or six favoured girl-companions to go forth with her into the unknown country and the unknown life. Hitherto she has been the chattel of her father; henceforth she will be the chattel of her husband, and, unless she bear her lord a son, a chattel despised and dishonoured unto the day of her death. Such is the meaning of marriage for her,—a lottery in very deed!

But the bridegroom is now at the castle-gate. He enters with the Resident and a small following, the bulk of the eager, curious crowd being left without. Formal greetings having passed between the Englishman and his majestic host, the young Prince is conveyed, with all due ceremony, into the women's apartments, not to be presented to his bride, but to endure further tyranny at the hands of Custom. The Resident and his attendants were left to await his return in a stately hall, whose sole articles of furniture were mirrors, rugs, and chandeliers, and whose walls bristled fiercely with antlers of the ibex and the *bara singh*, the

magnificent twelve-horned stag of Kashmir.

The ceremonies within the castle lasted for two hours and a half; and on the same evening the invading army of guests was bidden to a great feast, that was laid out upon the grass along the wide main street of the royal camp. The total absence of china, glass, or plate, greatly simplified the serving of so stupendous a meal. Boiled rice and stewed meat were ladled from out huge cauldrons on to plates extemporised from the round, flat leaves of the elephant-creepers; and were disposed of simply and speedily after Nature's method. The second course was of rice also, saffron-tinted, and served with spices and lumps of thick molasses. When all had eaten and were filled, a fine display of fireworks, to the accompaniment of much dancing, singing, and shouting, brought the entertainment to a fitting close a few hours before sunrise, so indefatigably hilarious is the Oriental when once his accustomed gravity deserts him.

On the following day the wedding ceremonies were at length brought to a close; and not until then did the bridegroom behold his bride. The manner of their meeting was curious and characteristic. In two flat baskets placed near together were he and his little wife solemnly set down, and over each was flung a great white sheet. At a sign

from the priests the sheets were uplifted, and the King looked upon his Queen. She, herself, not being permitted to look into his face direct, beheld its reflection in a small round mirror, given her for the purpose. Whatsoever each may have thought or felt in that sudden moment of revelation remained hid, for the present, in either heart. Finally, this strange union was completed by a solemn promenade four times round a brazier of live coals, and by the cutting of a knot which, upon the first day, had been tied upon the right wrists both of the bridegroom and his bride.

The banquet of the previous evening was repeated that night; and on the next morning the newly-wedded husband set out on the homeward march, leaving his future Queen behind him.

Scarce two months later, with something less of ceremony and display, he took unto himself a second wife of the ripe age of fifteen years; and her he brought with him, that she might reign supreme in his palace until such time as the true Ranee should come forth from among the hills, and so bring to an end her brief hour of honour and glory. But with the simple wisdom of her kind she accepted thankfully her present good; only in secret did she beseech the gods that unto her might be vouchsafed the lasting triumph of giving to the Maharajah his first-born son.

THE TAKING OF GIBRALTAR.

IN this month of July one hundred and ninety-five years ago, our own merits, fortune, and the incurable governing incapacity of that strange people the Spaniards, combined to throw into our hands the finest and the best-placed fortress in all the world. It was on July 24th, 1704, that Don Diego de Salinas surrendered Gibraltar to Sir George Rooke. I am not unaware that a minute criticism might object to the use of the possessive pronoun *our*, and might add that Sir George was very much the president of a council of war in which the Dutch formed a large minority, and the German Prince of Hesse Darmstadt had a voice. Strictly speaking it was to the High Allies that Don Diego yielded up the keys; yet after all the victory was fairly ours, and not only because we alone reaped the permanent benefit. Without the British fleet the Allies could never have gained their overwhelming superiority at sea over the House of Bourbon. Then if the energy of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, and the stout qualities of the Dutch helped materially to gain the Rock, its retention was due to our countryman, Sir John Leake, and his ships. Without their support it would have gone speedily back to the hands of King Philip the Fifth. Withal too we have another, and perhaps even a better, right to claim the victory for ourselves. The taking of Gibraltar was no fortuitous thing. It was the desired result of an intelligent policy, and of the growth of a power; and both policy and growth were ours. Forty-eight years earlier,

in 1656, Oliver Cromwell, writing to Generals Blake and Montague at sea, had put this question to them: "Whether any other place (than Cadiz to wit) be attemptable; especially that of the Town and Castle of Gibraltar,—which, if possessed, and made tenable by us, would it not be both an advantage to our trade and an annoyance to the Spaniard; and enable us, without keeping so great a fleet on that coast, with six nimble frigates lodged there to do the Spaniard more harm than by a fleet, and ease our own charges?"

This desire for a fortress of our own abroad was not confined to Cromwell. The government of King Charles the Second was moved by it to secure Tangier as part of the dower of Catharine of Braganza. But the African port proved unsatisfactory for various reasons, and was finally evacuated. Even while we held it, the squadrons sent to cruise against the Barbary pirates found it more to their convenience to use the Spanish ports of Mahon and Cadiz. During the wars of King William the second of these places had been the headquarters of our fleets in the Straits and the Mediterranean. Russell had wintered there in 1694-95. Even during the years of peace we kept a small establishment at Cadiz, by courtesy of the Spaniards. One of the first duties of the Admiralty, when the war of the Spanish Succession began, had been to send a naval officer to bring away our stores, and to tow out and sink the heaving down hulks which we kept there for the purpose of cleaning our ships.

This was a lesson to Queen Anne's Ministers. The hostility of Spain had thrown us back on the alliance of Portugal for a safe anchorage and store-house. It required no great intelligence to see how much we had to gain by securing a port of our own. Therefore, though Sir George Rooke was not sent abroad with orders to take Gibraltar, it was certain that the capture would be welcome. In 1704 it would also be timely. To take the Rock was one thing, to hold it another. In 1656 it may be that, though the generals at sea could have taken the Rock, the naval power of England had not yet grown to the point at which the permanent retention of the place was possible. But at the later date there could be no question that when once we were in possession of a town easily defensible on the land side, the navy could answer for preventing all blockade by a hostile fleet. The opportunity presented itself precisely at the right time. As the capture was made, perhaps unconsciously, but none the less very really in pursuit of a settled policy, as it could not have been effected without our help, or made good without our power, the victory belongs to us, even though a German general and Dutch seamen helped in the work. It does not detract in any way from our honour that Sir George Rooke was not sent out to take Gibraltar, but that he captured it, as it were, incidentally and while engaged in doing something else. At best this is only one more proof that the stars in their courses have fought for England, and, as Bacon has said, it is a glory to be the care of the gods.

The campaign which brought us this great reward was in itself by far the most interesting in the naval wars of Queen Anne. King Louis was too seriously overtaxed on land after a

time to have the means to fit out great fleets. But in the early months of 1704 Blenheim had not yet been fought, and though the power of the Grand Monarch was at a stay, it was not yet manifestly in declination. So in that year he did make an effort to hold the sea. The fleet of the Allies did not sail in irresistible strength to act as subsidiary to land operations. Powerful forces were on the water on both sides, and their movements had the vast sweep and the surprises of naval warfare.

The starting point was at the close of 1703, when the Archduke Charles, the Hapsburg claimant to the Spanish throne, was brought over to this country from Holland by Rooke. It was the purpose of the Government to send him south with such a force as would enable him to vindicate his rights. After delays caused by the great storm (Addison's storm and Defoe's) he sailed to England, where court ceremonies caused more delay, and finally departed for Lisbon on January 6th, 1704. Bad weather drove the fleet back to Spithead, and it was not till February 12th that Rooke finally got away. The English Admiral had with him ten sail of the line, five English and five Dutch, which were accompanied by transports and a swarm of merchant-ships sent with the fleet for protection against the French privateers. He did not reach Lisbon till February 25th. On March 2nd, reinforcements reached him from England under the command of Sir John Leake, and on the 9th he went to sea, in order to cruise for the outgoing Spanish trading-fleet bound for the West Indies. This prize was not sighted, but some other ships were taken, and he returned with them to Lisbon. Here orders reached him to proceed up the Mediterranean for the purpose of forwarding the Hapsburg

cause, and aiding the coast towns of our ally, the Duke of Savoy, then supposed, incorrectly, to be in danger of French attack. Rooke left Lisbon with thirty-seven sail, twenty-three English and fourteen Dutch, but with no troops, which was a considerable oversight on the part of the Government, since one purpose he was expected to fulfil was to help the Barcelonese, whose sympathies were Hapsburg, to rise against the Castilian garrison holding the town for the Bourbon King. On April 29th he was off Cape St. Vincent, from whence he passed the Straits, and on May 8th he was off Cape Palos, north-east of the Spanish port of Carthage. Here a small squadron of French ships was seen, and chased by a detachment of our vessels under the command of Captain Andrew Leake, the namesake, but not the kinsman, of Sir John. The French, who had the heels of us, got away, and bitter complaints were made that there had been a miscarriage due to Andrew Leake's want of spirit. He was tried by court-martial and acquitted, perhaps rightly, and perhaps also not. The naval courts of that time were apt to be tender to the "miscarriages" of distinguished brother officers. On the 10th the detached squadron rejoined the Admiral, and on the 19th the fleet was off Barcelona. The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, who was with Rooke, had been governor of the town for the last Hapsburg king, and he believed that if he landed with a body of marines his influence would bring about a rising within the walls. His confidence was put to the test, and proved to be unfounded. King Philip's governor, Don Francisco de Velasco, was a resolute man with a well-established character for ferocity. He put the leading Hapsburg partisans in the town under lock and key,

and kept his troops under arms. Nobody stirred, or would stir, without the support of a solid corps of troops. Rooke had none to lend, and could delay no longer on his mission to relieve the towns of the Duke of Savoy. The few English and Dutch marines who had been landed with the Prince on the 19th, were re-embarked next day, and the fleet steered for the Riviera. It was much scattered by one of the gales of the Gulf of Lyons, but was soon rallied. Then Rooke and his Dutch colleagues received a piece of news which put a new face on affairs. A frigate despatched by Paul Methuen, our Minister in Portugal, came in with the information that a French fleet had been seen passing the Rock of Lisbon to the south. A council of war was held in which it was decided to give battle, if the enemy were seen and the opportunity favourable.

This French fleet had left Brest on May 6th (N.S.) under the command of the Count of Toulouse (the son of the French King and Mme. de Montespan), a young man of twenty-six years of age. It was by no means so strong as the Allies, being but of twenty-three sail. Another force was preparing at Toulon, and the object of the Count's cruise was to unite the two, and use them partly for the support of the Bourbon cause in Spain, partly in order to put a stop to all Dutch and English intrigue with the insurgent Huguenots of the Cevennes. The English Government was aware of these preparations, and in April a strong fleet was collected in the Channel under Shovell. He had orders to retire up Channel, bringing with him the store-ships laden for the squadron at Lisbon if the enemy came on in overpowering force. If, however, he heard that Toulouse had gone south, he was to follow him with not more than twenty-two sail, taking

care to leave a sufficient force to act as a trade-guard in the Channel. Shovell obtained information that the French had sailed for the Mediterranean, and he therefore detached Sir Stafford Fairborn with eight ships to Kinsale for the protection of commerce, and followed the enemy to Lisbon on May 28th. In later times Shovell would have been close outside Brest before Toulouse could sail, but generations were to pass before we kept the bold and vigilant watch of St. Vincent.

The French had a long start, and had in fact been sighted by Rooke before Shovell headed for Lisbon. In the latter days of May the position was this. On the 25th Rooke was joined by the frigate with the news that a French fleet had passed the Rock of Lisbon steering to the south. She had gone through the enemy at sea, and knew that they had entered the Mediterranean. Rooke also learnt from other sources that the towns of the Duke of Savoy were in no danger. A council of war was held, and it was decided to return to the Straits. If the French fleet was met on the way it was to be engaged. The Count of Toulouse, with twenty-three sail of the line, was cutting across the route of the Allies on his way to Toulon; another French squadron was getting ready in that port somewhat tardily. Shovell was still distant, but was about to start, and put himself under the orders of Rooke. All these forces were converging by devious routes to a final clash of battle.

There was, however, to be delay before they met. On the 27th the ships of Toulouse were sighted by the look-out vessels of Rooke's fleet. An engagement seemed to be imminent; but the abounding caution of the commanders of that generation was shown once more. The average speed of the French ships was better than

that of the Allies; yet it would have been possible to bring the enemy to action by ordering all the ships to sail at their best rate of speed in a general chase, when the quickest of the Allies could have overtaken the slowest of the French. But this appeared dangerous to the flag-officers of 1704, and they pursued in a body, regulating their speed on that of the slowest sailer among them. Thus the Count of Toulouse kept and improved his lead. On May 29th the two fleets were within ninety miles of Toulon. Then, fearing that all the French in the port would unite with those at sea and put them at a disadvantage, the Allies gave up the chase, and returned down the Mediterranean. On June 11th Rooke and Shovell united their forces at the mouth of the Straits.

So far nothing very brilliant had been done, and the escape of Toulouse with his very inferior force was even discreditable to the Allies; but now strong pressure was put on Rooke and his colleagues to act. Hitherto the conduct of the naval war had been of a somewhat peddling character, the buccaneering achievement at Vigo standing alone as a feat of any brilliancy. In the beginning of the war the failure of an officer named Munden (not the stout-hearted man who retook St. Helena from the Dutch in the reign of Charles the Second, but his brother,) to stop some French ships at Corunna, and his acquittal by a somewhat complacent court-martial, had roused fierce anger in the country. There had since been the shameful Benbow business in the West Indies. The country was becoming thoroughly tired of naval miscarriages and the Ministry was resolute that something should be done. Something to do lay ready to the hand of the allied fleet. The titular King of Spain had remained

behind at Lisbon. The admirals, Rooke and his Dutch colleagues, had orders not to attempt anything against the coast without the consent of our candidate for the throne, but King Charles was naturally anxious to possess some foothold in his kingdom, and he gave his consent to an attempt on Cadiz. It was characteristic of his intelligence that he did not see how hopeless an effort of this kind would be without an army, which he could not supply. But the admirals were prepared to do the next best thing. In the early days of July they had gone into the Mediterranean as far as Malaga to see if Toulouse was coming down. On receipt of the King's message they decided that, though Cadiz was unattainable without an army, there was a fair prospect of success for a dash at Gibraltar.

The decision to attack was taken in the council of war on July 17th. It may be observed by the way that this form of palaver was the standard pest of the naval operations of the age, but was perhaps inevitable where fleets of different nations were co-operating. On July 21st the allied fleet stood over from the Barbary coast and entered Gibraltar Bay. The squadron, to which the duty of bombarding the town was entrusted, consisted of fourteen English and four Dutch vessels. The command was given to George Byng, who as a lieutenant had been very busy in the intrigues which brought the fleet over to Dutch William in 1688. He lived to win the battle of Cape Passaro, and was the father of that unhappy John Byng who was shot for the last crowning naval miscarriage at Minorca in 1757, and whose fate may be described as the turning-point of the naval history of the eighteenth century. The work he had to do in July, 1704, was in

reality exceedingly easy, and we may be tolerably sure that he and his superiors knew as much. Gibraltar was even then a strongly fortified place. It mounted a hundred guns, and could, on one condition, have made a prolonged fight. The condition was that there should have been a sufficient garrison to work the guns and man the walls; but there were only one hundred and fifty soldiers in the town. The governor had been to Madrid to apply for more, but the new French influence had not yet dragged the Spanish Government out of the old Hapsburg slough of despond. A court which had the happiness of possessing three hundred maids of honour had nothing to spare for garrisons. Don Diego de Salinas came back as poor in troops as he went.

The wind gave the Spaniards a little help by refusing to blow on July 22nd. Meanwhile seventeen hundred English and Dutch marines were landed under the Prince of Hesse to occupy the neck of land which joins the Rock to the coast of Spain, and prevent the Spaniards from throwing small bodies of reinforcements in at the last moment. On the 23rd the bombardment took place, the garrison making such reply as was possible for one hundred and fifty men. The mole was swept by the fire of the ships' guns, and then stormed by the sailors. An explosion, either deliberately caused by the Spaniards, or produced by one of our own men who accidentally dropped a light into a magazine, did considerable harm to the stormers, and for a moment there was a panic; but the enemy was too weak to take advantage of the chance, or to man the walls. A good deal has been made of the fact that some of the women of the town were outside in a church when the mole was stormed, and were

cut off. It has been said that their fate weighed on the mind of the governor; but the want of garrison was enough. On the 24th he beat the *chamade*, and the town was delivered next day, nominally for the cause of King Charles the Third, but in reality into the strong and tenacious grip of England. The total loss of the Allies was sixty killed and two hundred and seventeen wounded, nearly twice the number of the Spanish garrison, and almost all were English. They shed their blood honourably and profitably in adding this noble fortress to the patrimony of St. George,—happier they than the thousands of their comrades who perished miserably in these wars, fever-stricken in filthy ships, rotten with scurvy, starved, or poisoned by bad food.

Such in itself was the taking of Gibraltar, an incident more fortunate than glorious in a campaign. To make the story complete we have to look at what followed. The place, newly taken and shattered by the attack, was not as yet capable of serving as a port of war for the fleet. Not even water could be found in sufficient quantities. Twelve hundred marines were landed, under the command of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, to form a garrison capable of repelling any sudden assault by the Spaniards from the land, and a magazine was made up out of the stores of the ships. Then the Allies stood over to the coast of Africa, and sought for provisions and water among the Moors. On August 9th they had obtained what they wanted, when the captain of the Centurion, who had been on the watch to the eastward, came in with the news that the French fleet from Toulon was at hand. Though the course to be followed in such an easily foreseen contingency as this might well have

been already considered, a council of war was summoned, and it was decided to work up towards the enemy and give battle. If the Count of Toulouse, who being to the eastward had the wind, which was blowing from the east, in his favour, had been well advised he would have forced on an engagement at once. But he manœuvred to avoid action, and even fell back towards Malaga. This gave the Allies time to re-embark half the marines they had landed at Gibraltar. The meeting of the fleets was delayed till the 13th, by which date the Allies had got to windward of the French, who were now between them and the fortress. Both fleets were heading to the south. At ten o'clock in the morning the allied line bore down on the French. Sir Cloudesley Shovell and Leake led the van; Rooke commanded in the centre with Dilke and Wishart; the Dutch formed the rear of the line. In number of guns and ships the two fleets were about equal, but the Allies were short-handed, and in want of ammunition. The battle may be described as perfectly brave and perfectly brainless. The one side hammered the other doggedly from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon. Some of the Allies had to haul out of the line because they were running short of powder. On the French side the flagship of the Viscount de Villette Mursay, who commanded in the van, was set on fire, and he had to stand out of the line to extinguish the flames. This movement was followed by the ships about him, and we had an opportunity of delivering a good stroke at the French. But no use was made of the chance, and at four o'clock the hostile fleets separated, having beaten one another pretty well to a standstill. The battle of Malaga was one of the most bloody ever fought at sea. Nearly three

thousand men fell in the allied line, and the loss of the French, who however only acknowledged fifteen hundred, cannot well have been much less. On their side too an extraordinary number of officers of distinction were slain.

For two days the fleets remained near one another. The wind shifted to the west and gave the French the power of renewing the action, but they did not come down. In the allied line there was great want of powder. English and Dutch alike were prepared to fight if the enemy came on. Meanwhile they rummaged for cannon-balls in their depleted magazines, and made their minds up to try boarding, and a settlement with cold steel if they needs must. But in their hearts they were relieved,—and no shame to them and no credit to him—when Toulouse fled away northward to Toulon. Then they returned to Gibraltar Bay where they remained till August 24th. The marines drawn from the garrison were again landed, and damages were made good so far as might be. On the 26th Rooke told off a squadron to remain on the coast of Portugal with Leake, and then went on with his battered ships and sorely tried crews to England, which he reached on September 25th. It was his last service. The year of the taking of Gibraltar was also the year of Blenheim. The Tories, with all the taste and good feeling of a political party in a difficulty, endeavoured to set up Rooke, who was one of themselves, and Malaga against the Whig Marlborough and Blenheim. For that the Admiral suffered; he was never employed again during the five remaining years of his life.

At Gibraltar the end was not yet. Having been taken, the town was to be held; and as it was not yet suffi-

ciently settled to be able to rely on its own strength for long, its salvation depended on the ever-present help of Leake's squadron. Sir John Leake may not have been a great commander, yet from the day that he steered the Dartmouth at the boom on the Liffey and relieved Londonderry, his conduct was always marked by a certain alacrity in action. During the winter of 1704-5 he stood by Gibraltar loyally, and with energy. The Spaniards collected an army to retake the town, and early in October the Prince of Hesse called for help. Leake came on at once from Lagos with stores and encouragement. On hearing that a French naval force was approaching he put to sea. Uncertainty as to the strength of the enemy, and some damage received by bad weather induced him to go to Lisbon to refit, but he was back with reinforcements by October 29th, and had the deserved good luck to capture three French ships. Leake now remained by Gibraltar till December 21st: on both these visits his guns relieved the pressure on the town by firing into the camp of the besiegers; and he then returned to Lisbon. During his absence a French squadron under M. de Pointis arrived to blockade Gibraltar by sea. On March 10th Leake was back again, and this time he destroyed five Frenchmen, including the flagship, in the Bay. The rest of Pointis's squadron fled to Toulon. Leake remained until the besiegers broke up their camp in despair, and the town was safe. He was now able to sail for England, which he reached in April. As Gibraltar had been taken so it was kept by the fleet, for the sake of which we hold it, and on which, in the last resort, it depends.

THE SONG OF YOUTH.

I CANNOT stay,—
 I flee your deathly clutch
 Before the dreadful greyness of your house,
 Down-closing on me, crushes out the light,
 And spills my youth ;
 For I am young, and you are old,—so old !

Loose, loose your lean, crook'd fingers,—
 Your lean, crook'd fingers they are gaunt with toil,
 With patient toil and ceaseless empty grasping.
 But mine,—see mine ! are they not full and round
 And red against the light ?
 Yea ! might I stand upon the brink of earth
 Sheer out against the sun,
 There would I burn a magical red flame ;
 But you are lean and grey.

Oh you have striven hard to swathe me round
 With all the web of wisdom and the dust
 Wherein you shroud your warped and withered soul !
 But see ! I shed the rags of all your toil ;
 Their touch shall never sap the living blood,
 Nor choke th' immortal fire,—
 For I am young,
 And youth is infinite
 With the first prime of all created things.

Seek you to stay the Spring
 I am the Spring !
 In every greening blade,
 In every petal opening to the light,
 In every limb of every waking tree,
 And in the heart of all the singing birds
 I stir the wild Spring rapture.

Seek you to stay the Wind ?
 I am the Wind !
 I speed by flying spheres,
 And ride unbridled all among the stars.

Seek you to stay the Dawn?
I am the Dawn!
I glow from cloud to cloud,
I flash from sea to sea,
Till every land grows pregnant with the light;
From year to year I flame,
From aeon unto aeon:
And yet,—you strive to stay me,
You, Death's own shadow,
So racked and broken on the wheel of Time,
And I, imperial with the deathless youth
Of all the heroes that the world has bred!

Yea, yea,—the world,—the wonderful broad world,
That lies before me like a morning meadow,
That calls and calls me as the sea at dawn!

Even in your dumb house I heard the cry
That fretted ever through the alien gloom;
And often in the dark
I strained against the severing bars and saw
The splendid cities burn into the night.
But most I gazed upon the seven stars
That lit within my narrow strip of sky,
For there was none to heed me but the stars!

But now I flee you; from your toils I leap
As leaps the flame from out the rotted beam,
As laughing waters from the caverned rock,
As April armies from the sodden earth.

Oh you are old and dreadful as the dark;
I am as young and glorious as the sun.
Standing upon its highest golden peak
Was it not I who flung the stars abroad
Into the perilous spaces of the night?
Was it not I who loosed the lordly winds
To ride the worlds forever?
Was it not I who kindled the first spark
That blazed to vast creation?
Sprang not from me the strong fierce fire of life,
That is not stayed, but sweeps through sun and star
And space eternal?

Yea, even I, a man, for I am young,
And with the youth of every god and man
That was, and is, and shall be, I am one!

W. W. G.

SAVROLA.

(A MILITARY AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER VI.

THE sagacious founders of the Lauranian Republic had recognised the importance of preserving and promoting the practice of social civilities between the public men of the State, irrespective of party. It had therefore long been the custom for the President to give several official entertainments during the autumn season, to which all the distinguished characters of either side were invited, and which it was considered etiquette to attend. This year feeling ran so high and relations were so strained that Savrola had decided not to accept, and had already formally declined the invitation; he was therefore not a little surprised when he received a second card, and still more when he read Lucile's note which accompanied it.

He saw she had exposed herself to a rebuff with her eyes open, and wondered why she had done so. Of course she counted on her charms. It is hard, if not impossible, to snub a beautiful woman; they remain beautiful, and the rebuke recoils. He might indeed have made political capital out of so pressing an invitation sent at such a critical time; but he felt she had judged him well, and knew she was safe at least from that; and this pleased him. He was sorry he could not go; but he had made up his mind, and sat down to write and decline. Half way through the letter, he paused; the thought

occurred to him that perhaps she might stand in need of his help. He read the letter again and fancied, though the words did not warrant it, that he detected a note of appeal. And then he began to look for reasons for changing his mind: the old established custom; the necessity of showing his followers that for the present he was in favour of constitutional agitation only; the opportunity of displaying his confidence in the success of his plans; in fact, every argument, but the true one, was arrayed against his determination. Yes, he would go; the Party might object, but he did not care; it was none of their business, and he was strong enough to face their displeasure. These reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Moret, his face glowing with enthusiasm.

"The Central Division Committee have nominated you unanimously as their candidate at the elections. The Dictator's puppet, Tranta, was howled down. I have arranged for a public meeting on Thursday night for you to address them. We are on the crest of the wave!"

"Capital!" said Savrola. "I had expected to be nominated, as our influence in the capital is supreme. I am glad of an opportunity of speaking; I have not had a meeting for some time, and there is a good deal to talk about just now. What day did you say you had arranged it for?"

"Thursday, in the City-Hall at

eight in the evening," said Moret who, though sanguine, was not unbusiness-like.

"Thursday?"

"Yes, you are not engaged anywhere."

"Well," said Savrola speaking slowly and appearing to weigh his words, "Thursday is the night of the State Ball."

"I know," said Moret, "that was why I arranged it so. They will feel they are dancing on a volcano; only a mile from the palace will be the people, massed, agreed, determined. Molara will not enjoy his evening; Louvet will not go; Sorrento will be making arrangements to massacre, if necessary. It will spoil the festivities; they will all see the writing on the wall."

"Thursday will not do, Moret."

"Not do! Why not?"

"Because I am going to the ball that night," said Savrola deliberately.

Moret gasped. "What," he cried, "you!"

"Most certainly I shall go. The ancient customs of the State cannot be set aside like this. It is my duty to go; we are fighting for the Constitution, and we are bound to show our respect for its principles."

"You will accept Molara's hospitality,—enter his house, and eat his food?"

"No," said Savrola; "I shall eat the food provided by the State. As you well know, the expenses of these official functions are chargeable to the public."

"You will talk to him?"

"Certainly, but he will not enjoy it."

"You will insult him, then?"

"My dear Moret, what should make you think that? I shall be very civil. That will frighten him most of all; he will not know what is impending."

"You cannot go," said Moret decidedly.

"Indeed I am going."

"Think what the Trade-Unions will say."

"I have thought about all these things and have made up my mind," said Savrola. "They may say what they like. It will show them that I do not intend to discard constitutional methods for a long time yet. These people want their enthusiasm cooling from time to time; they take life too seriously."

"They will accuse you of betraying the cause."

"I have no doubt stupid people will make characteristic remarks, but I trust none of my friends will bore me by repeating them to me."

"What will Strelitz say? It will very likely make him cross the frontier with his followers. He thinks we are luke-warm, and has been growing more impatient every week."

"If he comes before we are ready to help, the troops will make short work of him and his rabble. But he has definite orders from me and will, I hope, obey them."

"You are doing wrong, and you know it," said Moret harshly and savagely; "to say nothing of the contemptible humiliation of cringing to your enemy."

Savrola smiled at his follower's anger. "Oh," he said, "I shall not cringe. Come, you have not yet seen me do that," and he put his hand on his companion's arm. "It is strange, Louis," he continued, "that we differ in so many things, and yet, if I were in difficulty and doubt, there is no one to whom I would go sooner than to you. We squabble about trifles, but if it were a great matter, your judgment should rule me, and you know it well."

Moret yielded. He always yielded

to Savrola when he talked like that. "Well," he said, "when will you speak?"

"Whenever you like."

"Friday, then, the sooner the better."

"Very well; do you make the arrangements; I will find something to say."

"I wish you were not going," said Moret reverting to his former objections; "nothing on earth would induce me to go."

"Moret," said Savrola with strange earnestness, "we have settled that; there are other things to talk about. I am troubled in my mind. There is an undercurrent of agitation, the force of which I cannot gauge. I am the acknowledged leader of the Party, but sometimes I realise that there are agencies at work which I do not control. That secret society they call the League is an unknown factor. I hate that fellow, that German fellow, Kreutze, Number One he styles himself. He is the source of all the opposition I encounter in the Party itself; the Labour Delegates all seem to be under his influence. Indeed there are moments when I think that you and I and Godoy, and all who are striving for the old Constitution, are but the political waves of a social tide that is flowing we know not whither. Perhaps I am wrong, but I keep my eyes open and their evidence makes me thoughtful. The future is inscrutable but appalling; you must stand by me. When I can no longer restrain and control, I will no longer lead."

"The League is nothing," said Moret, "but a small anarchist group, who have thrown in their lot, for the present, with us. You are the indispensable leader of the Party; you have created the agitation, and it is in your hands to stimulate or allay

it. There are no unknown forces; you are the motive power."

Savrola walked to the window. "Look out over the city," he said. "It is a great mass of buildings; three hundred thousand people live there. Consider its size; think of the latent potentialities it contains, and then look at this small room. Do you think I am what I am, because I have changed those minds, or because I best express their views? Am I their master or their slave? Believe me, I have no illusions, nor need you."

His manner impressed his follower. It almost seemed to him, as he watched the city and listened to Savrola's earnest words, that he heard the roar of a multitude, distant, subdued, but intense as the thunder of the surf upon a rocky coast when the wind is off the sea. He did not reply. His highly wrought temperament exaggerated every mood and passion; he always lived in the superlative, with no counterpoise of healthy cynicism. Now he was very solemn, and bidding Savrola good morning, walked slowly down the stairs, swayed by the vibrations of a powerful imagination which had been stimulated to an extreme.

Savrola lay back in his chair. His first inclination was to laugh, but he realised that his mirth would not be entirely at Moret's expense. He had tried to trick himself as well, but the parts of that subtle brain were too intimately connected to have secrets from one another. Still he would not allow them to formulate the true reason of his change of mind. It was not so, he said to himself several times, and even if it were it was of no importance and signified nothing. He took a cigarette from his case and lighting it, watched the coiling rings of smoke.

How much of what he had said

had he believed? He thought of Moret's serious face; that was not entirely produced by his influence. The young Revolutionist had noticed something too, but had feared, or failed, to reduce his impressions to words. There was an undercurrent then; there were many dangers ahead. Well, he did not care; he was confident in his own powers. As the difficulties arose, he would meet them; when dangers threatened he would overcome them. Horse, foot, and artillery, he was a man, a complete entity. In any circumstances, in any situation he knew himself a factor to be reckoned with; whatever the game, he would play it to his amusement, if not to his advantage.

The smoke of his cigarette curled round his head. Life,—how unreal it was, how barren, and yet, how fascinating! Fools, calling themselves philosophers, had tried to bring home the bitter fact to men. His philosophy lent itself to a pious fraud; it taught him to minimise the importance of his pains, and to magnify that of his pleasures; it made life delightful and death incidental. Zeno had shown him how to face adversity, and Epicurus how to enjoy pleasure. He basked in the smiles of fortune, and shrugged his shoulders at the frowns of fate. His existence, or series of existences, had been agreeable. All that he remembered had been worth living. If there was a future state, if the game was to begin again elsewhere, he would take a hand. He hoped for immortality, but he contemplated annihilation with composure. Meanwhile the business of living was an interesting problem. His speech,—he had made many and knew that nothing good can be obtained without effort. These impromptu feats of oratory existed only in the minds of

the listeners; the flowers of rhetoric were hot-house plants.

What was there to say? Successive cigarettes had been mechanically consumed. Amid the smoke he saw a peroration, which would cut deep into the hearts of a crowd; a high thought, a fine simile, expressed in that correct diction which is comprehensible even to the most illiterate, and appeals to the most simple; something to lift their minds from the material cares of life and to awake sentiment. His ideas began to take the form of words, to group themselves into sentences; he murmured to himself; the rhythm of his own language swayed him, instinctively he alliterated. Ideas succeeded one another, as a stream flows swiftly by and the light changes on its waters. He seized a piece of paper and began hurriedly to pencil some notes on it. That was a point; could not tautology accentuate it? He scribbled down a rough sentence, scratched it out, polished it, and wrote it in again. The sound would please their ears, the sense improve and stimulate their minds. What a game it was! His brain contained the cards he had to play, the world the stakes he played for.

As he worked, the hours passed away. The housekeeper entering with his luncheon found him silent and busy; she had seen him thus before and did not venture to interrupt him. The untasted food grew cold upon the table, as the hands of the clock moved slowly round marking the measured tread of time. Presently he rose, and, completely under the influence of his own thoughts and language, began to pace the room with short rapid strides, speaking to himself in a low voice and with great emphasis. Suddenly he stopped and with a strange violence his hand descended on the

table. It was the end of the speech.

The noise recalled him to the commonplaces of life. He was hungry and tired, and with a laugh at his own enthusiasm sat down at the table and fell to work on his neglected luncheon.

A dozen sheets of note-paper, covered with phrases, facts, and figures, were the result of the morning's work. They lay pinned together on the table, harmless insignificant pieces of paper; and yet Antonio Molara, President of the Republic of Laurania, would have feared a bombshell less. Nor would he have been either a fool or a coward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE palace of Laurania was admirably suited to the discharge of the social ceremonies of the State. The lavish expenditure on public entertainments, which the constitutional practice encouraged, allowed the hospitalities of the Republic to be extended upon the most magnificent scale. The opening State-Ball of the season was in many ways the most important of these affairs. It was at this function that the great men of both parties met, for the first time after the summer heats, before the autumn session, and the brilliant society of the capital reunited after their absence in their country and mountain villas. Taste, elegance, and magnificence were equally displayed. The finest music, the best wine, the most diverse, yet select, company were among the attractions of the evening. The spacious courtyard of the palace was completely covered by a gigantic awning. Rows of the Infantry of the Guard lined the approaches, and with their bright steel bayonets increased the splendour

and the security of the occasion. The well-lit streets were crowded with the curious populace. The great hall of the palace, at all times imposing and magnificent, displayed a greater pomp when filled with a gaily-dressed company.

At the head of the stairs stood the President and his wife, he resplendent in his orders and medals, she in her matchless beauty. As the guests ascended, an aide-de-camp, a gorgeous thing in crimson and gold, inquired their names and styles and announced them. Many and various was the company; every capital in Europe, every country in the world was represented.

The guest of the evening was the King of Ethiopia, a mass of silk and jewels framing a black but vivacious face. He came early,—unwisely, as, had he come later, there would have been a better audience to watch his arrival; however, to his untutored mind perhaps this was a matter of little importance.

The Diplomatic Corps followed in a long succession. Coach after coach drew up at the entrance and discharged its burden of polite astuteness, clothed in every conceivable combination of colour. Arrived at the top of the stairs, the Russian Ambassador, grey but gallant, paused and bowing with a stately courtesy, kissed the little hand Lucile extended.

"The scene is an appropriate setting to a peerless diamond," he murmured.

"Would it sparkle as brightly in the Winter Palace?" inquired Lucile lightly.

"Assuredly the frosty nights of Russia would intensify its brilliancy."

"Among so many others it would be lost."

"Among all others it would be unrivalled and alone."

"Ah," she said, "I hate publicity,

and as for solitude, frosty solitude, the thought of it alone makes me shiver."

She laughed. The diplomatist threw her a look of admiration, and stepping into the crowd, that already blocked the head of the stairs, received and returned the congratulations of his numerous friends.

"Madame Tranta," said the aide-camp.

"I am so glad to see you," said Lucile. "What a pity your daughter could not come; it has been a great disappointment to many."

The ugly old woman thus addressed beamed with delight, and moving up the stairs pushed her way to the marble balustrade of the balcony. She watched the later arrivals, and commented freely to her acquaintance on their dress and deportment; she also gave a little information about each one, which would have been ill-natured even had it not been untrue; but though she told her friends many things, she did not mention that she had had to make Tranta write and threaten to desert the President's party unless she was asked to the ball, and that even this had failed to procure an invitation for her daughter, an unfortunate girl who added a bad complexion to the family features.

Louvet came next, looking anxiously at the crowd of faces which gazed from the landing, and imagining bombs and daggers at every step. He regarded Lucile with apprehension, but her smile seemed to give him courage and he mingled with the throng.

Then Sir Richard Shalgrove, the British Ambassador, whose genial and cheery face displayed an innocence which contrasted with his reputation in public or private affairs, advanced to make his bow. The strained relations between Laurania and Great Britain seemed to disappear

in that comprehensive salutation. Lucile engaged him for a moment in conversation, pretending to know little or nothing. "And when," she asked merrily, "do we declare war?"

"Not until after I have had the pleasure of the third waltz, I hope," said the Ambassador.

"How annoying! I wanted so much to dance it with you."

"And you will not?" he asked in great concern.

"Dare I plunge two nations into war for the sake of a waltz?"

"Had you my inducement you would not hesitate," he replied gallantly.

"What, to precipitate hostilities! What have we done? What is your great inducement to fight?"

"Not to fight,—to dance," said Sir Richard with a little less than his usual assurance.

"For a diplomatist you are indeed explicit. While you are in so good a mood, tell me what has happened; is there danger?"

"Danger? No,—how could there be?" He selected a formula: "Between traditionally friendly Powers arbitration settles all disputes."

"You realise," she said earnestly and with an entire change of manner, "that we have to consider the political situation here? A strong despatch improves the position of the Government."

"I have felt all through," said the Ambassador uncompromisingly, "that there was no danger." He did not however mention that H.M. battleship Aggressor (12,000 tons displacement and 14,000 horse power, armed with four 11-inch guns) was steaming eighteen knots an hour towards the African port of the Lauranian Republic, or that he himself had been busy all the afternoon with cipher telegrams relating to ships, stores, and military movements. He thought

that would be only boring her with purely technical details.

While this conversation had been taking place, the stream of people had passed continuously up the stairs and the throng on the wide balcony that ran round the entire hall had become dense. The wonderful band was almost drowned by the hum of conversation; the perfect floor of the ball-room was only occupied by a few young couples, whose own affairs absorbed their minds and excluded all other interests. A feeling of expectancy pervaded the hall; the rumour that Savrola would come had spread far and wide throughout Laurania.

Suddenly everyone became hushed, and above the strains of the band the distant sound of shouting was heard. Louder and louder it swelled, swiftly approaching until it was at the very gates; then it died away, and there was a silence through the hall filled only by the music. Had he been hooted or cheered? The sound had seemed strangely ambiguous; men were prepared to wager about it; his face would tell them the answer.

The swing-doors opened and Savrola entered. All eyes were turned on him, but his face showed them nothing, and the bets remained undecided. As he leisurely ascended the stairs, his eyes travelled with interest round the crowded galleries and the brilliant throng which lined them. No decorations, no orders, no star relieved the plain evening-dress he wore. Amid that blaze of colour, that multitude of gorgeous uniforms, he appeared a sombre figure; but, like the Iron Duke in Paris, he looked the leader of them all, calm, confident, and composed.

The President walked down a few steps to meet his distinguished guest. Both bowed with grave dignity.

"I am glad you have come, Sir,"

said Molara; "it is in harmony with the traditions of the State."

"Duty and inclination combined to point the way," answered Savrola with a smile marked by a suggestion of irony.

"You had no difficulty with the crowd?" suggested the President acidly.

"Oh, no difficulty, but they take politics a little seriously; they disapproved of my coming to your palace."

"You are right to come," said Molara. "You and I know what these things are worth; men of the world do not get excited over public matters, nor do gentlemen fight with bludgeons."

"I prefer swords," said Savrola reflectively. He had reached the head of the stairs and Lucile stood before him. What a queen she looked, how peerless and incomparable among all women! The fine tiara she wore suggested sovereignty, and democrat as he was, he bowed to that alone. She held out her hand; he took it with reverence and courtesy, but the contact thrilled him.

The President selected a fat but famous woman from the aristocracy of Laurania, and led the way into the ball-room. Savrola did not dance; there were some amusements which his philosophy taught him to despise. Lucile was captured by the Russian Ambassador, and he remained a spectator.

Lieutenant Tiro saw him thus alone and approached him, wishing to finish their discussion about the Back of the polo-team, which had been interrupted the week before. Savrola received him with a smile; he liked the young soldier, as indeed did everyone. Tiro was full of arguments; he was in favour of a strong heavy player who should lie back in the game and take no chances. Savrola, having remarked on the importance of the

Lauranian army being properly represented in an inter-national contest, favoured a light weight, playing right up to his forwards and ready to take the ball on himself at any moment. It was an animated discussion.

"Where have you played?" asked the Subaltern, surprised at his knowledge.

"I have never played the game," answered Savrola; "but I have always thought it a good training for military officers."

The subject was changed.

"Explain to me," said the great Democrat, "what all these different orders are. What is that blue one that Sir Richard, the British Ambassador, is wearing?"

"That is the Garter," replied the Subaltern; "the most honourable order in England."

"Really, and what is this that you are wearing?"

"I! Oh that's the African medal. I was out there in 1886 and 1887, you know." As Savrola had anticipated, he was intensely pleased at being asked.

"It must have been a strange experience for you, who are so young."

"It was damned good fun," said the Subaltern with decision. "I was at Langi Tal. My squadron had a five-mile pursuit. The lance is a beautiful weapon. The English in India have a sport called pig-sticking; I have never tried it, but I know a better."

"Well, you may have another chance soon. We seem to be getting into difficulties with the British Government."

"Do you think there is any chance of war?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Well, of course," said Savrola, "a war would distract the attention of the people from internal agitation and the Reform movement. The

President is a clever man. There might be war: I should not care to prophesy; but do you wish for it?"

"Certainly I do; it is my profession. I am sick of being a lap-dog in this palace; I long for the camp and the saddle again. Besides, these English will be worth fighting; they will give us a gallop all right. There was one of their officers with me at Langi Tal, a subaltern; he came as a spectator searching for adventure."

"What happened to him?"

"Well, you know, we pursued the enemy all the way to the hills and played the devil with them. As we were galloping along, he saw a lot making off towards a wood, and wanted to cut them off. I said there wasn't time; he laid me six to four there was, so I sent a troop,—I was in command of the squadron that day, you know. He went with them and showed them the way straight enough,—but I bore you?"

"On the contrary, I am greatly interested; what then?"

"He was wrong; the enemy got to the wood first, turned round, and picked him off in the open. Our fellows brought him back, shot through the big artery of the leg; that doesn't take long, you know. All he said was: 'Well, you've won, but how the deuce you'll get paid, I can't think. Ask my brother,—Royal Lancers.'"

"And then?" asked Savrola.

"Well, I couldn't find the artery to compress it, and none of the doctors were about. He died,—a gallant fellow!"

The Subaltern paused, rather ashamed at having talked so much about his military adventures. Savrola felt as if he had looked into a new world, a world of ardent, reckless, warlike youth. He was himself young enough to feel a certain jealousy. This boy had seen what

he had not; he possessed an experience, which taught him lessons Savrola had never learned. Their lives had been different; but one day perhaps he would open this strange book of war, and by the vivid light of personal danger read the lessons it contained.

Meanwhile the night was passing. The King of Ethiopia, horrified at the low dresses of the unveiled women and dreading the prospect of eating with odious white people, had taken his departure. The President, approaching Savrola, invited him to take his wife down to supper; he offered Lucile his arm and they descended the stairs. The supper was excellent: the champagne was dry and the quails fat. A profusion of rare and beautiful orchids covered the table; Savrola's surroundings were agreeable, and he sat next the most beautiful woman in Laurania who, though he did not know it, was exerting herself to captivate him. At first they talked amusing frivolities. The President, whose manners were refined, showed himself a pleasant companion and an accomplished talker. Savrola, who delighted in sparkling conversation, found it difficult to keep to the part of a purely official visitor which he had determined to observe. The influences of wit, wine, and beauty were combined to break his reserve; before he knew it, he had joined in a discussion, one of those half cynical, half serious discussions which are characteristic of a sceptical and an inquiring age.

The Russian Ambassador had said that he worshipped beauty, and had told his partner, the youthful Countess of Ferrol, that he regarded taking her into dinner as a religious observance.

"I suppose that means that you are bored," she replied.

"By no means; in my religion the ceremonies are never dull; that is one

of the principal advantages I claim for it."

"There are few others," said Molara; "you devote yourself to an idol of your own creation. If you worship beauty, your goddess stands on no surer pedestal than human caprice. Is it not so, Princess?"

The Princess of Tarentum, who was on the President's right, replied that even that foundation was more secure than that on which many beliefs repose.

"You mean that in your own case human caprice has been sufficiently constant? I can well believe it."

"No," she said; "I only mean that the love of beauty is common to all human beings."

"To all living things," corrected Savrola. "It is the love of the plant that produces the flower."

"Ah," said the President, "but, though the love of beauty may be constant, beauty itself may change. Look how everything changes; the beauty of one age is not the beauty of the next; what is admired in Africa is hideous in Europe. It is all a matter of opinion, local opinion. Your goddess, Monsieur, has as many shapes as Proteus."

"I like change," said the Ambassador, "and regard variability of form as a decided advantage in a goddess. I do not care how many shapes I look at, so long as all are beautiful."

"But," interposed Lucile, "you make no distinction between what is beautiful and what we think is beautiful."

"There is none," said the President.

"In her Excellency's case there would be none," interposed the Ambassador politely.

"What is beauty," said Molara, "but what we choose to admire?"

"Do we choose? Have we the power?" asked Savrola.

"Certainly," answered the President; "and every year we alter our decisions; every year the fashion changes. Ask the ladies. Look at the fashions of thirty years ago; they were thought becoming then. Observe the different styles of painting that have succeeded each other, or of poetry, or of music. Besides, Monsieur de Stranoff's goddess, though beautiful to him, might not be so to another."

"I regard that also as a real advantage; you make me more enamoured with my religion each moment. I do not worship my ideals for the *reclame*," said the Ambassador with a smile.

"You look at the question from a material point of view."

"Material rather than moral," said Lady Ferrol.

"But in the spirit-worship of my goddess the immorality is immaterial. Besides, if you say that our tastes are always changing, it seems to me that constancy is the essence of my religion."

"That is a paradox which we shall make you explain," said Molara.

"Well, you say I change each day, and my goddess changes too. To-day I admire one standard of beauty, to-morrow another; but when to-morrow comes I am no longer the same person. The molecular structure of my brain is altered; my ideas have changed; my old self has perished, loving its own ideal; the renovated *ego* starts life with a new one. It is all a case of wedded till death."

"You are not going to declare that constancy is a series of changes? You may as well assert that motion is a succession of halts."

"I am true to the fancy of the hour."

"You express my views in other words. Beauty depends on human caprice, and changes with the times."

"Look at that statue," interposed Savrola suddenly, indicating a magnificent marble figure of Diana which stood in the middle of the room surrounded by ferns. "More than two thousand years have passed since men called that beautiful. Do we deny it now?" There was no answer and he continued: "That is true beauty of line and form, which is eternal. The other things you have mentioned, fashions, styles, fancies, are but the unsuccessful efforts we make to attain to it. Men call such efforts art. Art is to beauty, what honour is to honesty, an unnatural allotropic form. Art and honour belong to gentlemen; beauty and honesty are good enough for men."

There was a pause. It was impossible to mistake the democratic tone; his earnestness impressed them, and Molara looked uneasy. The Ambassador came to the rescue. "Well, I shall continue to worship the goddess of beauty, whether she be constant or variable,"—he looked at the Countess; "and to show my devotion I shall offer up a waltz in that sacred fane, the ball-room."

He pushed his chair back, and, stooping, picked up his partner's glove which had fallen to the floor. Everyone rose and the party separated. As Savrola walked back to the hall with Lucile, they passed an open doorway leading to the garden. A multitude of fairy lights marked out the flower-beds or hung in festoons from the trees. The paths were carpeted with red cloth; a cool breeze fanned their faces. Lucile paused.

"It is a lovely night."

The invitation was plain. She had wanted to speak to him then, after all. How right he was to come,—on constitutional grounds.

"Shall we go out?" he said.

She consented, and they stepped on to the terrace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE night was very still. The soft breeze was not strong enough to stir even the slender palms which rose on all sides, and whose outlines, above the surrounding foliage, framed the star-lit sky. The palace stood on high ground and the garden sloped on the western side towards the sea. At the end of the terrace was a stone seat.

"Let us sit here," said Lucile.

They sat down. The dreamy music of a waltz floated down as a distant accompaniment to their thoughts. The windows of the palace blazed with light and suggested glitter, glare, and heat; in the garden all was quiet and cool.

"Why do you sneer at honour?" asked Lucile, thinking of the interrupted conversation.

"Because it has no true foundation, no ultra-human sanction. Its codes are constantly changing with times and places. At one time it is thought more honourable to kill the man you have wronged than to make amends; at another it is more important to pay a bookmaker than a butcher. Like art it changes with human caprice, and like art it comes from opulence and luxury."

"But why do you claim a higher origin for beauty and honesty?"

"Because, wherever I have looked, I see that all things are perpetually referred to an eternal standard of fitness, and that right triumphs over wrong, truth over falsehood, beauty over ugliness. *Fitness* is the general expression. Judged by this standard art and honour have little value."

"But are these things so?" she asked wonderingly. "Surely there are many exceptions?"

"Nature never considers the individual; she only looks at the average fitness of the species. Con-

sider the statistics of mortality. How exact they are: they give to a month the expectation of life to men; and yet they tell a man nothing. We cannot say that a good man will always overcome a knave; but the evolutionist will not hesitate to affirm that the nation with the highest ideals would succeed."

"Unless," said Lucile, "some other nation with lower ideals, but stronger arms, intervenes."

"Well, even then might is a form of fitness; I think a low form, but still physical force contains the elements of human progress. This is only the instance; we must enlarge our view. Nature does not consider the individual species. All we will now assert is that organisms imbued with moral fitness would ultimately rise above those whose virtue is physical. How many times has civilisation, by which I mean a state of society where moral force begins to escape from the tyranny of physical forces, climbed the ladder of progress and been dragged down? Perhaps many hundred times in this world alone. But the motive power, the upward tendency, was constant. Evolution does not say 'always,' but 'ultimately.' Well, ultimately civilisation has climbed up beyond the reach of barbarism. The higher ideals have reached the surface by superior buoyancy."

"Why do you assume that this triumph is permanent? How do you know that it will not be reversed, as all others have been?"

"Because we have got might on our side, as well as moral ascendancy."

"Perhaps the Romans in the summit of their power thought that too."

"Very likely, but without reason. They had only swords to fall back upon as an ultimate appeal; and when they became effete they could no longer wield them."

"And modern civilisation?"

"Ah, we have other weapons. When we have degenerated, as we must eventually degenerate, when we have lost our intrinsic superiority and other races, according to the natural law, advance to take our place, we shall fall back upon these weapons. Our morals will be gone, but our guns will remain. The effete and trembling European will sweep from the earth by scientific machinery the valiant savages who assail him."

"Is that the triumph of moral superiority?"

"At first it would be, for the virtues of civilisation are of a higher type than those of barbarism. Kindness is better than courage, and charity more than strength. But ultimately the dominant race will degenerate, and as there will be none to take its place, the degeneration must continue. It is the old struggle between vitality and decay, between energy and indolence; a struggle that always ends in silence. After all, we could not expect human development to be constant. It is only a question of time before the planet becomes unfitted to support life on its surface."

"But you said that fitness must ultimately triumph."

"Over relative unfitness, yes. But decay will involve all, victors and vanquished. The fire of life will die out, the spirit of vitality become extinct."

"In this world perhaps."

"In every world. All the universe is cooling,—dying, that is—and as it cools, life for a spell becomes possible on the surface of its spheres, and plays strange antics. And then the end comes; the universe dies and is sepulchred in the cold darkness of ultimate negation."

"To what purpose then are all our efforts?"

"God knows," said Savrola cynically; "but I can imagine that the drama would not be an uninteresting one to watch."

"And yet you believe in an ultra-human foundation, an eternal ideal for such things as beauty and virtue."

"I believe that the superiority of fitness over relative unfitness is one of the great laws of matter. I include all kinds of fitness,—moral, physical, mathematical."

"Mathematical!"

"Certainly; worlds only exist by conforming to correct mathematical principles. That is one of the great proofs we have that mathematics have been discovered, not invented. The planets observe a regular progression in their distances from the sun. Evolution suggests that those that did not observe such principles were destroyed by collisions and amalgamated with others. It is a universal survival of the fittest." She was silent. He continued: "Now let us say that in the beginning there existed two factors, matter animated by the will to live, and the eternal ideal; the great author and the great critic. It is to the interplay and counter-action of these two that all development, that all forms of life are due. The more the expression of the will to live approximates to the eternal standard of fitness, the better it succeeds."

"I would add a third," she said; "a great Being to instil into all forms of life the desire to attain to the ideal; to teach them in what ways they may succeed."

"It is pleasant," he replied, "to think that such a Being exists to approve our victories, to cheer our struggles and to light our way; but it is not scientifically or logically necessary to assume one after the two factors I have spoken of are once at work."

"Surely the knowledge that such an ultra-human ideal existed must have been given from without."

"No; that instinct which we call conscience was derived as all other knowledge from experience."

"How could it be?"

"I think of it in this way. When the human race was emerging from the darkness of its origin and half animal, half human creatures trod the earth, there was no idea of justice, honesty, or virtue, only the motive power which we may call the will to live. Then perhaps it was a minor peculiarity of some of these early ancestors of man to combine in twos and threes for their mutual protection. The first alliance was made; the combinations prospered where the isolated individuals failed. The faculty of combination appeared to be an element of fitness. By natural selection only the combinations survived. Thus man became a social animal. Gradually the little societies became larger ones. From families to tribes and from tribes to nations the species advanced, always finding that the better they combined, the better they succeeded. Now on what did this system of alliance depend? It depended on the members keeping faith with each other, on the practice of honesty, justice, and the rest of the virtues. Only those beings in whom such faculties were present were able to combine, and thus only the relatively honest men were preserved. The process repeated itself countless times during untold ages. At every step the race advanced, and at every step the realisation of the cause increased. Honesty and justice are bound up in our compositions and form an inseparable part of our natures. It is only with difficulty that we repress such awkward inclinations."

"You do not then believe in God?"

"I never said that," said Savrola. "I am only discussing the question of our existence from one standpoint,—that of reason. There are many who think that reason and faith, science and religion must be everlastingly separated, and that if one be admitted the other must be denied. Perhaps it is because we see so short a span, that we think that their lines are parallel and never touch each other. I always cherish the hope that somewhere in the perspective of the future there may be a vanishing point where all lines of human aspiration will ultimately meet."

"And you believe all this that you have said?"

"No," he answered; "there is no faith in disbelief, whatever the poets have said. Before we can solve the problems of existence we must establish the fact that we exist at all. It is a strange riddle, is it not?"

"We shall learn the answer when we die."

"If I thought that," said Savrola, "I should kill myself to-night out of irresistible curiosity."

He paused, and looked up at the stars, which shone so brightly overhead. She followed his gaze. "You like the stars?" she asked.

"I love them," he replied; "they are very beautiful."

"Perhaps your fate is written there."

"I have always admired the audacity of man in thinking that a Supreme Power should placard the skies with the details of his squalid future, and that his marriage, his misfortunes, and his crimes should be written in letters of suns on the background of limitless space. We are consequential atoms."

"You think we are of no importance?"

"Life is very cheap. Nature has no exaggerated idea of its value. I

realise my own insignificance, but I am a philosophic microbe, and it rather adds to my amusement than otherwise. Insignificant or not, I like living; it is good to think of the future."

"Ah," said Lucile impetuously, "whither are you hurrying us in the future,—to revolution?"

"Perhaps," said Savrola calmly.

"You are prepared to plunge the country in a civil war?"

"Well, I hope it will not come to that extreme. Probably there will be some street-fighting and some people will be killed, but ——"

"But why should you drive them like this?"

"I discharge a duty to the human species in breaking down a military despotism. I do not like to see a government supported only by bayonets; it is an anachronism."

"The Government is just and firm; it maintains law and order. Why should you assail it merely because it does not harmonise with your theories?"

"My theories!" said Savrola. "Is that the name you give to the lines of soldiers with loaded rifles that guard this palace, or to the Lancers I saw spearing the people in the square a week ago?"

His voice had grown strangely vehement and his manner thrilled her. "You will ruin us," she said weakly.

"No," he replied with his grand air, "you can never be ruined. Your brilliancy and beauty will always make you the luckiest of women, and your husband the luckiest of men."

His great soul was above the suspicion of presumption. She looked up at him, smiled quickly and impulsively held out her hand. "We are on opposite sides, but we will fight under the rules of war. I

hope we shall remain friends even though——"

"We are officially enemies," said Savrola, completing the sentence, and taking her hand in his he bowed and kissed it; then rising they re-entered the palace in silence. Most of the guests had already gone, and Savrola did not ascend the stairs, but passing through the swing-doors took his departure. Lucile walked up to the ball-room in which a few youthful and indefatigable couples were still circling. Molara met her. "My dear," he said, "where have you been all this time?"

"In the garden," she replied.

"With Savrola?"

"Yes."

The President repressed a feeling of satisfaction. "Did he tell you anything?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, remembering for the first time the object with which she had sought the interview; "I must see him again."

"You will continue to try and find out his political intentions?" enquired Molara anxiously.

"I shall see him again," she replied.

"I trust to your wit," said the President; "you can do it, if anyone can, my dearest."

The last dance came to an end and the last guest departed. Very weary and thoughtful Lucile retired to her room. Her conversation with Savrola filled her mind; his earnestness, his enthusiasm, his hopes, his beliefs, or, rather, his disbeliefs, all passed again in review before her. What a great man he was! Was it wonderful the people followed him? She would like to hear him speak to-morrow.

Her maid came in to assist her to undress. She had looked from an upper balcony and had seen Savrola. "Was that," she asked her mistress curiously, "the great Agitator?" Her

brother was going to hear him make his speech to-morrow.

"Is he going to make a speech to-morrow?" asked Lucile.

"So my brother says," said the maid; "he says that he is going to give them such a dressing-down that they will never forget it." The maid paid great attention to her brother's words. There was much sympathy between them; in fact she only called him her brother because it sounded better.

Lucile took up the evening paper which lay on the bed. There on the first page was the announcement; the great meeting would take place at the City-Hall at eight the next evening. She dismissed the maid and walked to the window. The

silent city lay before her; to-morrow the man she had talked with would convulse that city with excitement. She would go and hear him; women went to these meetings; why should she not go, closely veiled? After all it would enable her to learn something of his character, and she could thus better assist her husband. With this reflection, which was extremely comforting, she went to bed.

The President was going up-stairs, when Miguel met him. "More business?" he asked wearily.

"No," said the Secretary; "things are going on very well."

Molara looked at him with quick annoyance; but Miguel's face remained impassive, and simply replying, "I am glad of that," he passed on.

(To be continued.)

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VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARÎM.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Fast of Ramazân (or Ramadhân, as the Arabs call it in their harsher tongue) is a movable one, and it happened that year to coincide very nearly with the period of Lent, which had doubtless served as a model to the imitative mind of Mahommed. Margaret, who went every morning to an early service at the Anglican church, and in the evening witnessed the performance of a Mahomedan service in one of the unused state-rooms of the palace, was unavoidably brought to draw comparisons between the Western and the Oriental forms of faith. She was struck with the religious fervour by which the Mahomedans, young and old, rich and poor, seemed to be animated, and she could not help observing that they kept Ramazân as few Christians are willing to keep Lent. Five times a day, without fail, every man about the place was to be seen at his prayers, in the gardens, in the colonnades, and in the ante-rooms of the palace. The ladies of the *harîm* and their Circassian slaves were not less devout. Each one had her own particular prayer-carpet and rosary, and with bare feet newly washed, and veiled head turned to the East, would go through all the complicated ceremonies of devotion for twenty minutes

at a time. Margaret watched it all, and was impressed by it; and yet she felt that there was something wanting, something vitally needful.

Every evening a patriarchal-looking *imâm* (or priest) came to hold a solemn service in the palace at which all the members of the household were present. The door between the central hall of the *harîm* and the reception-rooms of the *selâmlek* was thrown open, and in a dark ante-chamber behind a curtain the women spread their carpets and followed the devotions of the men.

Margaret was shy of intruding upon them at this time, and she tried to keep Djemâl-ed-Din amused in another room; but the little fellow was deeply interested in the whole performance, and nothing would do but that he must be there to join in it. He liked to hold Margaret's hand and peep through the curtains at the crowd of male worshippers. "*Pâsha Bâbba*," he would murmur appreciatively, pointing out his father in the forefront of the crowd; "*bac, Mademoiselle, Pâsha Bâbba!*"

Margaret would look as she was bidden, and very strange it seemed to see the whole company of men, with the dignified *Pâsha* at their head, crouched on the floor, with their heads bowed, and the soles of their slipperless feet upturned. The deep

and guttural voice of the *uléma* (one of the religious elders whose duty it is to read the service) filled the room with a melancholy and monotonous chant; and as he prayed, the whole company of worshippers, men and women alike, would rise and hold up their palms to heaven, and then prostrate themselves to the ground again, touching their breasts and lips and foreheads.

This salutation, it may be said, is commonly used by inferiors to their superiors in rank, and Margaret had often seen it practised by the slaves of the *harîm*, who came to kiss the hem of their mistress's robe fresh from the bath and with their clean clothes on. The Pâsha had explained that it was as much as to say: "I take up the dust before you, and I devote my heart, my lips, and my head to your service."

One evening, after the worshippers had been listening on their knees to a long reading from the Koran, and the recitation of prayers, with the litany of obeisance and response, were beginning again, the little Djemâl-ed-Din eluded Margaret's restraining hand, and slipped inside the curtain before she could stop him. He made his way in a moment to the front, and taking up a position on a corner of his father's carpet, began to imitate with solemn gravity all the movements of the Pâsha. When the Pâsha bowed his forehead to the ground, Djemâl-ed-Din did the same; and when he stood up and folded his arms across his breast, the child imitated him as faithfully, though not as simultaneously, as the rest of the company. It was a quaint spectacle, and Margaret, from her peep-hole behind the curtain, could not help being amused in spite of her trepidation; but the absurdity of it did not appear to strike anyone else, and when the Pâsha chanced to look

behind him, and caught sight of the golden curls of his little son bobbing in unison with the long tassels of the *tarbûshes* all around, he only smiled reassuringly, and reached out his hand with a kindly caress.

The Pâsha was very strict in his observance of the fast and its obligations, and every afternoon Margaret could hear him chanting aloud from the Koran, to study which he shut himself up in his room for many hours. He did not wish his wife to be exposed to any privations, however, and he was greatly distressed and dismayed when, on the first day of Ramazân, she announced her intention of keeping the fast herself this year.

"My dear Valda, you must not dream of it," he said in shocked remonstrance. "It is not for delicate women like yourself, and I would rather pay forty times over than see you subjected to it. Already I am not at all happy about your health; you have not been yourself for weeks, and you are getting thinner and paler every day."

Valda said nothing; she only smiled languidly.

"Indeed, my dear friend, you will lose your beauty," the Pâsha continued; "and instead of fasting, I would advise you to do all you can to regain the strength you have lost. You are not fit to starve and pray all day, and then to go out visiting in the night, and I implore you not to think of it. Do persuade her, Mademoiselle."

Margaret, who had quite as strong reasons as the Pâsha for being concerned about Valda's health, joined her remonstrances to his; but Valda was impervious to argument or entreaty. "I am perfectly well," she said inexorably, "and I wish to do it. It is the right thing to do, and I will not accept an exemption this year."

"You have never done it in your life," said the Pâsha.

"That is all the more reason why I should do it now. I could not do it before. When I was a girl I had my lessons to attend to ; and afterwards, when I was married, you always made excuses for me. There is nothing that ought really to prevent me now."

"You will certainly break down," the poor Pâsha said in despair. "You know it always makes me ill, and if it is too much for me, how much more for you ? And why should you object to an exemption this year, when you have always had it before ?"

"Because I am ashamed of having failed in my duty for so long. I believe in my religion, and therefore I must act up to it," said Valda firmly. "I am determined about this, and I can assure you that I will not yield. Do not provoke me by opposing me in my desire, Pâsha-jim ; it would only make us both angry, and it would be of no use in the end."

Valda therefore was among the ladies who kept the fast, and Margaret took her midday meal with no other company than that of the two grandmothers. It was not a comfortable state of things, for both these ladies were extremely cross. Valda's mother was ill, and had no relish for any sort of food ; and the old granddame was furious because she was debarred from the excitement of keeping the fast. Both of them vented their ill-temper upon the slaves, whom they scolded without ceasing through every meal ; and the starving Circassians, to whom the very smell of the food was an offence and an abomination, were so sulky and sleepy that even Margaret found it difficult to get on with them.

In the afternoon, most of them spread their mattresses out on the floor and slept ; but towards sunset they were to be seen with their watches in their hands, eagerly disputing about the time, and counting

the minutes that must elapse before they could begin to eat. Margaret used to find them in the ante-room of the dining-room, standing round the circular tray from which they took their meals, and waiting, while the golden glow of the sunset behind the palm-trees was deepening into red, until through the open windows the boom of the Turkish cannon could be heard echoing in the still air. Then in a moment they dashed their fingers into the dishes, and snatched up the first bit of bread they could lay hold of.

The sound of the gun brought the ladies flocking in to their dinner from all parts of the *harîm*, and as they had to be served before the slaves could settle comfortably to their meal, this eagerness to get a mouthful beforehand was not without excuse. When Ramazân fell in summer the strain was considerable, and after many hours of fasting through days of blazing heat, a slave, who had been unable to get anything to eat before waiting at dinner, would sometimes be overcome by the smell of the food and collapse utterly. This year, however, there was no such strain, and beyond a little sleepiness and crossness, for which their late hours and unwonted festivities were enough to account, there was nothing amiss with the slaves.

The only person who looked really ill was Valda. She was never in a hurry for the evening meal, for by the time that it arrived she was generally too much exhausted to be able to eat anything. As Ramazân wore on, she grew visibly whiter and thinner, and more languid and depressed from day to day, till the Pâsha was seriously troubled by her looks. He did everything he could to dissuade her from carrying out her resolution, but nothing would induce her to give it up. She was changed not only

in looks, Margaret thought: there was a new earnestness of purpose in her, a deepened intensity of melancholy; and she threw herself into the exercises of religion with the desperate fervour and self-abandonment of a person who seeks in devotion a safeguard and distraction from some overwhelming trouble.

She went about the *harâm* like a ghost, the mere shadow of herself, and it was with difficulty that she could be prevailed upon to take any part in the nightly junketings and visitings. Her intimacy with Hamida seemed to have come to an end. She never went to see her now, and she tried to avoid her as much as possible whenever she came to the palace.

"Do not talk to me about it," she said one day, when Hamida was paying her a visit and had brought up the subject of their escapade at the Opera House; "I told you all that there was to be told that night. It is all over between us, and he will be leaving the country before Ramazân is out. What is the use of thinking about him any more?"

"Ramazân is more than half over now," said Hamida, "and it will be very soon that the Englishman will be leaving. In ten days from now he will be gone."

"Ah!" said Valda with a sudden catch of her breath. "Ten days,—it is very soon! But it is well. Soon or late, what does it matter to me? I shall never see him again."

Hamida gave a queer glance at the pale face and slender figure by her side on the big, white-sheeted divan. She knew that Fitzroy had no intention of leaving Cairo without seeing Valda again, and she had a letter from him tucked away in the folds of her expansive bodice at that moment. It was addressed to Valda, but for a moment she debated whether she would give it to her. Hamida was a

coarse-minded, pleasure-loving woman, of an essentially vulgar and common nature, and she had no principles at all in her composition; but she had not a bad heart, and she had no inclination to work mischief up to the point of injuring anybody. The enforced seclusion of her life, together with the idleness of her hands and the activity of her brains, had urged her into many a secret adventure when she was young; and now that her charms were waning, and her opportunities for amusement becoming fewer, she was delighted to have an affair of someone else's to conduct. Perhaps, too, she was not altogether uninfluenced by the satisfaction of seeing Valda, whose superior virtue in such matters had always annoyed her a little, thus lowered to her own level. Hamida had been clever enough herself, however, to keep out of any scandal, and she had no desire to let matters go so far as to involve Valda in disaster. She wondered now whether there was any danger lest Valda's infatuation should lead her beyond the limits of caution in that evasion of restraint that she regarded as legitimate under the conditions of their life, and she hesitated for a moment whether to deliver the letter or let the matter drop. But her love of excitement and her curiosity together were too strong for her prudence, and she drew the letter out of her bosom.

"Look, Valda; he has sent me a letter to give to you. Do you not want to know what is in it?"

Valda looked at the letter with a strange expression in her eyes—was it hope or fear?—but she made no movement to take it, and after an instant's hesitation, she put up her hand as if to thrust it away. "No, I do not want to know," she said hurriedly. "Put it back in your dress, Hamida; I will not receive it. I do not wish

to have anything more to do with him."

"*Ullah!* You have quarrelled with him then! What was the use of doing that, when the poor fellow is going away so soon? You might as well part friends."

"We have parted, and it is all over. What is the use of beginning again? I will not do it, Hamida."

"*Mashallah!*" said Hamida. "Of course you must do as you please, but it seems to me that you are taking the thing much too seriously. If it is no pleasure to you to go on with it, why then of course there is no object in giving him any further encouragement; but he will be desperately disappointed, poor fellow, and why should you deny yourself a little amusement that comes in your way? Why not take it simply, and enjoy it while it lasts? Without some little relaxation of this kind, one's life would be too dull to be endured, and luckily for you, you are still young and pretty,—you may look forward to plenty more admirers in the future."

"I don't want any," said Valda passionately. "All I wish for now is for peace and quiet, that I may do my duty to my husband and my child, and live faithfully in my religion. I have never done Ramazân before, Hamida, but now I am doing it, and it has changed my ideas. I feel that God is great and we are little, and it does not matter if we suffer, so long as we do right. It will soon be over."

"*Ullah, Ullah, Ullah!*" exclaimed Hamida in a voice of consternation; "you are doing Ramazân, you are doing it like that! No wonder you look so ill and weak and miserable! You will kill yourself, Valda, you look half dead already; and this melancholy state of mind that you have got into,—a young woman like you to be talking about death and religion—it

is bad, very bad! But of course, I could have told you that it would be so; it is always the result of one's stomach being upset out of its usual habits."

Valda was silent. She was not without a sense of humour, and it was often roused by Hamida's philosophy; but to-day she was too miserable to be amused by anything.

"This fasting is all very well for strong men," pursued Hamida, who had been stirred into a state of strong indignation; "but for fragile women like you and me, it is an abomination, an absolute abomination! You ought not to attempt it. What is the Pâsha dreaming of not to pay an exemption for you?"

Hamida weighed a good thirteen stone, and she did not look as if a short course of fasting would do her any harm; but it is one of the little ironies of life that the discipline and penances that are intended to refine too earthly human nature, are carefully avoided by all who need them, while those who will get more harm than benefit from the treatment are eager to embrace it.

Hamida's arguments made no impression at all upon Valda, and at last she received a pretty plain hint that it was time for her to take her departure. "Would you like to go and see my mother before you leave?" said Valda wearily. "I am sorry that I cannot stay with you, but the Pâsha is not well. He is confined to his room on the other side, and I don't like to be long away from him."

"*Ullah!* Has he nobody to attend to him but you?" asked Hamida discontentedly. "A wife is not a slave, with nothing to do but to wait on a man's whims and fancies, I should hope! There is nothing serious the matter with him, I suppose, only the effect of this wretched Ramazân?"

"He has caught a chill, I think, and he is very feverish," said Valda. "I hope it is nothing, but you never know what course a chill of that sort may take, and I prefer to do any nursing that is needed myself, for I do not think the slaves are to be trusted. The Pâsha is a good husband to me; he deserves that I should do what I can for him."

"Bah! You are a model wife!" said Hamîda. "I had been feeling just a little bit nervous as to how far you were going with that Englishman, but I see now that I might have spared myself the pains. You won't look at his letter then?"

"No," said Valda shortly.

"Then what am I to do with it?"

"Return it to him unopened,—mind, Hamîda, unopened—and tell him that I refused to receive it. Tell him that he must not attempt to hold any more communication with me. I am very sorry if it seems unkind, and I do not mean it so, but I think it is better for him and for me."

"Poor young man, he will be in despair!" said Hamîda. "But I think you are right. One must draw back some time or other, and soon or late it makes little difference, so long as there is no more fun to be got by going on with it. I will give him your message."

Hamîda departed, bearing the letter away with her, and Valda left the hall, and pushing open the glass doors that gave upon the garden in the inner court, went slowly down the steps, and through the flowers and sunshine to the darkened room in which her husband lay.

The Pâsha was prostrate, alternately shivering with cold and burning with fever, and he had such an excruciating headache that he could not endure the light. Quinine and quiet were the only remedies that could do him any good, and he did

not really require nursing, as he was quite sensible enough to take these precautions himself; but Valda had a natural instinct for helping and comforting in illness, and her presence, which was a blessing to anybody at such times, was especially a comfort to the Pâsha. He scarcely knew how to endure the moments when she was out of his sight, and his eyes brightened when she came back to him.

"You have been a long time away, Valda," he said, as she knelt by his sofa, and bathed his burning temples with an essence that gave out a fresh invigorating scent. Her beautiful white hands, so cool and tender, seemed able by their touch alone to drive away pain, and the Pâsha gave a sigh of relief as she began.

"Have I?" she said softly. "Not more than half an hour, I think."

"Who was there?"

"Only Hamîda Hânem, and I sent her away as soon as I could. Your head feels like fire; is it very bad now, Pâsha-jim?"

"No, it is better now,—praise be to God for His mercies—but I think it is partly because you have come back to me. I really think there is some magic in you, Valda, and you are the sweetest wife a man ever had. It is your own fault if I am exacting in wanting to have you with me. I get impatient if you are only a few minutes away, you see. What should I do without you?"

It was the echo of a thought in Valda's own mind, but she said nothing, and continued her ministrations without looking up.

"It is a blessing indeed when all is dark and stormy without to have a home which is full of happiness and peace," said the Pâsha wistfully. "God forgive me if I take too much comfort in it, when my heart would otherwise be bleeding for the misfortunes of my country."

What misfortunes?" asked Valda quickly. "Has anything fresh happened? Has the Sultan——"

"Oh, not worse than before," answered the Pâsha wearily. "It is the same old story of bad governors and bad management, and every day brings some additional weight to the burden that the nation has to bear. There have been fresh massacres in Armenia,—an abominable mongrel cur of a court-sycophant, placed in authority as Vali there, conniving at the business, some say contriving it even. The fellow is half an Armenian himself,—but they are the very worst, they have no bowels. An Armenian will sell his own mother for money, and we, we Osmanli, get the credit of their infamies."

"If the Armenians could all be swept into the sea, it would be well for Turkey and for the earth," said Valda with flashing eyes.

"Unfortunately it cannot be settled so simply; but things must come to a crisis soon. All the nations are turning against us, and we shall be involved in war before we know it. The Greeks have been insulting us again, and they are only waiting for an excuse to attack us. Let them come! We have more to fear from their lying and cheating than from their fighting. For my part I should be glad of a war. We want something to call out the good qualities of the nation, and to dissipate the scum of rascality that now overlies everything, and is spreading rottenness and corruption all around."

"If there were a war, you would be recalled, you would fight?" asked Valda, with the blood mounting to her face, and a flash of enthusiasm in her eyes.

"I hope so; indeed I think there could be no doubt about it. The Sultan would need Turkish generals

instead of mongrel courtiers then. You would wish me to go, Valda?"

"Oh yes!" said Valda fervently; "and I only wish that Djemâl-ed-Din were old enough to go too! If I had ten sons I would wish them all to be soldiers, and if they all fell upon the field of battle, I would not grudge their blood, so long as they were able to prove their courage and serve their country."

"That is the right spirit for a soldier's wife. Why, Valda," exclaimed the Pâsha, sitting up among his cushions and looking with a smile of admiration at her flushed and excited face, "this talk about fighting has given you back your colour. You look quite inspired. I believe you would like to be a man, that you might go and fight yourself."

"God forbid!" said Valda piously. "The Almighty has made me a woman, and who am I that I should dare to question the wisdom of His decree? No, it is enough for me to know that you will fight bravely and win distinction. My work is to do my duty at home so that you may be fitted for the strife when it comes. I will nurse you to make you strong for the time when your strength will be needed."

"I must take care, though, that you don't get ill yourself in looking after me," the Pâsha said anxiously. "It grieves me to see you looking so white and languid; and you are sad and dispirited as you never used to be. It must be your health that is the cause, and when you are so weak it is madness for you to be doing Ramazân. Will you not see a doctor and be guided by his advice?"

"No indeed; I am all right thank you, and there is no need for me to have a doctor, Allah be praised! Do not tease me with threats of doctors, Pâsha-jim."

The Pâsha was obliged to yield the

point, and perhaps he did so with the less misgiving because he was accustomed to the powers of feminine endurance, and knew that its limits were not to be measured by the mind of man. In the days that followed, his illness took a more serious turn, and he was so prostrated by it that he was hardly conscious of the unsparing care and self-abnegation with which Valda waited upon him. Her energies were all absorbed in the task, and she felt a sort of thankfulness for the exhausting call upon her time and thought; yet she could not help counting the days as they wore away.

Four, five, six days went by in uneventful monotony. It was now nearly a week since Hamida's visit, and she had said that ten days were the limit of time,—there were only four days left then. In four days he would be gone, and there would be nothing left to fear or to hope. The sun would have set, and the whole land would be left dark,—how dark and how empty, Valda hardly dared to let herself realise. And yet then, when the long suspense was over, some sort of resignation might be possible; resignation, — the key-note of the creed of Islam, and the meaning of the name—poor Valda hoped for nothing else.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE Pâsha lay sleeping quietly inside the mosquito-curtains tucked round his little white French bed. The crisis of his illness was past, and he was getting rapidly better; but he slept a good deal during the day, and the rooms in that wing of the palace were kept very quiet and still. Valda had nursed him with unremitting vigilance; but now that there was no longer any cause for anxiety, she was able to take some relaxation from her labours,

and she stood at the window of the sick-room, which she had opened to admit a little fresh air, and looked idly out into the garden basking in the glow and glory of the summer afternoon.

It was now far on in March, and the sun, which had been shining all the winter from skies of cloudless blue, was beginning to gather strength, and to send forth heat such as is never known in England save on the hottest day of summer; yet the garden was green and beautiful, with all the exquisite and tender freshness of Spring. The great apricot-trees, on the high branches of which the little grey-green birds were singing deliriously, were one mass of pale shell-pink blossom, and the air was heavy with the scent of orange and lemon trees in full flower. All round the garden the dark green shrubberies were glorious in their bridal array of waxen white, and the starry, shining flowers grew so thick that they jostled each other off their stalks, and fell in a white shower round each tree.

On the other side of the garden, Valda could see one of the ladies of the *harim* engaged in picking up the fallen flowers from the marble walk. It was Nâzla Hânem, a distant relation of Valda's mother, who, having been obliged by the ill-temper of her husband to demand her papers of divorce, and being too old to think of marrying again, had come to spend her remaining days with her kinswoman. Valda's grave face relaxed into a smile as she watched her; for the little economies of Nâzla Hânem were a standing joke in the *harim*, and this was one of them. The hospitality of the Pâsha was free and lavish; one person more or less at the liberal table that he provided made no difference, and all his wife's relations were welcome to come and stay

as long as they liked. Nâzla Hânem had therefore her own small allowance intact to spend as she chose; but she had a weakness which is very unusual among the Turks, and very much abhorred by them; she was inclined to be miserly. She did not like to spend her money in the scent-shops of the bazaars, and yet she wished her clothes to have the delicate fragrance that distinguished those of the other ladies; so she employed her spare moments in collecting rose-petals, orange-flowers, lavender, — whatever sweet-smelling flowers happened to be in season — and then spread them out on newspapers over the floor of her room to dry, after which, she would make them up into innumerable little muslin sachets and lay them by with her clothes.

Valda stood watching the bending figure under the orange-trees with an absent gaze that showed little interest either in her or in the scene; but suddenly, as she looked, she saw another figure come out from behind a large bush of crimson damask roses, and her expression changed. That tall stout figure, in gorgeous rainbow-coloured silk, could only be Hamîda's. She had on her turban and veil, but she was without the *ferâghje*, or long black cloak, and her dress, swathed tightly round her figure in her determination to keep the train off the ground, revealed an ankle and an outline not to be mistaken. She paused to say a few words to Nâzla Hânem as she passed, but she was evidently on her way to visit Valda. With what object had she come?

Valda left her post at the window, and softly opening the door, so as not to disturb the sleeping Pâsha, slipped noiselessly out of the room. Once outside, she flew swiftly along the deserted suite until she came to the

work-room at the end, where a group of Circassians were squatting on the floor round a big basket of oranges which they were cutting up and dividing among themselves. Margaret and Djemâl-ed-Din were sharing in the feast, and, seated together on a long sofa-bolster in the centre, they were enjoying the lion's share of the blood-oranges which were being revealed by the process of dissection.

Ayôosha was in the act of shovelling a fresh consignment of quarters upon Margaret's plate, and was bearing down her protestations that she had had enough, with an assurance of "*Crumsa, crumsa, Marmozelle, pek yi* (red, red, very good!)" when Valda came in. At the sight of her mistress, Ayôosha started up with a guilty look on her face, and began a voluble and deprecating explanation, in which Djemâl-ed-Din's desires were made an excuse for the situation; but Valda had not come to scold, even if Margaret's presence and unperturbed gaze had not been a sufficient guarantee that no mischief was going on. She sent off Ayôosha to take her place by the Pâsha, with strict and stern injunctions not to disturb him, and to call her directly if he woke, and then she passed out into the corridor and glided down the stairs.

Hamîda was just entering the shadowy vestibule below when Valda met her, and flimsily dressed though she was, she was panting with the heat.

"*Ullah, Ullah, Ullah!*" she began at once with her usual vivacity, "what a glare, what a heat! God preserve us from the fate of melting. The ground is like unto a furnace that sends forth fire, and the heat of it mounts up and overcomes one. *Wallah el Nebi!* My knees shake, I am undone!"

She sank upon the lowest step of the stairs as she spoke, and dragging

out her pocket-handkerchief, she applied herself vigorously to the task of mopping her face. Valda brought her a cushion to sit upon, and then asked her what had brought her out at this unusual hour.

"Oh my dear, nothing but my concern for you, and my weak-minded desire to do a kindness. I was up nearly all last night, and I ought to be in bed now, but I had to come. No; I won't come upstairs, for I cannot stay; my carriage is waiting, and the coachman is swearing himself black in the face at having to come out,—God reward him for his profanity! How is the honourable Pâsha?"

"He is better. He hopes that he will be able to go out to-morrow, and he intends to get up for a few hours this evening."

"*Mashallah* (God bless him)!" ejaculated Hamida benignantly.

"But it is not to enquire for him that you have come to-day, Hamida. You have something else,—what is it?"

"Ah, I see you guess! Well, my dear, prudence is prudence, and God cool your eyes with this knowledge; but there are seasons when it may be well to disregard it. I saw that unfortunate young man, and I gave him back his letter with your message."

"Well, well," demanded Valda impatiently, "what did he say? Why is he unfortunate?"

"*Mashallah!* He was in despair. He is an Englishman, and you know the immovable calm of that iron nation. He did not tear his hair nor rend his clothes, but this morning he sent me a message, and I saw him again; and, Valda, a heart of stone could not refuse to pity him. He is obliged to go sooner than he thought; he has to leave early to-morrow morning in order to catch his ship."

"To-morrow morning?" said Valda dully.

"Yes,—and it can do you no possible harm now—he gave me a letter of farewell to you, which he made me promise to deliver. Here it is, Valda—surely you cannot refuse to receive it?—a letter of farewell——"

Valda put out her hand quickly, and took the packet that Hamida held out to her. Her fingers closed upon it with a firm grasp, but she made no motion to open it, and she suffered her hand to sink to her side, while her eyes gazed out into vacancy.

"Are you not going to read it?" asked Hamida curiously. She had read the previous letter before restoring it to its writer, as Valda had known only too well that she would; but the manipulations that were skilful enough to be imperceptible to the Englishman, would have been dangerous in dealing with her friend, and she had not dared to make herself acquainted with the contents of this letter before delivering it. She had counted upon obtaining Valda's confidence, and she was burning to know what was in the letter; but she was destined to be disappointed.

"Open it, open it, Valda," she said eagerly. "Do you not want to see what he says?"

"Not now,—presently perhaps," said Valda.

"Ah! You will not open it before me," said Hamida, piqued. "Well then, I had better go. No doubt now that you have got what I have brought you, you will be glad to see my back. The best friend must expect no pay but ingratitude,—so it is written—but the day will come when you will want me again. Then perhaps you will repent that you have not treated me better. *Allah!*" she went on, relenting as she noticed

Valda's wan looks, and felt the icy coldness of her hand. "How cold you are,—in this heat! And you look like death; are you ill, Valda?"

"No,—my hands are always cold,—it is nothing."

"Well, I would advise you to give up doing Ramazân. It is folly, as I have always told you, and it will make you old and frightful before your time. Already you are much too thin; look at me, how different I am. Thank God, I never took such crotchets into my head, and what is the result? I am as fat now as I was at twenty, much fatter even. Adieu, peace remain with you."

Hamîda departed by the way that she had come, and slipping the letter into the bosom of her dress, Valda went back to the Pâsha. He was awake, she found, and his long sleep had done him so much good that he was quite cheerful and inclined to talk. She stayed with him until sunset, and it was not until the boom of the gun from the citadel shook the palace that she found an opportunity for reading her letter. She sent Margaret across the garden to the other side at once, but she herself lingered to examine the contents of the little covered dishes that were brought to the Pâsha and ascertain that they were all that they should be, and when she at last went to her dinner, the way she chose to take was not through the scented dusk of the garden.

The Pâsha's keys were lying on his writing-table in the saloon, and taking them up as she went past, Valda let herself into the *selâmlek*, and sped through the gloomy corridor until she found herself in the wide vestibule which had been the scene of her interview with Fitzroy. There, with both doors safely locked on either side of her, she stopped, and standing in the window recess through which the red

strip of sunset sky behind the little white mosque and its slender minaret made a picture painted in very much the same colours as on that well-remembered afternoon, she drew out her letter and read it. Fitzroy had written in French.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I have seen your friend, and she has given me your message, and the letter that you would not consent to receive from me. Perhaps you were right,—but oh, I hope that you will not be so cruel a second time, for this is the last chance of addressing you that remains to me, and my heart is nearly breaking! For three weeks now I have not seen you, and to-morrow's sunrise is the last for me in this country.

To-morrow I must leave Cairo, and if I leave you, I leave every hope of happiness also. My life is not worth living without you. Will you not take pity on me, Valda? You know what I said to you that night at the Opera-House; the more I think of it, the more clearly I see that it is the only right and wise course to take. You could not disguise from me that your happiness was concerned as well as mine. I know you love me,—I know you do, Valda. Even if the hot kisses, which burnt my heart as well as my hand that afternoon in the *selâmlek*, had not told me so, I should have known it. You can never be happy except with me now, Valda, and why should your life be spoiled as well as mine? Come with me to-morrow,—come, and lead a new life in a new home and a new land, and let us be happy together.

To-night I will be at the entrance to the back court of the palace, opposite the little mosque where the gate will be open for Ramazân, and I will see to it that the porter gives no trouble. I will be there at midnight, and I will wait there until the morning for you to join me. You can come, you can surely manage to come some time during those hours, and when you are once in my care, I will do the rest. Do not write to refuse me; there is not time, and I will take no refusal. To-night, remember, I shall be there. I shall be waiting and longing, and oh, Valda, I trust to you not to let it be in vain. I love you and I trust you, and I am eternally your slave and servant,

HENRY FITZROY.

This was the love-letter that Valda received,—she who had never yet received a love-letter in her life; this was the appeal that she read by the light of the dying glow in the West shining over the Nile through the dust and cobwebs of the dingy window. Fitzroy's handwriting was large and clear, and she read it without difficulty; she read it through several times, but she did not feel as if she could realise it, and when she at last appeared in the dining-room, she had the dazed expression of one who is walking in a dream.

The ladies' dinner was half-way through; but Margaret, who supposed that Valda had been detained by the Pâsha, had made the slaves keep hot some of each course for her, and they placed before her a row of little pewter pots, containing soup and chicken and rice, and some sweet-balls and meat-puffs. She could touch none of them, and her mother was roused from the consideration of her own ailments to observe how exceedingly ill her daughter was looking.

"You ought not to be allowed to go on keeping Ramazân, Valda," she said, "It is written in the pages of the air that it is too much for a delicate woman like you, and I shall speak to my son-in-law about it. What is he thinking about to permit such folly?" She delivered herself with all the greater indignation that she was annoyed at being excluded from participation in the interest and novelty of self-martyrdom; it was an aggravation of her injury to see Valda persisting in it, when she was plainly less fitted than herself to endure it.

"The Pâsha knows it is my wish, and he does not like to vex me by opposing it," said Valda, quietly. "He knows also that it would be no good. Let me alone, Mother dear; Ramazân will soon be over now."

"Yes, but not soon enough to save you from an illness if you go on like this. God is great, but He cannot preserve mortals from the consequences of their own folly. Why cannot you act reasonably, and if you are determined to perform the full measure of the fast, put off the remaining days until you are better able to endure them? That is what Nâzla Hânem does when she feels exhausted, and it is a sensible plan. She had her luncheon with us to-day, and she will fast another day instead, in a month's time. A day now and then can do nobody harm, and you can spread it out over six months until you have counted in your appointed number of days."

The old lady, when she was once started upon a grievance, was apt to go on for an indefinite length of time, and she harried her daughter during the whole of the rest of dinner, but without producing the slightest effect upon her resolution. Valda drank a little water, and helped herself to a jelly made with mandarine oranges that she was supposed to have a special liking for; but she only played with it, and presently she rose, saying that it was time to get ready for the office.

She knelt that night with her friends and her slaves in the obscurity of the curtained ante-chamber, and listened to the monotonous chanting to the *ulêma*, and to the guttural voices of the worshippers of her own faith,—was it for the last time? Fitzroy's letter lay against her heart, and though she knelt and bowed and prostrated herself, and moved her lips with the rest, she could utter no prayer; she felt powerless to sink her own identity in the consideration of the greatness of God. She tried desperately to overcome the mental and moral paralysis which had come over her, but her heart and mind

seemed alike numbed and dead, and she was frightened by her own calmness. Her heart felt like a stone in her breast. Was she going to yield, was she going to do this thing? To-night must decide it,—to-night or never.

There were distinguished visitors at the *harîm* that evening. As soon as the service was over they began to arrive, and the Circassians rushed to wait upon them, and to prepare coffee and sherbet, and put out comfits to hand round. The white-veiled ladies streamed into the reception rooms, laughing and chattering, and rustling in the rich silks and satins that were revealed when their long black cloaks were removed. They had all sorts of stories to tell; accounts of their doings during Ramazân, of their visits to their friends, and of the marriages that had been arranged. Marriage and divorce, dress and *piastres*, and the characters and failings of their friends and their friends' husbands,—there was plenty to gossip about, and they did it with great spirit and animation. The *harîm* was full of bustle and gaiety, and Valda forced herself to join in the conversation, and to listen and laugh as if she found amusement in it.

She acted her part well; but the strain became every moment greater, and at last she excused herself on the plea of her husband's health, and leaving the gay company in the brilliantly lighted rooms of the *harîm*, she crept out into the dark garden under the stars.

CHAPTER XX.

THE little French clock upon the Pâsha's writing-table was striking ten when Valda entered the saloon, and His Excellency, wrapped up in a fur-lined dressing-gown, was stretched at full length upon his sofa with a French novel in his hand. He had

got up that evening for a few hours, as he had intended, and had been much disappointed at Valda's message explaining how it was that she was detained. It was unavoidable, he knew, and he had resigned himself to it; but he had been pining for her return for an hour past, and now, at the sound of her step, he flung away his book, and raised himself on his elbow with a smile that demanded her congratulations on his convalescence.

The moment he saw her face, however, he uttered an exclamation of dismay, and sprang up from his couch. "Valda, Valda, my dear Valda!" he exclaimed; "what is the matter?"

He came a few steps to meet her, and taking both her hands in his, gazed with anxiety into her white, strained face. Then, as she did not answer, he took her up in his arms and carried her to her own sofa by the side of his, and laid her down.

"It is nothing," Valda managed to say at last with a long-drawn sigh that was like a gasp for breath; "only those people stayed so long, and I was so tired. I thought I should never get away, but at last I said that I must go to you."

The Pâsha hung over her as she lay on the sofa like a pale ghost in her blue draperies, and he pressed a passionate kiss upon the soft waves of her golden hair. "My poor Valda, my dear little one, why must you sacrifice yourself to those silly women? Why didn't you come to me before? I have been wanting you so much,—I want you always,—your place is with me, and I will take care of you. There must be an end of this sort of thing, once and for all."

"Yes," said Valda faintly; "this is the end. After to-night——" she broke off suddenly, and put up her hand to her head with a strange uncertain gesture.

"Do you feel ill? Is your head aching?" asked the Pâsha with tender solicitude.

"Yes, it aches, and I feel strange," she answered, and then with an abrupt change of tone: "Is my little Djemâl-ed-Din asleep? Did he go to sleep quietly and happily to-night?"

"Yes, he was very good to-night. The Ramazân service seems to please him wonderfully, the little rogue, and he comes back from the other side in a peaceable humour. Mademoiselle is a splendid person for managing him though, and it is to her increasing influence, rather than to the novelty of Ramazân, that I am inclined to attribute the improvement. I hope we shall be able to keep her."

"Yes," said Valda; "you like her very much, don't you? And my little Djemâl, he is fond of her, and she is fond of him. She would be good to him, and he would be happy in her care. If anything happened to me Pâsha-jim——"

"Valda, Valda, do not talk like that!" cried the Pâsha, interrupting her in a hurry. "Do you wish to break my heart? You are worn out; you have been nursing me until you have lost all strength and spirit, and have become a prey to melancholy thoughts; and I have been culpably blind and careless to let you do it. But now my eyes are opened, and it shall go on no longer; from this moment I take you into my charge."

Valda lay still, with half-closed eyes, and did not look up nor answer. The Pâsha stood looking down at her for a few moments, and then he said with kindly authority: "The best thing for you to do now is to get to bed as soon as possible, and you will have to stay there until you are better. Come, Valda, you shall go at once."

"Very well, Pâsha, since you wish it," said Valda with unexpected docility.

She let him lift her up, and carry her into the next room; she let him call for her slave to undress her, and she allowed him to help in the process without a word of resistance. She was entirely passive in his hands, and this strange mood of obedience and submission was, of all the symptoms that she showed, the one which disturbed and alarmed the Pâsha the most. He laid her in her little white bed himself, and himself tucked the mosquito - curtains safely round her. The clock struck eleven while he was doing it, and Valda counted the strokes to herself. Eleven o'clock, and he was coming at midnight; only one hour to the time.

"Are you not going to bed yourself also, Effen'?" she said, turning her head on the pillow to look at her husband as he stood watching her through the white net of the curtain that he had drawn round her. "You should not stay up. I am quite comfortable now, and if you lose your sleep and get ill again, it will be worse for both of us to-morrow."

The common-sense of this conclusion was obvious, and the Pâsha did not dispute it. Though the days were hot the nights were cold, and even in his furs he was beginning to shiver. He stayed until he saw Valda close her eyes, and compose herself, as he thought, to sleep, and then he went off to his own bed; but no sooner had he turned off the electric light than Valda opened her eyes again, and there she lay, motionless but wide awake, gazing into the semi-darkness of the quiet room.

A little cup, half full of olive-oil, with a tiny piece of cotton wool pinched up into a kind of wick floating in it, stood before the mirror on her dressing-table, and threw a flickering circle of light on the richly ornamented ceiling, leaving all the corners and recesses of the

room in shadowy darkness. The Pâsha's bed, with its muslin curtains closely drawn round it, loomed like a great white box at the other end of the room, and from the sound of even and regular breathing proceeding from it, Valda could tell that he had fallen into a quiet and easy sleep. She lay without moving, listening to the familiar sound, and to the ticking of the little travelling-clock which was quite audible through the folding-doors between the bedroom and the saloon. The minutes passed, slowly, slowly, and Valda lay waiting and listening, but at last she heard the sweet chimes of the clock begin to strike. Twelve strokes,—the time had come. It was midnight now, and Fitzroy was there. He was outside the palace walls waiting in the cold night air under the stars, while she lay quiet here, safely tucked in by her husband. This then was to be the solution. The Pâsha had unknowingly taken the matter into his own hands, and she had submitted to the ruling of fate through his unconscious agency.

She lay still and rigid as a wax figure, without changing the pose in which her husband had placed her; but the frozen coldness which had taken possession of her like a sort of paralysis of body and brain, was now giving way to fever. Her heart began to beat fast, faster and faster, and the blood flew like fire through her veins. She was soon in a burning heat, moving her head uneasily upon the pillow with a sense of intolerable discomfort and pain. The restlessness grew upon her, and she began to toss from side to side with low moans of misery, until at last a murmur of sleepy enquiry from the other side of the room warned her that she was disturbing the Pâsha. That she must not do at any cost, and with a great effort she contrived

to control herself until she was assured that he was fast asleep again; then she could endure it no longer. She threw off the bed-clothes, and pulling up the curtain so carefully fastened round her, slipped noiselessly out of bed.

As she put on her blue morning-gown, she remembered the letter that she had left in the dress that she had been wearing that evening, and she felt to see if it was safe. Yes, it was there still; neither Sacêda nor the Pâsha had seen it as they undressed her. She took it out now, and held it in her hand as she passed out of the room, and, softly closing the door behind her, began to pace up and down the dark and deserted suite of rooms beyond. If the Pâsha should miss her, and find her there, he would not be surprised, for she often had these fits of restlessness, when it was impossible for her to stay still in bed; and whenever there was any cause for anxiety about Djemâl-ed-Din, it was her habit to get up at all hours of the night to make sure that he was asleep. Her steps took her straight to his room now, and she stood for a moment by his cot, which was drawn up to the side of his slave's bed, under the shelter of a mosquito-curtain specially contrived to protect them both, that Valda had herself made but the other day.

Both Ayôosha and the child were sleeping soundly, and by the glimmer of the night-light, which burned in its little cup of oil on a chair at the foot of the bed, Valda could dimly see, through the white veiling, the golden curls surrounding the beautiful little face that rested so peacefully on the pillow. She stood and gazed at him with a bursting heart. "My little Djemâl, my little Djemâl!" she murmured to herself. "Can I be going to leave you in order to secure my

own happiness,—can I indeed be looking at you for the last time? Oh my baby!”

She turned away with smarting tears in her eyes, and went back to the saloon, passing through the long work-room on her way, and picking her steps carefully between the mattresses of the sleeping slaves. The autocratic old Anâna, the mercurial Sacêda, and the little girls who were in training to become slaves, but who at present did little else than run messages and play with Djemâl-ed-Din,—they were all stretched prostrate under their quilted coverlets, wrapped in heavy slumber, and Valda's light footfall, passing through among them, could not penetrate even to their dreams.

She closed the door upon them as she re-entered the saloon; but instead of returning to her room, she went to one of the tall windows and threw it wide open. The cool night air, laden with the sickly scent of the orange-blossom, which came up from the dark and shadowy garden below, blew refreshingly into her face, and leaning out as far as she could, she fixed her eyes upon the black pile of buildings opposite. The garden was shut in by the three wings of the palace, but there,—there, on the other side of that parapet opposite, he was waiting now; he was waiting, and wondering why she did not come.

“I trust to you not to let it be in vain,” he had written. “I love you and I trust you,—my life is not worth living without you,—come to me and let us be happy together.” The phrases of his letter rang in her head with incessant appealing force, and she clenched the paper in her hand as she thought of them. How easy it would be to do it! So far as the flight itself was concerned there were no difficulties in the way. The Pâsha's keys lay upon his table,

where he always left them. She could let herself into the *seldâmlek*, and so into the outer court where the gates stood wide open during Ramazân. In three minutes she would be outside the palace walls. There was the porter, it was true, but he would probably be safe inside his lodge; Fitzroy would have secured his silence. There was no difficulty or danger; it was on her decision only that all depended.

“Will you not take pity on me, Valda? You love me,—I know you do.” The appeal seemed to sound in her ears like the echo of his voice out of the night. “Oh I do, I do!” cried the poor girl, stretching out her arms into the darkness, “I do love him; and it is true that I can never be happy except with him. Oh, if I might be happy,—and I might, I might! I should be, if I could be with him!”

The picture that he had drawn of their life together rose up in her mind,—a life of freedom in a foreign country with him—and it was within her reach! Now, this instant, it was in her power to take a step that would alter all the conditions of her life. One step, and it was done. She had but to put together a little bundle containing a change of clothing, and slip on her long black cloak; that, with a shawl to throw over her head, would be the only preparation she would need to make. She would leave all her jewels and pretty things behind—she would not rob the Pâsha of anything—but ah, in comparison with the loss of herself what would he care about anything else?

“If he would only console himself with some other woman, and be happy with her!” Valda thought; “but he never would. If he would marry Mademoiselle,—she would be just the wife for him. He likes her, and she likes him, and she would be

good to my little Djemâl,—but it is no use thinking about it. Nothing would ever comfort him, and he might even put the blame on her, and turn her away. Then there would be no one left to care for my baby, and what might not happen to him in the hands of these thoughtless slaves ? ”

She gazed with straining eyes into the starlit night. Above the parapet of the roof she could see the point of the minaret which marked the spot where Fitzroy was waiting. He was waiting, waiting,—and some strong attraction drew her to go to him. The thought of her baby was not enough to enable her to resist it. She had left him, believing that she would see him no more ; but now she was thinking of Margaret, of the pure heart and mind which had always been opposed to the debasing influence of Hamîda and the tempting persuasions of Fitzroy ; and in the last throes of the struggle going on within her, the memory of the fleeting spiritual glimpses that she had gained through her association with the English girl was a deciding factor. More than the Pâsha's love, more than her own sense of honour and self-respect, more even than the little clinging arms of her child, the vision of Margaret's clear-eyed gaze had power to hold her back, and the thought of the view that Mademoiselle would take of her fall brought the hot colour surging into her cheeks. If Mademoiselle were here now, she knew what she would say. She would say that it was better to endure any sacrifice, any suffering, any loss, rather than purchase happiness by such a step as this, and the light in her eyes would shine with some more sustaining spirit than the mere submission to the will of destiny.

The little clock struck one when Valda was at the window ; it struck

two, and she was still there. She had not decided yet, but the moment when she might have yielded to the temptation that assailed her had passed ; the remembrance of Margaret had interfered to check her when her impulse might have carried her into action. When she at last turned away from the window, she began to walk up and down the room in an agony of indecision, but by this time she was in a condition of physical suffering that made her incapable of realising anything but a sense of overpowering pain. Her head was aching with a violence that was absolute torture, and pressing her hands to her temples, she paced the room in vain longing for relief. Up and down, and round and round, like a tortured creature that cannot keep still, she staggered desperately, thinking at first that the agony must soon abate, and that when it did, she would be able again to collect her thoughts ; but as it became more and more acute, she lost sight of her purpose. She forgot that Fitzroy was waiting for her outside the palace-walls ; she forgot the meaning of the long struggle with herself ; she forgot everything,—all was blotted out by the fierce pain that seemed to be burning out her very life. Both reason and volition were swallowed up in that agony ; but impelled by a sort of instinct that made her bear up against it as long as possible, she kept on her feet, and staggered on blindly.

The room was but dimly lighted by the six great windows through which the dawn was creeping, and had it not been so spacious she must have fallen against some of the furniture ; but at last her strength gave way. She paused for a moment, trying to save herself, vainly groping with her hands. She did not know where she was, nor what was happening to her ; but she felt as if she were tottering

on the edge of a frightful precipice, with unimaginable depths below her. "The gulf,—the dreadful gulf!" she murmured shuddering, and then, as she felt herself plunging forward, consciousness left her.

She fell all her length upon the

ground across the threshold of the door that led out into the corridor; and there, in the grey light of the early morning, the Pâsha found her lying senseless on her face, with one arm stretched out and Fitzroy's letter crushed in her hand.

(To be continued.)

THE LAKE OF THE MOURNFUL CRY.

For absolute loneliness I know of nothing to equal a Welsh tarn. By this I do not mean the numerous lakes and pools that sprinkle the wild moorlands, or the many beautiful sheets of water that in Wales lie contiguous to the haunts of men. The tarn such as I mean, and there are plenty of them, is hidden away in the mountains. The shadows of black rocks and fearful precipices lie on it for half the day; it is only accessible by steep and rugged paths; its waters, though clear as crystal, look at all times black; no leaf nestles near its banks; it is always sombre, savage, and often magnificent. When the heavens descend and wrap it in gloom, as, for at least one half of even the summer season, they are in the habit of doing, it is more than these things: it is awful; and if you have any sort of imagination, and are not endowed with the hide of a rhinoceros, you will fall under the spell and your flesh will creep betimes.

Now the name of my particular tarn signifies the Lake of the Mournful Cry. Judged by the usual standard of Welsh etymology, the cry was not that of bird or beast, but of women who mourned their dead after some disastrous defeat. A more fitting place for a tragedy could not be found in all Britain; but beyond this I do not propose to specify my tarn, for reasons which I am afraid will be obvious enough. As a matter of fact, however, these are not so selfish as they might appear to be. It is rather the reproaches of local anglers, than the company of strange ones that I flinch from; the former being mostly

under the impression that the little lake is their particular and favourite resort, whereas they are in truth much too lazy to walk the five rough miles there and back more than about once in two years.

I shall descend therefore to subterfuge, so far as to call the Lake of the Mournful Cry Llyn-y-Craig, which means, of course, quite another thing. There are in truth scores of small lakes among the moors and mountains of North Wales; and in every one of them trout are indigenous, the supply, however, varying according to the amount of poaching. Some of them are preserved, some are not; but the distinction is a farce, seeing it would be only applied to fair sportsmen, and is as a rule only used to maintain the dignity of a sporting lessee, or proprietor, from Manchester or Birmingham. The Welsh fish-poacher laughs at notice-boards. A keeper who undertook to interfere with the nocturnal operations of these gentlemen would be summarily pitched into the lake. No keeper, indeed, is such a fool as to try. Nets and Otters are worked by gangs, and they are rather encouraged than otherwise by the timidity, or worse, of the Welsh Bench. A few lakes are staked, or pegged as it is locally called, but only such as are in the hands of clubs and carefully watched.

But I really do not think Llyn-y-Craig is poached. It is not only remote from anywhere, but it is too deep to net, and it is out of reach of the quarrymen who are the chief exponents of the art of the Otter and of worse horrors. For the bene-

fit of any one to whom this science may be a mystery, I will state briefly that the Otter consists of a board floated out in the lake, to which a line is attached held at the other end by persons on the shore; to this line are attached innumerable flies which, by the help of the wind and some skill in steering, are contrived to skim near the surface of the water; and a very deadly business it is. Few people of any sort, I think, find their way to Llyn-y-Craig. Five miles off, for the most part, rough walking over boggy ridges and through deep heather and rushes divide it from the nearest village, to say nothing of the ascent of some thousand feet or more which is involved in the expedition. No wheeled vehicle (not even a bicycle) can mitigate by a single mile the length or the labours of the journey; and I do not think even sportsmen are very fond of walking in these days. But if you would go to Llyn-y-Craig you must walk; and you must also bear your burden with you, and a bigger one still back again, if the Fates be kind.

It is as well to take with you a congenial companion, if you can find one with sufficient energy to face the task, coupled with that possibility of a blank day that every Welsh tarn holds within its gloomy bosom. For there are two chances against you; one the caprice of the fish, which surpasses far that of their brethren of the streams; the other that of a vanishing breeze, when you may as well go home at once.

On three occasions, not for company, since we are unintelligible to each other, but for purposes of transport, I have taken small boys from the village with me, begging them off school to their intense delight. Not one of them, however, could be induced to repeat the experiment. Two of

them were in tears before the day was out; the third fled stealthily at the effect of a sudden peal of thunder that woke echoes strange and fearful to his juvenile fancy. Not one of these urchins had anything to complain of. They had only to bring the landing-net when shouted for; they were stuffed to the chin with bread and meat, and even cake; the fourth standard for the nonce was wholly and joyfully put aside; they were neither wet nor cold nor tired; the prospect of a silver piece was something without precedent in their brief lives. Each one of them had started in almost hilarious fashion; but, doubtless to their own surprise, they could not stand it, as the novelty wore off and the day wore on. The desolation of the place entered into their souls; its grimness wrought, I suppose, upon their nerves. If they had been dogs, they would have done as most of us have known dogs to do in similar situations; they would have sat upon their haunches and howled. As it was, they either shed silent tears or slipped away, bred beneath mountains though they all had been.

I can well understand Llyn-y-Craig affecting anyone's nerves. I am not in the least ashamed to say that it affects mine sometimes, when the gloom is on it, and the wind is sighing along its shores, and there is not even a Welsh boy upon the bank to strike a human, if unintelligible, note. And what makes it seem stranger still is that there are days when, if the wind is right and the air clear, you may lie upon its banks and plainly catch the rumble of the train bearing hundreds of perspiring cockneys to scenes of maritime delights.

The lake is barely half a mile long, and so narrow that a wild duck, flying down its centre, could hardly escape with a gun upon either bank. Along these latter lie huge fragments of rock,

that in past ages have come plunging down from the hills and cliffs above. Between the rocks the heather riots in rank fashion, while here and there a little strip of firm sweet turf, fringed with rushes, dips to the water's edge.

What above all, however, gives Llyn-y-Craig its atmosphere of desolation and mystery is the great mountain (that, again dissembling, I will call Penkilan) into whose very heart the dark waters of the lake seem always rolling. Penkilan is among the higher peaks of Wales, though not often trodden by the tourist. It is about three thousand feet above the sea; the lake is fifteen hundred, the difference being represented by a stupendous precipice. The further side of the mountain, and the one more familiar to the outer world, is comparatively speaking a gentle slope; but down the nearer one a stone could, I think, be thrown from the crown of the peak into the waters that lap its feet. It is this overpowering precipice that in a great measure gives such emphasis to the solitude.

It is not, however, in these stern moods that I would willingly bend my steps there; but in June rather, when a soft breeze from the south-east, for choice, is blowing, laden with the balmy odours of thirty miles of moorland; when the sun is shining in tempered fashion, and lighting up, for half the day at any rate, the cruel cliffs and the ferns and mosses that in the dawn of summer glow rarely green upon the ledges and spurs which break in places the sheer descent. I would have the water, too, gently ruffled by the summer breeze which, whether east or west or south, can only enter the hollow at its lower end for the steep walls that surround it on all other sides. At such times as these, though a transformation may take place at any moment, the sinister influences of the spot seem in abey-

ance; its beauties and its grandeur predominate. It is a good thing then to be here, even alone and even with the fish off the feed.

Now I think most anglers, unversed in the ways of Welsh lakes, would say, when looking upon this one, that, if it held fish, they must assuredly be small and ill-nourished ones. As a matter of fact, Llyn-y-Craig is not only well stocked by nature with trout, but they are right lusty ones, running from ten to thirteen inches long, and at the same time the best fighters and the sweetest on the table perhaps in all Wales. Like all Welsh lake-trout they are capricious risers, during the day-time that is to say. What you might do with them between ten o'clock of a midsummer night and six in the morning, I do not know,—great things in all likelihood. Those are the profitable hours on many Welsh lakes for such as like the work; but I do not, and I have yet to hear of the man who would spend a night among the black shadows of Llyn-y-Craig. At any rate I am well content to take such small mercies as the gods may send during the hours of daylight, precarious though these may be, both on account of the moods of the trout and the humours of the wind; for if this should die down, or so shift that it cannot penetrate the gorge in which you are buried, there is nothing for it but to pack up your traps and work your weary way home again.

There was a time when I should have been here at nine in the morning, and taken as few chances as possible. Now, unhappily, it is nearer eleven usually when the last ridge is surmounted, and I can catch a first and anxious glance at the dark pool in the hollow beneath, lest peradventure the wind, busy enough upon the hillside, should have failed to penetrate the depths below. Experience may have

been bought dearly in this respect, but when once purchased it is serviceable, and the chances are great that little waves will be rippling merrily towards the cliffs. Most likely too at at this hour in the morning the trout will be splashing and flopping about amid the sunny ripples. It by no means follows, however, that they will respond in this lively fashion to our most artful invitations; for there are occasions, well known to the Welsh lake-fisher, and frequent ones too, when some minute midge or gnat will bring the fish up in almost frenzied fashion to the absolute neglect of your most effective lures. You know well that, at these times, you might just as well sit down upon the bank and watch the fun, poor joke from your point of view though it be. You have known this all your life and never grown any wiser, nor ever, upon any occasion, accepted the situation in such rational and philosophic fashion.

For my part, at any rate, I always limber up my rod and pull my waders on upon the lonely banks of Llyn-y-Craig, as if only half an hour instead of a whole day lay before me. And sometimes such absurd impatience would almost seem to be rewarded by a stout pluck with a glimpse of a yellow side at the first or second throw, and a merry fight of a couple of minutes before the landing-net is slipped safely under a lusty trout of half or three-quarters of a pound. Another perhaps is taken at the next attempt, and casting experience to the winds, and entirely oblivious for the moment of the natural glories of Llyn-y-Craig, I straighten out my flies again with trembling fingers, and descend once more into the water under a vague impression that this sort of thing is going on all day. It may for a little; there is a wealth of fly upon the water, good honest flies

too, red spinners and duns of various shades, whisking over the surface with the breeze or clinging to the rushes on the bank, and our black hackle, with silver twist and partridge green, seems for a time as popular as the natural insect. These fish are capricious enough by nature, but have not the advantage of a high education; when they mean rising at all they take you without fear or hesitancy. There is no occasion here for the quick and instant turn of the wrist, so often required to fasten the rising fish of much flogged lakes. Your Llyn-y-Craig trout will go down with your fly like a salmon, and you must be sound asleep indeed if you do not hook him.

So far so good; but a change, only too soon and too often, comes over the spirit of your dream. You hobble perseveringly about upon the rocky bottom of the ledge, which runs out shallow for ten or fifteen yards into the lake there to disappear according to local legend into bottomless space, but to no purpose. The flies are thick as ever, but the fish have almost ceased to feed. You look at your watch; it is twelve o'clock. After another half hour of careful groping over the ragged slabs of rock at the brink of the subaqueous precipice, and of futile casting into the deep water without a sign or touch, you decide that there is nothing left but to bow to the inevitable, and scramble out on to the shore, pour out of your waders the water which will almost certainly have dribbled into them, and commune for a time with Nature, who is certainly here well worth holding converse with. There is a sense of disappointment, of course. It is true, you have half a dozen as nice trout for their size as the eye of angler could rest upon, lying in damp moss in the shadow of yonder grey rock, and no doubt

there will be more yet ; but an hour back there had been a moment when it really looked as if that astonishing basket with which you always hoped some day to paralyse your slothful friends in the valley below was on the verge of achievement.

There are immense compensations, however, in Llyn-y-Craig for such mild rebuffs of fortune. No fish is moving in the lake, but such music as the solitude of the mountain yields is busy among the hills, and to me there is no music like it. The plash of the waterfall, by which the little stream that drains the lake leaps into the valley below, keeps up its steady monotone, rising and falling with the fitful wind. The curlews ring out their wild and varied cries with tireless throats, sweeping in wide circles from ridge to ridge, clinging always to the side of the precipice, as if to verify the local legend that no bird will cross the waters of Llyn-y-Craig. There is something, too, about the bold sweep of the curlew and the wild pathos of his cry that gives him a distinction, to my mind, above all moorland birds. The peewit is here, too, noisy and curious as ever, wheeling down from the grassy ridges where his eggs have been laid and hatched in safety, and circling round and round one's prostrate form with plaintive cries and drubbing wings. A pair of ravens, high up against the blue of heaven, swoop and soar above the pinnacle of Penkilan, while from the face of the now sunlit precipice comes the almost ceaseless clamour of young falcons, not yet launched from the inaccessible crags where they were hatched into the wild waste of mountains that is to be their world. The cock-grouse, too, joins the moorland chorus with his strident call from time to time, while the mountain ewes and their now lusty and independent offspring, clambering like

goats among the crags, wake the echoes with their anxious clamour.

As you lie on the heather by the lake and lift your eyes up that fifteen hundred feet of almost sheer precipice to the peak of Penkilan, you would swear that a human figure was standing there outlined against the sky. And if new to the spot, you would find your gaze fascinated by the fixity with which that lonely being occupied his lofty perch. Time alone would reveal that this motionless form was not one of flesh and blood ; and yet after all appearances would not be wholly misleading, for the upright stone whose shape and size has deceived so many generations of strangers is indeed no less than that Griffith, son of Meredith, Prince of Powis, who in far remote times, for love of a certain Norman maiden, took part with the invaders and betrayed his country. When the tables were turned, as in those days they were turned about every five years, the traitorous Welsh prince had to fly for his life. It was here that all trace of him was lost by his pursuers ; and this stone appearing upon that day for the first time, so runs the tale, upon the crest of the mountain in the likeness of a human form, it was understood at once through all North Wales that the Powers of Heaven had mysteriously intervened, that like Lot's wife, but cast in a still harder mould, it was Griffith ap Meredith who stood there among the storms, a warning to traitors for all time to come.

But after all, the mountain-sheep that bleat upon the hills and clamber up the crags must have a master, and no spot in Wales is so wild but that the shepherd, or rather the hill-farmer who is usually his own shepherd, invades from time to time its solitude. It is in this way I sometimes get some company in off hours by Llyn-y-Craig.

That sociability is possible under such conditions is a mere accident, for the tenant of this wild glen is probably the only farmer among these hills that can speak English conversationally. And this is because a history attaches to him, though he is otherwise nothing more than a hill-peasant.

Strange things still happen in the Welsh mountains. My friend's father was twin-brother to the late squire who owned, and whose son now owns, the considerable property of which this is an outlying scrap. He was just half an hour to the bad, however, in entering this world, and became a parson, as seventy years ago was customary enough among Welsh younger sons, though no longer so. Welsh parsons were often very frolicsome people in those days, or they lapsed into habits for which the term *bucolic* would be a gentle one. At any rate, my friend the parson's son, except that he can speak English without trouble, is in every detail a Welsh peasant without education. He rents this farm upon the ancestral estate, and married a farmer's daughter who can speak no English but milks half a dozen sleek black cows herself, and her stalwart daughters, who also have no English worth mentioning, carry the butter weekly to market. My dilapidated aristocrat retains some instincts at any rate, if he carries about him no signs of his birth. He is a Churchman and a Tory, and I should imagine was more given to conversation than to strenuous toil; his neighbours indeed have hinted to me more than once that it is a good thing he has a wife and daughters capable of taking care of him and the farm. But with his rough sheep-dogs gathered round him, sitting by the wild lake's banks, full of the folk-lore and the bird-lore of the mountains, he is at least a pic-

turesque and interesting person, having regard to his history and situation, to his weather-stained and tattered coat, his bristly chin and his horny hands.

Wading on a rocky bottom, with the continuous casting involved in lake-fishing, is hard work; but there is a limit to even such delightful idleness as a June mid-day invites at Llyn-y-Craig. Between two and three o'clock significant splashes began again to fall upon the ear, and it would be a sluggard indeed who would remain deaf to such appeals. We may fairly picture another hour or so of tolerable sport, for though the sun is shining from a blue sky and brook-fishing would be folly, the breeze still ruffles the water, and it is in these late months, or never, that the lake trout of these altitudes are reasonably kind. Lake-fishing is monotonous, say many people, and with much truth. From a boat I think it is; but wading you have, in the first place, the constant excitement of avoiding death by misadventure, for a false step at Llyn-y-Craig on some occasions would be serious, encased in thigh-waders and brogues, and would afford an excellent opportunity of testing whether the local tradition about there being no bottom to the lake was founded on fact. Then again trout are frequently rising just upon the limit of your range, and there is immense satisfaction in getting your fly on to the centre of the widening circle, particularly when the wind, which from a boat is always behind you, is tricky and troublesome. Furthermore, with the very fine tackle necessary on these lakes in sunny weather, there is almost a certainty of losing a fly occasionally in fish that turn over quickly and break you as they turn. Sometimes a flaw comes in the gut: sometimes you may unconsciously strike too heavily; but there are

nearly always two or three which get away like this. They are invariably the biggest of course ; and the sensation that follows is the bitterest known to the angler.

I have said you may expect strange things to happen at Llyn-y-Craig. We will suppose half a dozen more fish have been basketed and compensated in some measure for intervening disappointments and accidents of the nature aforesaid. We will suppose that the last fish, though scarcely weighing half a pound, has taken the top-dropper, and being of an especially lively nature has danced the cast into such a tangle that ten minutes of valuable time are entirely absorbed in patient efforts at its unravelling. When we sit down to our task upon this flat rock, the sun is shining on the rippling lake, the air is soft and dry and balmy, while Griffith ap Meredith on the peak of Penkilan stands sharply out against a blue and cloudless sky.

But what a change is here, when we look up again ! Not only has the Peak of Penkilan vanished but its precipitous sides, so near to us, are becoming but a black blur behind clouds of feathery mist, which a shifting wind is whirling this way and that, while a damp and chilly feeling has crept into the air. It may be one of those puffs of cloud which, in the fairest weather, sometimes holds a mountain in its embrace for a brief space and then passes over it. But that it is nothing quite so local and temporary soon becomes very evident. The wind has changed to the south-west, and may have done so an hour ago, since whichever quarter it comes from it can only blow one way over the surface of Llyn-y-Craig. Volumes

upon volumes of white mist are pouring down the mountain-side from the seaward, and, caught by the draught of the gorge, they are rolled backwards over the now black surface of the lake, till the further banks disappear and all that is left to us is a few square yards of rock and heather and inky water already whitening in angry fashion with a rising wind. Every moment, however, the gloomy scene is shifting. At one time five hundred feet of precipice breaks through the whirling clouds, black and shining with moisture to sink again into the darkness ; at another the peak of the mountain and Griffith ap Meredith burst in strange isolated fashion above the sea of mist. The cry of the curlew, as he swoops unseen through the chaos of cloud, seems to strike a wilder and lonelier note than ever ; and the wind whistles through the coarse moor grasses and moans among the cliffs with the sigh of the sea. The rise is over for the day, that is quite certain ; a quarter of an hour, at any rate, of futile endeavour amid the wind and the waves and the mist proves what is as much a foregone conclusion as anything can be in fishing. There is indeed no great temptation to linger. These savage moods of the wildest scenes in Nature have a fascination of their own : they have for me at any rate ; but I confess that an hour or so of Llyn-y-Craig in such a temper as this is almost enough, when there is no other occupation for the mind but the absorption of its intense solitude, and no friendly voice to relieve the angry one that Nature is sounding everywhere.

A. G. BRADLEY.

THE RANEE'S JOURNEY.

THE Ranee sat in her zenana, in the palace up among the sand-hills. Her rooms were built, behind a deep verandah, round three sides of the inner court. On one side was the room where she sat always, a lofty and beautiful place, its walls painted a pale yellow, with slender delicately carved pillars stretching across it, and high wide doors opening upon the verandah; on another side the pink room and the green room, painted in pale delicate colours and filled with English furniture and knick-knacks, much glass, and many chandeliers; on the third side the kitchens and the women's sleeping-rooms; at the corners, and between the rooms, many little, dark, unfurnished cells that served for bath-rooms, and store-rooms, and sleeping-rooms when the summer sun beat hot upon the court.

For many a long day the Ranee had wearied of the monotony of her life, lounging on the *guddi*¹ in her yellow room, staring out upon the gravelled court with its two or three stunted shrubs, and the verandah opposite where the women came and went and slept and gossiped, and high above, the towering blank white wall with the great, long-tailed baboons sitting and scampering upon it.

Being very weary of it all, she meditated silently for many days, as

her custom was; and every morning she said to her women: "My son sleeps very badly; last night he was very hot, he had much fever." And when the child's food was set on his little table before him, she said again: "Every day he eats less food, see how thin he gets;" and the women echoed her: "It is true the *Raj Kumar*¹ eats nothing, and every day he is thinner. The heat is very great this year, and the hot winds blow from the desert."

"If my child remains here," said the Ranee, "when the hot weather comes, he will die." Then she sent out to the Prime-Minister, who had been left in charge of the State during the Rajah's absence, to tell him that her son, the Pearl of the State, was very ill and she must take him away, that the English doctors might cure him in one of the English hill-stations. The Prime-Minister sent back his answer through the head-woman of the gate: "He was her Highness's servant, and when it should please her Highness to give the order, all things should be ready. There were no camels in the town at present, but, if it was her Highness's pleasure, when the camel-men came through the town with their loads from the villages beyond, he would stop the camels and keep them for her Highness's convoy." But privately he sent a messenger to the Rajah in the great town eighty miles away, to tell him that the Ranee wished to travel to one of the English hill-stations, that

¹ The *guddi*, or throne is a wide thick square mattress, spread upon the ground on a carpet, and covered with a white sheet; at the back of it a huge bolster runs along the whole length. In the zenana the *guddi* is reserved for the Ranee and her children, and it is considered a great mark of disrespect for any attendant or visitor to step upon it.

¹ The Son of the State; the title of the heir apparent in the States of Rajputana.

her frequent absences caused much discontent in the State, were contrary to the customs of the Rajput ladies, and cost much money; and to ask him if it was his pleasure that the Ranee's convoy should be got ready? The messenger despatched, the Prime-Minister sat down peaceably to await his return.

When the Ranee heard his answer from the head-woman, she moved impatiently on the *guddi*. "What did you say to him, Piroojee-ki-boo?" she asked. By the traditional laws of the zenana she was not allowed to write to any man but her husband; all her orders passed by word of mouth through the head-woman, who was old and a little deaf, and whose memory was not always to be trusted.

"I said to him every word that your Highness gave me to say," the head-woman answered.

"Did you tell him the Raj Kumar does not eat, and cannot sleep at night, and has much pain in his inside?"

"All that, I said, *Huzoor*."

"And what did he answer?"

"He answered as I have told you, *Huzoor*," said the old woman, who had already forgotten the message.

"Did he tell you in how many days the convoy will be ready?"

"When your Highness pleases, and when the camels with the travellers pass through from the villages," the old woman answered. Then she lowered her voice and whispered: "The Prime-Minister has sent one of his servants on his own galloping camel to the Rajah Sahib."

"I will write myself to the Rajah Sahib," said the Ranee. "Bring me my paper and ink."

One of the women brought a flat tin box, and the Ranee unlocking it, took out paper, pens, and ink, and began to write slowly and laboriously in her fine Sanscrit characters, pausing long between each sentence, thinking

deeply of the arguments that should win the Rajah's consent to her journey. When the evening came the letter was not yet finished, and she laid it aside in the tin box, with a sigh.

For many hours that night her women sang to her their loudest songs as she lay upon her low wide bed in the darkened room; they pounded her head with their fists, and showered blows upon her legs until at last she slept.

The next day she finished the letter, and sent a messenger with it to the Rajah; but when he was some miles on his journey, a mounted soldier came riding swiftly to bring back the letter; and the Ranee tore it up and waited.

Then she ordered her women to begin her packing; and her boxes were brought out, many little flat tin boxes, and wooden boxes, convenient for the camels to carry across the desert. Very deliberately the women took out the folded garments and unfolded and refolded them with comments on their beauty and richness, and recollections of the occasions when some of them had been worn. There were tiny, doll-like jackets and caps and little skirts that the Ranee's babies had worn not so many years ago; some of them she would take with her. This was only the first stage of preparation; everything that was packed to-day would be unpacked to-morrow, and many times, until, perhaps one month, perhaps two or three months hence, the boxes would be finally locked and carried out to the bullock-carts and the camels that would take them seventy miles across the desert to the nearest railway-station.

By and by the Prime-Minister's messenger came back from the Rajah, and the message he brought was this: "I do not forbid the Ranee Sahib to leave the State, but you can delay

her going, and be long preparing the convoy; and it may be, by reason of the difficulties and delays, her Highness will herself give up the idea of travelling." This was the message spoken by the Rajah, but there was also a written message: "I can only wish the Ranee Sahib to do what is pleasant to herself, and conducive to the health and well-being of my son, the Raj Kumar."

The head-woman brought in the written message to her lady, who read it doubtfully; she was a clever woman and knew her lord's methods. The inexperienced and ignorant darkness of the zenana was peopled with forms of terror and suspicion to the woman who felt herself no longer at one with her husband, no longer sure of his protection. For her, every concession hid a plot to lure her to some unknown destruction. She read the letter many times, sitting all day considering on her *guddi*, with no one to consult with except the women about her, who, it might be, had greater knowledge of the world than herself, but who used it only to advise her according to what they thought was her own wish; let it lead her where it might, so as it kept them in her good favour.

"I shall not go to the hills," she said at last; "you can unpack the boxes." Then she went to bed.

The Prime-Minister waited in the outer court all day to know her pleasure. His food was brought to him there, and he had slept for a time under one of the verandahs, till at last the head-woman came out to him and said: "The Ranee sleeps, she will send no message to-night." Then he went home, cursing all women in his heart, angry at his lord who should have ruled the feeble will of his wife, and ready himself to thwart her to the very utmost of his power. The next morning a messenger, who

came to summon him to the zenana, was told that the Prime-Minister had gone to one of the out-lying villages on an urgent affair of State, and would not return for two or three days.

To the Ranee also the morning had brought other counsel. "After all, it is Fate," she said to herself. "That I die now or later, what matter? I will go to the hills; I am safer there among the English people." So she rose and bathed and said her prayers, and ate her food earlier than usual, and sent that messenger to the Prime-Minister to hasten and get ready the convoy. "Give orders to the tailors to make new quilts for the journey," she said, "and a coat for Arun Raj. Where are the boxes you packed yesterday?" "Your Highness gave orders to unpack them," said one; "they are empty."

"You are a fool and a liar. I never told you to unpack them."

"It is true your Highness never gave such an order; the woman is a deaf idiot," said another. For there is a proverb of their race: "When they shall say, 'The cat has run away with the camel' ye shall answer, 'Yea and with the elephant also.'"

"The Prime-Minister is gone to one of the villages, *Huzoor*, and will not be back for two or three days," said the head-woman.

"Send for the Secretary," said the Ranee.

"He is waiting outside now to send his morning *salaams* to your Highness."

"Tell him to stop all the camels that go through the city to-day, and send to the bullock-men to have the carts ready. In eight days I shall travel from here; the convoy must be ready; and tell him to make a list of the people that shall go with me; let him get it ready now. And he must wait; I have more orders."

"*Jo hookum*," said the head-woman, which being interpreted means, "So you have ordered." She went out to the Brahmin in the outer court. "The Ranee Sahib will leave here in eight days," she said. "You are to stop the camels that go through, for the escort."

"The Prime-Minister is away," he answered. "If I stop the camels, the Ranee will say afterwards that she gave no order."

"What do I know?" said the head-woman.

The Brahmin looked down at his feet, and shuffled them in the loose sand, considering. "Tell the Ranee Sahib I go to carry out her orders," said he; and he went out of the court.

"Did you tell the Secretary my orders?" the Ranee asked impatiently.

"Yes, your Highness; he will stop the camels."

"Is he making the lists?"

"He is making, *Huzoor*."

"Is he waiting now at the gate?"

"He is waiting, *Huzoor*."

The days passed, but no camels seemed to take the road through the city. "Have they got any camels yet?" said the Ranee.

"*Huzoor*, this is a very scarce time; the men of the villages have no grain to take to the market; no one has money to travel. The week before your Highness gave order, many camels passed, returning to their homes."

"Ask the Secretary where are the bullock-carts?"

The Prime-Minister had been taken very ill in one of the distant villages; he was too ill to leave his bed, the messengers said.

The Secretary spent all his day sitting in the outer court; his meals were brought to him there, and the clerks from his office came there fifty times a day to ask for his instructions. "I shall be as mad as the Ranee herself presently," said the

Brahmin to himself, and he too was ready to thwart her in every possible way. He had never seen her; to him she was not a little, fragile, friendless woman, full of fears and suspicions and impotent revolt, without a friend in the world that she could trust, but a malignant power that delighted to annoy him, to keep him away from his home and the duties of his office, causing him to eat cold, comfortless meals that made him ill, and to waste his time in the draughty outer court waiting for messages that never came.

When the head-woman asked him about the bullock-carts, he answered: "I have sent messengers to find them, but the Prime-Minister is ill, and no one knows where they have been sent to work. They are not in the city."

The lady within paced up and down her room, with lips compressed and frowning brow. She did not bathe or pray or eat. She sent out many scathing and sarcastic messages to the Secretary and the counsellors outside, which the head-woman, with the peaceful instincts of her race, forgot to deliver; and the Ranee knew that she forgot, and would have given half her jewels for ten minutes face to face with those traitors in the court outside.

Two months later the convoy was ready. The camel-men and the bullock-carts waited, encamped outside the palace, and as they were paid by the day, they would have waited patiently for ever. The Ranee had sent out word: "To-night at ten o'clock I will start; let everything be ready."

The boxes were on the bullock-carts, the camels were laden, the palanquin stood ready in the inner court of the zenana. It was ten o'clock and past, and still the lady sat silent on her *guddi*, consumed with fears and suspicions.

"The carts are all ready, *Huzoor*," said the head-woman.

"Tell them to go on in front," said the Ranee. And the bullock-carts set forth, slow and heavy, along the road over the hills. But the lady of the palace never moved. "They may carry me up to the fort," she said to herself in a sudden panic, "where I should never see my children again. I am safer here in the palace."

At half-past eleven the head-woman came out into the court among the waiting horsemen and the laden camels. "The Ranee Sahib will not go to-night," she said; "a man must ride after the baggage-carts and bring them back."

"Will she go to-morrow?" asked the Prime-Minister, who was sitting on the stone seat by the door, smoking his hookah.

"What do I know?" said the head-woman.

The bedding and the cooking-vessels were unpacked and taken back into the palace; the camels were unloaded and led out to encamp on the sand outside; the soldiers went back to their own quarters, and the Secretary, and the Ministers and counsellors rode away to their own homes.

"There is only one clever head in the State," said one of the peons, "and that is the lady inside, for she makes fools of us all." But she had not thought of them at all. What did she care for all those men she had never seen? She had only thought of herself and her own fears.

For a fortnight they waited. Every morning the Prime-Minister came to the zenana and sent in a message by the head-woman: "Will her Highness go to-night?" And every day the head-woman, who had not dared to ask her mistress, came back with the same answer: "Her Highness has given no order."

The Ranee sent to enquire of the

Brahmins in the city for a propitious day; also she consulted her own sacred books as to whether there was any danger in the journey. On the fifteenth day the head-woman brought out word: "The Ranee Sahib will go to-night at nine o'clock."

Ten o'clock came. "I am going home," said the Prime Minister; "she will not go to-night." But as he spoke a woman ran out into the court. "Tell the torch-bearers to light the torches," she cried; "the palanquin is coming."

The little daughter of the house came dancing out and got into one of the bullock-carriages with some of her women, and when the torches were lighted the palanquin was brought out, closed, and covered with its wrappings, and was handed over to the bearers. Then at last the procession started. First came the Raj Kumar's victoria with its four horses; he was asleep, with his mother in the palanquin, and the carriage was filled with some of his attendants. Then followed the mounted lancers in their pretty karki uniform with grey and scarlet turbans, and their pennons flying; camels and bullock-carriages, and more lancers; the Secretary and the Prime Minister riding camels; then the palanquin with torch-bearers running beside it, and lancers in front and behind; after them the elephant and more camels, baggage-carts, and lancers,—a long procession that wound slowly in and out among the sandhills and down into the plain of the desert, on the first stage of its journey.

They travelled all that night till they passed beyond the regions of the hills and out on to the sandy plain, dry and desolate, and so to the first resting-place on their journey, a cool and shady and many-roomed bungalow set in a garden of pomegranates, just outside a little town. It belonged to a pious and wealthy mer-

chant, and was by him devoted to the use of travellers, one of the favourite forms of philanthropy in that land of great distances.

Men had gone on before with screens and curtains, and these they disposed in the verandah before one of the principal rooms to form a secluded zenana for their lady. There the palanquin was undraped and opened, and the lady stepped forth. The copper pots and pans and cooking-vessels were brought in, and there a meal was prepared for her and the tired children. The elephant and the camels and the rest of the escort wandered in at intervals all the morning. They rested there till the late afternoon, and then set forth on the second and shortest stage of their journey, to the old *serai* below the slate-quarries, a stage of only five or six hours.

The *serai*, or travellers' rest-house, was a block of open verandahs built upon a high platform round three sides of a square court-yard. The verandahs, curtained and screened, sheltered the Ranees and her women; the rest of the escort camped in the long shallow valley between the slate-hills. Two or three tents were pitched for the leaders, and the rest bivouacked in picturesque disorder round their camp-fires in the valley, the camels kneeling in circles with their heads together, as if in solemn conclave, with their supercilious old-maidenly propriety. In the moonlight shadowy figures led their beasts to and from the watering place outside the *serai*. Round the camp-fires the men cooked and talked and smoked in groups together, and here and there the slight veiled form of a woman flitted past among them. It blows cold in that valley at night, after the day-long beat of the sun upon it. The palanquin-carriers wrapped themselves in their blankets and covered themselves with a carpet,

and this is the tale that was told to the Ranees Sahib in the morning. "The *myras* (palanquin-bearers) went to sleep under a carpet, and in the night a camel walked upon that carpet, and one of the *myras* waked and got up, and the camel fell down and all the *myras* fell down, and the *myras* didn't know what to do, and that camel didn't know what to do." The tale amused the Ranees, so that she bathed and prayed and eat her food, and did not delay the start as her custom was on their journeys.

The Raj Kumar, after sitting with his mother a little while in her palanquin, began to cry out for his carriage, which was far on in front. His mother knocked on the sides of the palanquin, and the bearers set her down and withdrew to a little distance, for the voice of the Ranees must not be heard by any man. One of her women came and asked what was her pleasure. "The Raj Kumar will ride in the carriage," she said. "Send and tell them to bring it back, if it is on in front." The palanquin was uncovered and the child handed out. All the cavalcade was stopped till the carriage with its four horses was brought back from the front, and the young chief and his attendants got in; then the procession continued its way, until, wearying of the carriage, the young Rajah demanded to mount the elephant, and again the long caravan with its eighty camels, its bullock-carriages and baggage-carts halted, while from the rear the elephant tramped forward, slow, steady, and sure, and knelt down in the sand for the ladder to be let down to his riders. Thus with many haltings and restings by the way, they reached the city whence the trains of the "*Angresi lôg* (English folk)" rushed away, day and night, on their long swift journeys.

The Prime-Minister had ridden on in advance to engage carriages for the Ranee and her suite, and they were now waiting at the station for her: a first-class carriage for the lady herself and her attendants; a second-class carriage for the Secretary and the Prime-Minister and the other advisers of her Highness; three third-class carriages for her following, men, women, and children; a luggage-van for her ten tons or so of baggage, a truck for her cow, and another truck for her palanquin. All these carriages stood on a siding awaiting her Highness's pleasure; they would be hitched on to the train for Agra when it passed through the station.

That night they rested again at the *serai* for native travellers outside the town.

Long before the starting of the train the Ranee entered her palanquin, and lay down among its cushions. The women closed the panels, covered it over with an immense wadded quilt, and tied it round with ropes; then they carried it out into the verandah, where they gave it over to the bearers. Thus, secure from prying eyes, the lady of the little *raj* among the hills was swiftly borne down the long avenues, under the tall bamboos with their myriad tiny shivering leaves, through the hush and warmth and mystery of an Indian night; with her torch-bearers with lanterns running before and behind her, her wild, bare-footed Rajput *myra-wallahs* carrying the long poles of her palanquin slung upon their ragged shoulders, with her silent, veiled women walking on either side, their hands upon the palanquin; and thus she passed from the seclusion of her zenana into the noisy, glaring hurry and bustle of that throbbing heart of Western civilisation, a railway-station.

They carried her through the gates and set down the palanquin on the platform, there to await such time as the lines should be clear and the station-master at leisure to see her carriages brought from a distant shunting to the side of the platform. Her followers were scattered about on the platform, wandering to and fro, or sitting and lying on the ground in groups, with the porters and officials tumbling over them and the station-master cursing them in his heart. Her fowls were there, fluttering and clucking in great round wicker-baskets; her lamps stood upon the platform in other wide, open baskets side by side with the large flat grindstone on which her women nightly ground the wheat for her *chupatties*; and a soldier kept guard over it all, with a long bamboo in his hand instead of a musket.

Presently a train rushed into the station, and there were five minutes of indescribable confusion. Bareilly was a large station, and the train would stop there only a few minutes; by and by, when it dawdled into sleepy country stations with wide, empty platforms at which no passengers ever got in or out, it would dream in the moonlight or bask in the sunshine for half an hour while the guard smoked his hookah, squatting on the platform with his friends. When the train had thundered out again on its way to those havens of rest, the carriages engaged by the Ranee were brought up to the far end of the platform. The palanquin was carried up to them. Two or three women entered the first-class carriage and carefully closed the venetian shutters on the long line of windows; three or four large sheets were fastened on to long bamboos, and raised against the side of the carriage; the palanquin was carried under this improvised curtain, and

the bearers withdrew. Then, in the midst of a tense silence, the sheet fluttered once or twice, and the door of the carriage was shut; the sheets were removed, and the empty palanquin was consigned to its truck.

On the platform two or three of the men looked with idle curiosity at the jealously-shuttered windows of the Ranee's carriage. They were her born servants, or, more properly speaking, slaves, since they were not free to take service with any one else; they had eaten her bread and obeyed her orders, they had travelled with her and lived at her gates all through the long years since she first came, a child-bride, into their State, and yet they had never seen her face, nor heard her voice, and they knew nothing of what manner of woman she was.

In the first compartment of the Ranee's carriage were gathered about a dozen of her women in charge of her cooking-pots, her copper and silver vessels, the heavy grindstone, and one basket of lamps. The second compartment had been altered out of all likeness to a railway-carriage. Across the two long seats that ran along under the windows from one end of the carriage to the other, bamboos were laid, and over them a mattress and a sheet, transforming the carriage into a great square bed on which the Ranee could recline as on her *guddi* in the zenana of the palace, with her two children crawling about her. She had travelled many miles over the sandy desert, and she would travel many hundreds of miles yet; but she never for a moment escaped from the old monotonous surroundings. She was here now at Bareilly in a railway-carriage, in the heart of a British military station, and yet to all intents and purposes she had never left her own zenana. Nothing about her

was changed. She sat, in a rather smaller room, on the same mattress, with the same women about her, the same trivial talk in her ears, the children playing over the bed exactly as they did at home.

The carriages were shunted away again outside the station to wait for an hour or two till the train came in that was to take them on to Agra.

At Bandicoi, where there was a long wait for a change of trains the Ranee fell again into a panic. "They will take me to Delhi," she cried. "What shall I do at Delhi? We shall perish there, I and my children. Tell them to bring the palanquin. I will get out here; I will go no further."

The palanquin was brought, and behind the shelter of her curtains the lady slipped into it and was carried into the waiting-room, her women following with the cooking-pots and the drinking-vessels and the basket of lamps, which they spread about over the waiting-room.

"I will stay here two or three days," said the Ranee. "Send some one to the *dāk*-bungalow to turn out the people there; I will rest there to-night."

Outside on the platform the Secretary and the Prime-Minister and the station-master held conference. "It can't be done," said the station-master; "the *dāk*-bungalow is full of people. Besides, it is only for the English people; I cannot turn them out. And the Ranee cannot stay in the waiting-room; it is against the rules. You ought never to have taken her there. And look at your soldiers and people running all over the platform, and crossing the lines! They are like a herd of wild animals; some of them will get run over and killed."

The Secretary's face was ashen-grey with exhaustion and anxiety, and he had a violent cold in his head from

sleeping in the tents on the journey. The Prime-Minister was almost in tears. "What are we to do with her?" he asked helplessly.

"You must get her out of the station, if she will not go on to-day," answered the station-master.

"Get her out of the station!" repeated the Prime-Minister blankly. The Secretary gave a short laugh.

"Here, you," said the station-master to the head-woman. "Tell your Ranee Sahib she cannot stay here; it is against the rules; she must go back into her carriage at once. And you, sir," to the Secretary, "make all these mad people get into their carriages, and I will lock them in. There is a train in from Agra directly, and some of them will get run over;" and he muttered something about the Company's Agent.

The head-woman went in to her mistress, who was sitting crying now in her palanquin in the midst of the camp in the waiting-room. "The Station-Sahib very angry," she said; "I think going to send for the Agent." The Political Agent was the *bête-noir* of the Ranee, who believed him omnipotent. She lay down at once in her palanquin and let them shut the panels and carry her back to the carriage.

It was ten o'clock at night when the train drew up at Agra. The Ranee's attendants streamed out on to the ill-lighted platform.

"The Ranee Sahib is asleep," said one of the women looking out of the window of the carriage. "We must wait; we cannot awaken her."

"There is another train due directly," said the station-master; "we must shunt her out of the way,

unless she is ready to get out at once."

When the train had passed, the Ranee's carriage was brought back to the platform.

"Her Highness wants one of the boxes out of the van," said the head-woman.

"I cannot open the van to-night," said the station-master; "it is locked and sealed. She can have everything in the morning. Ask her to get out now; I must send the carriages on to Cawnpore."

But the Ranee would not get out unless she could have her box. Three times was her carriage shunted to make room for other trains, three times was it brought back to the platform. At last said the station-master: "By my sea sammy, I will get her out myself, *purdah* or no *purdah*!" He opened the door of the compartment, and threw out cushions and wraps upon the platform amongst the terrified crowd. But the Ranee had heard him, and as he opened one door she slipped out of the other into the waiting palanquin; and presently her long procession straggled away into the darkness to the bungalow that had been taken for her weeks ago at Agra.

Her soldiers, her men and women, her cows and her fowls camped out in the compound. Within, carpets were laid down and the *guddi* spread, and screens set round one of the verandahs that the Ranee might take the air, and that was all she was like to see of Agra. Of her further wanderings we may have something more to say in the future.

H. J. BOURCHIER.

ANGLO-SAXON WOMANHOOD.

THE position of woman in England, at the period when Alfred the Great was on the throne, was an exceedingly honourable one. It is owing to the training and life of our Anglo-Saxon mothers that our women hold their place to-day in the history of the world. For the Anglo-Saxons, though without any pretence to the refinement and cultivation of many other nations at the same period, yet respected and appreciated their women far more highly. Woman's general position, at the close of the tenth century, was that of a plaything rather than of a wife, companion, adviser, or helpmeet, as it was in England; but the Anglo-Saxon recognised the power that womanhood could exercise, not only over the domestic, but over the public life as well; and they therefore gave their women almost equal rights with men in the privileges of citizenship.

The laws were framed to protect women, and the severest penalties were exacted from anyone who dared to interfere with either her person or her property. Women were allowed both to possess, to inherit, and to transmit landed property. A husband had no control over his wife's money; she could leave her lands and treasures as she wished, either to her children, or to charity. She could sue, and be sued in a court of law; and special laws were framed for her protection. For instance, if a married woman had borne children, and she survived her husband, he was bound to leave her provided for. If her children were living at the time of her husband's death, they were left

in her guardianship, and if the husband had been able to make no provision for them, his relations had to help her with their support, being bound by law to give her six shillings a year, and the gift of a cow in summer and an ox in winter. Various laws were also made for women who had lost their husbands. A widow could manage her estates entirely herself, and the law forbade any of her husband's relations interfering with her, or her affairs. A year's mourning was exacted from a widow, and if she married within that time she lost the *morgen-gift* that she had received at her first marriage, and all the money that her husband had left her at his death.

The law concerning marriage between relations was a lax one. A man could marry his sister-in-law or his father's widow, and marriage between first cousins was the usual rule, so as to keep the property in the hands of one family. On the other hand, a woman was held as much responsible as a man was for breaking the laws; and in some cases these penalties were of the most rigorous description. If a woman was unchaste, she was forced to hang herself, and her body was burnt afterwards; or she was to be beaten to death by the other women. The queen was entitled to a seat in the council-chamber with the king, and to express her opinion on all matters under discussion. When the nation was at war and the king fighting at the head of his army, his consort took his place, and with the help of his nobles governed the kingdom till

her husband's return. At his death it sometimes happened that there was a failure of direct male heirs, and till a new king was chosen, she took possession of the throne herself.

This was the case in 672 A.D. When King Cenwalch died, Saxburga, his Queen, took the government into her own hands, and managed the kingdom with great wisdom. She was a wise, courageous, and intelligent woman; and till the kingdom was wrested from her by the younger nobles, who appointed a king in her place, she had governed well and with great clemency. If it had not been for the jealousy that displaced her, her reign might have done as much for the seventh century as Alfred's did for the tenth.

The influence of some of the queens over their husbands was very great. Sometimes they even persuaded them to resign the crown, for the holier life of a monastery. We read in the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, how in 710 Ina King of Wessex was persuaded by his wife to retire from public life and devote himself to good works. The way she gained her end was ingenious. She had long been grieved at her husband's attachment to worldly things, and his care for the pleasures of the moment only. To teach him a lesson therefore she caused a great feast to be made for him at one of his noble's houses when he was on a journey. The walls of the banqueting-hall were hung with rich tapestries, the feast was a sumptuous one, and the nobles all bowed down before him in servile homage. Much elated and satisfied with his reception, he resumed his journey, but the Queen made a pretext for returning to the house a few hours after they had left. The King stood aghast! The costly hangings were torn down; the tables were bare, while the rushes on the floor

were covered with the remains of the feast, and the litter of the farmyard, that strewed even the royal couch that Ina had so lately occupied. Seeing his dismay, the Queen read him a little sermon on the transient joys of life. Where was the pomp they had so recently seen? It was gone like the smoke and the wind; and why therefore should her husband so greatly covet that which was so perishable? Much impressed by what he had seen and heard, the King made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he founded a school. On his return he resigned his crown and all his state, lived a quiet and secluded life, and even allowed himself to be supported by his wife.

The Anglo-Saxon queens also were of great help in establishing Christianity in England. In many cases it was the wife who first listened to the teachings of the missionaries from Rome, and then induced her husband to study the subject; and when Christianity was firmly established, the abbesses of some of the convents (notably St. Hilda of Whitby) became as famous as any of their male contemporaries.

To get a clear idea of the life of an Anglo-Saxon woman at the end of the tenth century we must look for a moment at the state of society in England. For centuries the country had been constantly ravaged from coast to coast by hordes of barbarians from the Continent; consequently everyone was too busy fighting for his life and home to have leisure to bestow on more peaceful things. Towns were few and very far between, and were constantly being burnt and pillaged. The country was covered by vast forests and impassable swamps. There could be no cultivation of the land, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the infrequent villages. Good roads were hardly known, nor

indeed did many roads exist at all, everyone travelling by water where it was possible, as it was both quicker and safer. Houses were made of wattle and daub, or of wood, and thatched with straw or reeds. They were built in the most primitive fashion, with a central hall where the men of the family and the retainers lived, slept, and ate. The master and mistress slept in the bower, the room of the lady of the house, which opened out of the hall, while the women of the household slept in a neighbouring chamber. Outside, against the walls of the house, clustered the huts of the serfs, and the stables for the horses and cattle.

In the country, every house was surrounded by an earthen mound, as a defence in case of invasion. In the towns, the houses were built close round the churches and monasteries, which served as a refuge for the women and children in times of war.

The houses themselves were very simply and rudely furnished. The floors were of beaten earth or stone, kept daily strewn with fresh rushes. The walls were covered with gaily embroidered hangings, and with the weapons of the thane and his retainers. The fire burnt on the hearth-stone in the centre of the room, while a square hole above in the roof let out the wandering smoke. Tables, benches, and stools, with a few quaintly-backed chairs, were the only articles of furniture.

The bower of the lady of the house was used not only as a bedroom for herself and her husband, but also as a council-chamber as well, and was always as richly furnished as means and circumstances would permit. Skins of marten, fox, and beaver, were thrown over the freshly strewn rushes. Rich hangings covered the walls, gay with bright embroidery.

In rare cases these were of silk, but usually they were of linen, worked with quaint designs of birds, beasts, and flowers, in blue, scarlet, purple, and green. The stools and chairs were often inlaid, and the benches had strange heads carved on them. Then there would always be the spinning-wheel, and a frame for weaving cloth on, and a rude embroidery frame as well, for the use of the mistress and her women. The windows, or eyeholes as they were called, were filled with oiled paper instead of glass, or were covered with a lattice-work of plaited oisiers, through which the birds flew in and out at their own sweet pleasure. In the winter linen blinds or skins were used to keep out the snow and the rain. The bedstead was a low one, with the end at the head slightly raised, and linen curtains hung round it. Mattresses were stuffed with straw, and the pillow was a quaint thing made of plaited straw. There were linen sheets on the beds and furs for counterpanes. Mirrors of polished steel were not uncommon, and there was always a strong iron, or wooden, chest, in which the money, jewels and other valuables were kept. Rush candles, fixed on spiked candlesticks, which were made of bone, silver, or iron, gave such a feeble and ineffectual light that it is small wonder people went to bed as a rule when it grew dark, irrespective of the hour.

It was in a home of this description that an Anglo-Saxon girl of noble birth was born and brought up. When she had made her advent into the world, she was wrapped at once in linen and placed in a cradle, and a nurse was appointed to look after her; cradles were universally used, and were often elegant in shape and finish; and in this cradle she slept till she was grown a big child. Infant

baptism was rigorously performed. A baby must be baptised within thirty days, or a fine of thirty shillings was imposed. So much importance was placed on this rite, that if a child died unbaptised after the thirty days were over, the parents had to forfeit all their property to the Church and the State.

Baptism was usually performed by immersion. The baby wore a white linen robe for the ceremony, while a white chrim-cloth was bound over the head after it had been anointed with the consecrated oil; and this cloth was afterwards laid aside to be used again at her burial.

Some idea of the Anglo-Saxon's estimation of his womanhood may be learned from the meanings of the names that he gave to his daughters. Edith, *the gift of happiness*; Godiva, *the gift of God*; Ethel, *the noble lady*; Gertrude, *the maid of the spear*; Maude, *the warlike maid*; Milicent, *strength*; Whilhelmina, *the helmet of resolution*; Harriet, *ruler of the household*; Arabella, *brave as an eagle*; Bertha, *brightness*; Adeleve, *noble wife*; Heaburge, *tall as a castle*; Wynfreda, *peace of man*.

Our ancestors seemed to have very sensible ideas about bringing up their children. So soon as a baby was old enough, she was set down on the fur rugs on the floor, and allowed to crawl at her will about the bower; for children were exclusively brought up in their mother's room, and kept apart from the rougher life of the banqueting-hall till they were older. It was a free open life that a child led then, very much the same life that childhood leads in all countries and in all ages, though of course its duties and pleasures were far simpler than they were in later centuries. Children in those days were docile and obedient, and a little girl was brought up very strictly

under her mother's immediate supervision. As she grew out of babyhood, she played with her doll, and learned games, such as backgammon and chess, and that time-honoured game of hide-and-seek, that has come down to us from patriarchal days. Then as now, they counted out their leader in the game by one of those unintelligible jingles, such as *Aina, Maina, Mona, Mite*, etc., which had their origin in pagan days, when the victim for the human sacrifice was chosen in just the same way, by the oft-repeated words of an incantation, the same words that, twisted out of all intelligence, were used not only by Anglo-Saxon children, but are used still by the children of to-day.

A little girl was not allowed to eat the same food that her elders freely indulged in. She was only allowed flesh meat, fish, eggs, herbs, beans, cheese, butter, and what the chroniclers of the day call clean food, which we may take to mean fruit, bread, and cakes. She kept the fast-days as well as her elders, and underwent the abstinences of Lent and Advent. She was dressed in exact imitation of her mother, but wore her hair long and flowing.

As she grew older, her mother taught her daily herself; and in this way she learnt long hymns of devotion, and heroic poems and ballads. These were taught to her in Anglo-Saxon and in Latin, and repeated over and over again, till she had them by heart. Here and there a mother taught her little daughter to read, but this was a very rare accomplishment even among royal ladies at this period, as reading was almost unknown, except among men, and then only in courts and monasteries. As to writing, people were quite content and proud to sign their mark, when it was needful.

As the child grew older, it was the usual custom to send her from home into the nearest convent to be educated, till she was old enough to return home, to marry, or to take up a religious life. If her father's house was on, or near, a river, she was sent by water, under a strong guard of armed men. If she had to go by land, she would probably be sent in a cart, which, springless and clumsy, jolted along the half-made roads; or she would ride on a horse, sitting sideways in a kind of chair, or astride like a man. The convents then were built not only for a purely conventual life; they were also schools for boys and girls, colleges for the clergy, and a place of refuge and sanctuary in times of disorder and danger.

Monks and nuns lived in one community, though in separate wooden buildings, governed by an abbot and an abbess; and as all the learning of the period was to be found in these convents and monasteries, a girl had the best opportunity the times afforded to grow up wise, self-controlled, and skilled in all the arts of domestic life. She was taught to sew and to embroider, to spin and to weave; and she was carefully instructed also in all the mysteries of cooking, baking, cheese and butter making. Then, too, she was taught not only to nurse the sick and the wounded (an invaluable and perfectly indispensable part of a woman's training in those times), but also to make cooling drinks for her invalids, and to compound medicines and simples and healing ointments, in the making of which she grew very learned. She was also of course carefully instructed in religious subjects.

Her days at the convent were without much variety, though full of useful work. Woke at dawn by the clanging of a bell, she went

with the rest of the community to the thatched wooden church of the convent, where the grand old Anglo-Saxon version of *Eternal Maker of all things* was chanted by them all. Then came breakfast, and reading in the Anglo-Saxon gospels, or hearing them read over by one of the nuns, and learning them by heart. Matins followed three hours later, and the rest of the day was devoted to learning how to be a thoroughly domesticated, useful woman. We get a quaint view of this life in an old Anglo-Saxon book, where a child thus describes her convent school-days: "I heard the knell, I rose, I went to church, and sang, and heard the mass. I ate, I drank," etc., till every hour of the day seemed accounted for.

When the time came for a girl to leave this life, the time had also come for her to be betrothed and given in marriage. Up to the time that she was fifteen, a father could marry his daughter to whom he pleased, but after this age she had the right of choosing her own husband. From fifteen to seventeen she might elect between marriage and a convent; and many women, from princesses downwards, chose the latter life. But an unmarried woman out of a convent was unheard of; everyone married as a matter of course; indeed marriage was the only protection for a woman in those troublous times after her father's death.

When a husband was chosen for a girl, she could, as has been said, refuse him if she disapproved of him, after she was fifteen; but it was seldom that she was forced into a thoroughly distasteful marriage before this age, unless the suitor happened to be a very rich or powerful one. With the father or guardian rested the decision as to how much purchase-money was given with the bride, while

the bridegroom on his part gave the father gifts so as to gain his daughter's good-will. We see that this was the universal custom in the Exeter Book, where we read, "A king shall with cattle buy a queen;" and of course where a girl was very beautiful she was far more valuable to her father than if she was plain.

The betrothal was a solemn affair. It took place in the presence of the relations and friends, where a wedding-ring was placed on the girl's right hand by her future husband, and a kiss exchanged between them as a pledge. The engagement was not usually a long one, and the engaged couple were allowed to see a good deal of each other during this time. The wedding, or handfasting, was a very important and joyous occasion, with a great many ceremonies attached to it. The bride, clad in all her best clothes, with much gold embroidery and many jewels about her, was led to the church by a matron, who was known as the brideswoman, and followed by her bridesmaids. Her friends and relations were all there, to give her into the bridegroom's charge as they reached the church. The priest stood at the church-porch, and solemnly blessing the ring after he met them, preceded them into the building. Then the bridegroom, having first gained the bride's consent, pledged her by the hand and said that he took her for his wife according to the law of God, and promised her protection and good treatment, while the bride, on her part, promised to give him love and affection. And then, having taken a pledge before her relations that he would always care for his wife's personal safety and comfort, the ring was moved from the right to the left hand, and placed on the first finger and the nuptial kiss was given. The priest is supposed to have tied their hands together with his stole,

when they pledged each other, before the altar. After the ceremony, the bride's father, or guardian, gave the purchase-money to the husband, receiving from him in return a *wed*, or security, that he was willing to fulfil his part of the bargain, whence comes our modern word *wedding*. For this settlement the bride's friends made themselves responsible, and could be called upon to refund the money if the father failed to pay it. The father then gave the bride's shoe to the husband, who touched his wife on the head with it, as a sign that he claimed marital authority over her, and that he took her future maintenance and guardianship on himself. This explains the origin of the custom that we still retain, of throwing old shoes on the wedding-day after the departing couple.

There were no presents given by the bridegroom to his bride on the wedding-day. He waited till the next morning to give his *morgen-gift* to her, and its value depended entirely on his pleasure. If he was satisfied with her, it took the form of gifts of lands, cattle, and rich presents, or it might be something less worth having, though a perfectly just gift. If he had been deceived as to her good looks and general attractions, and happened to be very critical on those points, he had a perfect right to return her and the purchase-money to her father, receiving back his *wed* in return. But as Saxon women were noted for their beauty and their charm of manner, such a mortifying contingency very seldom occurred.

The marriage-feast was a very lordly as well as a very lengthy affair; much mead, pigment, morat, and native ale was drunk, and the food was most abundant as was the custom of the time. There was wedding-cake, made most likely of wheaten flour sweetened with honey and flavoured with spices,

which was distributed to the guests in the shape of small round cakes.

After her marriage a woman's position was most honourable. She was not only the lady, or loaf-giver, in whose care were all the domestic affairs of the household, but she was her husband's counsellor and adviser as well, to whom he turned for advice on all subjects, both social and political. All counsels were held in her bower; in her hands was the entire management of her children and of the women of her household, and the serfs came to her for all orders. At her side she carried a bag in which were the keys of treasure-chest, linen-chest, and store-houses; she gave out all supplies with her own hands, and saw that the food was properly cooked and served. She and her maidens spun the flax into linen, carded the sheep's wool, wove it into cloth, and dyed it various bright colours, and they made all their own clothing and most of those of the household. She also wrought wonderful embroidery, for the Anglo-Saxons loved bright colours and ornamentation, and their tunics and mantles were stiff with gold and gay with coloured needlework. We read of purple robes worked with peacocks in black and gold, and with birds, flowers, and animals of all kinds. The hangings of linen or silk that covered the walls were all embroidered by her and her women, and she either drew the designs for them herself, often copying the flowers from nature, or having them drawn for her by some artistic monk in the neighbourhood. And very gorgeous these tapestries must have been. We hear of birds, animals, stars, flowers, rings, and scenes from history being worked on them, in silk, worsted, or cotton, and in every variety of colour. Where a wife was very devoted and proud of her husband's brave deeds, she would work

them into her tapestries with infinite care and labour, though the result might be hardly satisfactory so far as the anatomy of the figures were concerned. Besides these useful accomplishments, the lady of the house had always a garden in which she grew flowers, such as marigolds and mallows, as well as various kinds of herbs, for she was learned in making medicines and cunning compounds for use in sickness. She and her women did all the nursing of the sick, and took care of the wounded men after any battle or accident. She was skilled, too, in various kinds of rough surgery, as doctors were few and far between in those days, especially in the country districts.

She also daily distributed meat and bread to any beggar or stranger who came to ask for it; and she washed the feet of travelling friars or pilgrims when they claimed her hospitality, for in those days acts of this kind were counted as very devout, and were practised by queens and princesses, as well as by women of less exalted birth. Besides all these daily duties she taught her children, trained her serfs, and either made, or superintended the making of, the pigment, mead, and other native drinks of the period. As to her amusements they were rather varied ones, though not perhaps of a highly intellectual order. She was present at all feasts given in her own house, either sitting beside her husband, or by the side of the chief guest in the place of honour. So soon as the eating was over, she rose and passed round the mead to the men, after which she retired with her women to her bower, as when the drinking began our Anglo-Saxon ancestors grew too rough in their manners even for their own women-kind, though there was nothing at all dainty in the way in which girls were brought up then. Jugglers, minstrels,

and harpers roamed from house to house, playing and singing, and exhibiting their tricks for the amusement of the household, welcome always both in hall and bower. There were also the fairs, held once or twice a year in the towns, where country produce was bartered for town-made goods, where pedlars came to show their wares from all over the country, and even from abroad, and where the jugglers reaped a rich harvest. And there were the constantly recurring festivals of the Church, which were always kept as feast-days, where a woman could meet her friends and relations, who had come in to the mass from the neighbourhood, and whom she was not likely to meet in any other way. A woman's home-life was very full, as has been shown, but amusements were not excluded even during work-time. We read of the lady and her maidens busy at their embroidery, while heroic songs were sung to them by some wandering minstrel, or by a harper of their own household, and stories told by a professional story-teller. In the winter-time, when the weather kept them much indoors, the women would gather round the open fire of wood or coal, busy with weaving, or at their spinning or needlework, while the men sharpened their weapons, made bows and arrows, polished their armour, or worked at their various trades, all listening eagerly to the minstrels who sang, played, and recited for their amusement, or watching the jugglers who went through their slender store of tricks for the general edification.

Sundays were kept rigorously, and the law forbade any woman to work on those days. Women were very careful to observe all the feasts and fasts of the Church; indeed, we read of some who kept the latter so rigidly, that they would lie on the floor for days together, starving themselves

almost to death. They were also very superstitious and firmly believed in all manner of omens and myths, and in portents of every description.

Anglo-Saxon women had a great love of dress, being fond of bright colours and rich clothing, and with their full share of feminine vanity. They curled their hair with tongs and dyed it various colours, blue being a favourite shade; they also painted their cheeks red and powdered their faces. Sometimes they wore twisted horns in their hair, but generally the hair was worn loose, or in long curls that fell below the waist. A hood, or veil, was always wrapped round the head and shoulders, or a square of linen used as a head-dress. Widows wore their hair long and hanging down the back; while children and young girls wore no covering on their heads, but had their long hair wrapped round their belt or floating quite free. Among the peasant-class long curls were the mark of a free woman, no serf being allowed to wear her hair in this manner.

All garments were worn loose and flowing. A linen underdress with long sleeves was first put on, over under-garments of linen or silk. Over this was worn a wide robe, or tunic, fastened round the waist by a belt, into which the long loose sleeves were fastened. This tunic was made so long as to entirely conceal the feet and to trail on the ground all round. Out of doors this was tucked into their belt, and so made walking easy. On state-occasions and when out of doors a long mantle was worn which varied in richness according to the rank of the wearer; it was fastened at the neck with a jewelled clasp, and richly worked in gold and colours, as was the robe underneath. Under-garments of linen and silk were worn, but nuns were only allowed to wear woollen underneath their dress. Em-

broidered stockings and leather shoes were also worn. The embroidery on the dresses was worked in silk, gold thread, and coloured cotton; it was of every colour of the rainbow, and must have been most wonderfully beautiful.

The neck was often left bare, and covered with costly necklaces. Indeed so great was the Anglo-Saxon love of jewelry, that women wore a profusion of it on all occasions. Gold or silver belts, gold bands round the top of the mantle, and round the head, necklaces and chains set with gems, finger-rings, anklets, brooches, and ornaments of various kinds were worn. We read of a golden fly set with jewels worn by a lady of rank, while mantle-clasps were very elaborate and of the finest workmanship. Bracelets were worn on the arms and wrists, and were made in an oval shape, open at one side, and thickly set with jewels, or carved into huge bosses and symbolical devices.

In bed some royal ladies wore night dresses of linen, but as a general rule women only wrapped themselves in the sheets and drew the furs and skins over them for warmth. In winter, when the frosts would often last for weeks together, the cold would be very intense. The women then wore overcoats with hoods, when they went out of doors, and costly cloaks of wool lined and trimmed with fur. They wore gloves too, of leather, which were known as *hand-schoe*, recalling the present German name for them. Little girls were dressed as tiny miniatures of their mothers, except that their hair was unbound and hung down their back.

The Anglo-Saxon women were noted all the world over for their delicate soft skins and beautiful complexions,

their bright blue eyes and long yellow hair, the colour of spun gold and as fine as silk. And when this long golden hair (undisfigured by dye) flowed down over a blue woven mantle, embroidered in gay flowers and devices, which was worn over a scarlet tunic, with a silver belt encircling the waist, and with a white linen veil thrown round the head, they must have made a most attractive picture. Fashions changed very slowly then, and for over three hundred years women wore the same dress with but little variation.

As women grew older they still kept an honoured place in the household, being consulted and referred to on all occasions and on all matters, by their children and grandchildren. They frequently retired into a cloister at the death of their husbands, and gave up the rest of their life to prayer and fasting, visiting the sick, or nursing the wounded in times of war. When they died, if they were rich, they were buried in stone, lead, or wooden coffins, with their heads placed on a block of wood. If they were only of the people, they were tightly wrapped in linen bands and laid uncoffined in the grave. Flowers were much used in burials, the mourners carrying garlands of them, or of yew and cypress, that were after the funeral hung over the seats that they had usually occupied in the bower, or on the walls of the church above where they knelt at their prayers. Masses were always said for the repose of their souls, and doles were given to the poor in their name.

Such was the life of an Anglo-Saxon woman in the days of King Alfred, whose millenary the English race is now making ready to celebrate.

A PLEA FOR THE DOMESTIC SERVANT.

THAT the difficulty of obtaining good servants is yearly increasing, and that the fault lies with the servants, are such elementary and indisputable propositions in the philosophy of most employers of domestic labour, that an attempt to question their accuracy must be tantamount to writing oneself down an ass. There is, as we know, a divinity that doth hedge a king and render him strangely inaccessible to his trusty and well-beloved subjects; and there is, in the opinion of many householders, a captiousness that doth hedge the servant, and which makes him almost as difficult to get upon a satisfactory footing with as is the monarch. But at the risk of seeming unsympathetic we shall venture to suggest that the primary cause of the householder's discomfort lies rather in a change of social conditions than in an alteration in the nature of man or maid; and that, further, the master is often as much to blame as the servant. It is undoubtedly more difficult now than it was a generation ago to find a servant willing to remain in his situation for a prolonged period, but that the reason of this change is some new vice in the character of the modern domestic is very improbable. The supply of servants is drawn to-day from substantially the same class of the population as it was in the days of our fathers; and most of the inconveniences from which the householder suffers now should, perhaps, in fairness be ascribed rather to the defects of a progressive civilisation than to the shortcomings of servants as a class.

Education, whatever the benefits which it has conferred on the nation

generally, has undoubtedly curtailed the powers and privileges of the employer of manual labour, by teaching the workman to recognise his own value, and to carry his labour to the best market. In the case of the domestic servant the temptation to be for ever on the look-out for a higher bidder has been amplified by various causes which have produced an excess of demand over supply. A glance through the advertisement columns of the morning papers will show twenty employers in search of a servant to every servant requiring an employer. So large a deficit may, no doubt, be in part accounted for by other causes, but that there is a marked disproportion of numbers in favour of the servants cannot be questioned. Nor is the explanation difficult to find. While the class which employs domestic labour has tended to greatly increase with the greater diffusion of wealth, and of all that wealth brings, the rural population, from whom the best domestic servants are recruited, has an almost equal tendency to decrease, owing to the decline of agriculture and to the superior attractions of the town. The result has been to thin the ranks of domestic service and thus to afford to the survivors enlarged opportunities for picking and choosing their situations, of which they are naturally not slow to avail themselves. They cannot be blamed for recognising the enhanced value which circumstances have placed upon their services, and that they should seek to take advantage of a change of conditions which tells in their favour only proves their kinship

with their employers. The impulse acts alike on master and man, on mistress and maid; but the master and mistress are seldom able to see themselves with precisely the same eyes with which they view their dependents. It is easy enough to see the change in those around us; it is far more difficult to see it in ourselves, or to admit that causes which have operated with what we believe to be injurious effect on the classes below us are equally operative in our own.

Yet that is the plain truth. Take, for instance, the unrestfulness which characterises the present generation, and which is at the bottom of the difficulties we are discussing. It affects young and old, rich and poor without discrimination. Its symptoms are discernible in all ages and ranks, and in both sexes; and whether they take the form of gambling at Monte Carlo or on the Stock Exchange, the constant whirl of society, or a craving to try a fresh situation, it is only the same sentiment acting under different conditions. We are all alike seeking to charm away the dull monotony of the daily round. We all yearn to "better" ourselves. The millionaire, with a fortune made in tea or beer, maintaining an expensive establishment entirely at variance with his natural tastes, in the hope that, haply, his present pains may win an alliance with the British peerage, is the victim of exactly the same impulse that causes Mary Jane, the under-housemaid, to leave the family in which she is perfectly happy for one of which she knows only that the servants' hall is larger. The same devil is driving millionaire and maid; only the circumstances are altered.

The vices of the servant are, in truth, the vices of his master in a mitigated form. He craves a larger independence in an age which is prone to kick against the pricks of authority,

some social advancement when that is an aim of which he sees his social superiors in hot pursuit. He knows that to realise these ambitions he must be prepared for quick changes, and that in making them he cannot afford to regard too closely the convenience of others. If he is self-centred, so are the great majority of those above him in station, and he is not fairly a subject for blame because he possesses the qualities of his kind. What is the reason, if the truth be told, that we look so longingly back to the time when a servant was accustomed to spend the whole of his working days in the same service? Is it the welfare of the servant we regard, or the convenience of the master? If we could revive the former relations of domestic service, to how many of us would they be suitable? They involved ties to which few employers would now care to submit, for the last half century has modified our modes of thought as well as our social relations.

Before the new era, introduced by the worship of commerce and the consequent growth of a Plutocracy at the expense of a landed Aristocracy, to enter the household of a great family was to secure a provision for life, since the servant was practically sure of a permanent situation while his working powers lasted, and of being a pensioner of the family when they gave out. The relations of the master to his servants were of a paternal character, because the latter were drawn from the labouring families on the estate, and tradition had attached to the possession of land a well-defined duty of caring for those belonging to it. It was to be expected that in such circumstances a mutual confidence and consideration would be engendered which can scarcely obtain now that the registry-office has supplanted the former system, and the

employer often knows as little of the private concerns of his servants as he does of those of the acquaintance to whom he nods in the street. New men, new manners! When the plutocrat commenced to buy out the impoverished aristocrat, the strictly business relations of the counting-house gradually replaced the more sentimental ties which had heretofore bound together master and servant. Tradition and custom became of little account; for what was the force of moral obligations when weighed against a standard of gold? So the old order of employer yielded to the new, which demanded as the chief qualifications of service smartness of appearance and adaptability to the idiosyncrasies of each fresh master; and on that change there followed, naturally and inevitably, the practical extinction of a class of servant who was valued in an age of conservative conditions, but whose services would be at a heavy discount in the midst of modern light and progress. What, in all probability, chiefly contributed to the permanency of service in the old days was the knowledge of the servant that his employer would only dismiss him for a really grave fault or in case of dire necessity; what is mainly responsible for the readiness with which a servant now quits a good situation, is the certainty that his master will seldom hesitate to give notice when it suits his convenience.

The former system might, no doubt, be re-introduced if there was any large demand for it on the part of employers. "We have known instances," says the author of *THE PLATITUDES OF A PESSIMIST*, "even within the last few years, where masters have tried the old-fashioned system with servants of the most new fangled and mercenary type, and have found that, in a wonderfully short space of time, the domestics

have tried to outdo them in their efforts at mutual obligation; but those who are willing to make experiments in this fashion are few and far between; much oftener householders grumble and complain at the general deterioration of servants, as if it were pure wickedness on their part."

The difficulties and disagreements which arise under the present system are not due exclusively to either master or servant, but to the increasing complexity of social relations, and the variety of employment which now exists. In the one direction the democratic tendencies of the age, and the levelling influence of trade, have done much to narrow down distinctions of class and to extinguish the natural feeling of respect which they bred; in the other, where a generation ago domestic service was the obvious employment for girls of the lower classes, situations in shops and commercial houses now attract many as appearing to offer larger prospects of advancement, amusement, and freedom, while those who still choose service have become deeply tinged with the ideas of personal liberty belonging to their class. It must be admitted that in this respect the position of the domestic servant, particularly, perhaps, of the female servant, does not compare favourably with that of persons of their rank in other vocations. The servant may suffer more in appearance than reality, and no doubt there are compensations in better food and lodging; but as we are all inclined to slight our own privileges and to magnify those enjoyed by others, the advantage in the latter direction does not atone for the disadvantage, apparent as well as real, in the former. It is, perhaps, inevitable from the nature of his service that there should be no fixed portion of the day in which the servant is

his own master, so long as he is actually under his employer's roof; but, none the less for that, the feeling that one is constantly at the beck and call of another during the greater part of every twenty-four hours must at times be irksome, even with the most considerate employer. The artisan, the labourer, the shopman, have each some hours of the day when they need call no man their master; the domestic servant is not so happily situated, and thereby loses the sense of independence which the other classes enjoy, and which makes amends for many privations. The employer who chafes against the growing spirit of independence in the classes beneath his own would do well to remember that he himself enjoys far more independence both of thought and action than did his ancestors, and that his subordinates are only claiming a share in the same privilege.

Modern servants may have some

vexatious characters, but if they were so full of faults as some masters seem to consider, we should not be so ready to entrust to their care the whole of our property, from children to china, upon the slightest personal knowledge and testimonials of whose credibility we have, as a rule, no proof whatever. The truth is that we must be prepared to put up with the petty annoyances which a change in the habits of those around us entails, and try to accommodate ourselves to the alteration of circumstances which such an age of innovation as the present is sure to produce. Let the master be a little more lenient and ready to overlook small faults, somewhat more liberal in giving facilities for exercise and recreation, and it is probable that the servant will in return give more consideration to the master's interests and convenience than is generally the case at present.

HOW TIM MORGAN WAS CONVINCED.

It was an evil day for Glenbaragh that saw Pat Sullivan brought up from the quarry, hurt to the death. It was not the loss of Pat Sullivan, kindly man though he was; there were Sullivans enough on the countryside and to spare, and as Pat had neither wife nor child to go hungry for need of him there were none to weep. And yet the evil came through his death, and in this way. It was bitter bleak November weather, wet with a spit of sleet through the rain, and Father Maurice had come in such haste to ease the dying man's last hours that he brought neither wrap nor coat, nor even hat, but ran across the hill-side bareheaded, just as he had sat by his study fire; and that started the evil.

For two hours Pat Sullivan lay dying in his cold hovel with Father Maurice speaking comfort and strength of spirit by his side to the last; two weary hours to the wrecked body of Pat Sullivan, and two hours of a cruel creeping chill striking in upon the lungs of the watcher, and giving the evil grip and foothold. Two days later the grave closed over Pat Sullivan, and Glenbaragh was neither the better nor the worse for his loss; but the reeking vapour, breast high above the sod, drove home the evil, and Father Maurice went to his bed to fight out, and in the end win, a strong man's desperate struggle with death.

There was little credit to Glenbaragh in loving its priest, for all that he talked clean-cut home truths from the altar, holding his mirror up so that warped nature could see itself and be ashamed. For behind

the chiding and the upright pastor's uncompromising wrath at sin, there was ever the father's love to his children and the true priest's unhesitating self-sacrifice. Not a man or woman of them all but knew that Father Maurice would have laid down his life for his flock's sake and counted it no loss. So while the fever ran high Glenbaragh went softly and prayed, as Glenbaragh had never prayed before, that the evil they dreaded might be turned aside; and it was so in part, though evil enough remained.

Evil enough it was that Glenbaragh, ignorant and compacted of men's passions, should be left to its own careless devices while their priest fought its battle; but Bryan Barry, acting with all a true doctor's autocracy, made that evil worse.

The day had been one of rare warmth, and every soul in the village who could walk with two legs or a crutch had passed in review before Father Maurice, as he sat in his porch sunning himself. It was in vain that old Kitty Donohoe, his domestic directress and devoted slave for a score of years, vented her opinion with unmistakable clearness. "Bad scan to y'e, Bridget Sullivan—savin' yer presence, yer Riverence—quit prancin' on the dure-step I whited this mornin'. It's not to clane dure-steps the wather goes in your house, no, nor childre, ayther—ye'd think Mickey there slept wid the sow. Get away the lot o' ye; ye'd think his Riverence was a penny peepshow on sight for nothin'. Sure ye've no more sinse nor Thady's cow

that trod on her calf; y're killin' his Riverence between ye wid yer slobberin'."

But Father Maurice would have none of her interference. "Let be, Kitty. Why, woman, this is more to me than all the doctor's drugs."

Kitty sniffed. "Faix," she said, "it's poor they'd be if they warnt better nor them."

So for a long hour Father Maurice had his way. But the reception was over, and except for, perhaps, a dozen tow-headed gossoons shuffling their toes in the mud of the road, Glenbaragh had betaken itself to its home when Bryan Barry pushed open the door and unceremoniously walked in. They had faced too many hard scenes of life and death, these two, to hold ceremony of much account. The little things of life drop out of an intercourse strengthened and made sacred by the large.

"Better?" said the doctor. "Aye, but who gave you leave to fritter the gain away on a pack of savages,—not savages? No, but you rose to the fly gamely, and that's all I wanted to see. Sneer at the parish and the priests in arms? And quite right, too. On the whole I'm not sorry you played the—pastor. Going to rise to that fly too, were you? But give me credit; I burked the truth and didn't say fool. No, I'm not sorry you tested yourself, for it shows you've grit to bear the journey, and after such a bout as yours it's more grit than strength you have if you only knew it. What journey? Why, yours, out of this." He dropped his tone of banter and sat down in front of his patient, his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped in front of him. "Maurice, old friend, it's a hard thing to say, knowing how near your people are to your heart, but for Glenbaragh's own sake you must try to keep the life God gave you; and

that's what you can't do here. You are too much a man and a Christian to fear the hearing of the truth. Things have been worse than you dreamed of, and there's no middle course between a five months' absence somewhere South, and——" here Bryan stopped.

From the first word of serious import Father Maurice had sat up, alert and watchful; now he broke out: "Bryan, Bryan, you mean well but I can't. My people come first. I can die with them, but I can't desert them."

"Desert? Rubbish. See here," said Bryan; "you can give them two years of imperfect ministration and die, or leave them for five months and give them twenty years of wise guidance afterwards. There's your choice, and there's no doctor's whim in it. A nice answer you'll give your God, Father Maurice: 'I loved my people so well that I died, when I might have lived for them.'"

"But,—but,—is it sure?"

Bryan nodded. "I can speak *ex cathedra* as well as the Church," he said grimly, "and I'm not sure but that my *ex* is sometimes the more *cathedra* of the two. D'ye think your cloth has a monopoly of cocksuredness?"

"But the Bishop?"

Bryan laughed; the battle was won and he could afford a return to the lighter vein. "See here," and he drew a sealed letter from his pocket. "The Bishop and I are old friends; why I cured him of his gout at Ardnageela last May,—Lent came early you know; so I've written and told him all about it."

"My people, Bryan, my people!"

"Bless me," said Bryan, "we've settled that, though, faith, I hope some man with a head on his shoulders takes them in charge. We've a mixed lot of humanity in Glenbaragh, and God forgive us."

And thus it came about that the day which saw Pat Sullivan brought up from the quarry hurt to the death was an evil one for Glenbaragh.

A still more evil one it was for Tim Morgan, who farmed what had been Moynan's holding. Two years before, Tim Morgan had drifted into Glenbaragh with a shrewd brain, a pair of strong arms, a will to work, an eye to a bargain, and a few pounds in his pocket, an accumulation of assets which is no light capital when backed with health, and Tim was no patient of Bryan Barry. A black Northerner, although a Catholic, could be no great favourite in Glenbaragh. In no similar limited number of square miles has nature packed so many rampant antagonisms as in those which make up the four provinces, and of all the antagonisms that of North and South is the keenest. But Glenbaragh suited Tim Morgan for all its forlorn wildness and hungry soil, and, shutting his eyes to the antagonisms, he bided in Glenbaragh and prospered.

He worked first for six months as herd to one of the country squires; then for a year as cattle-jobber, doing well for himself with his few pounds of capital and hard Northern wit to back it. Then Mary Donohoe (own niece to Father Maurice's Kitty) crossed his path and Tim Morgan cast about in his mind how he might come by a home of his own, not over large, but big enough for two,—and the rest.

For all Glenbaragh's poverty nowhere in Ireland is the racial love of the homestead more deeply planted, and but for Moynan's eviction Tim Morgan might have seen pretty Mary's hair turn grey, and the light die out of her eyes, before a suitable farm came in his way.

To be sure, what was left of Moynan's holding did not quite come

up to his ideal. Two or three years' neglect had run down the land even before a season's fallow and a caretaker's mismanagement had left the fields a wilderness. To make Moynan's holding pay meant work, and though Tim Morgan had no fear of work he knew enough of the Land-League and its ways to think twice, aye and thrice, before entering on an evicted farm.

In his perplexity he laid the case before Father Maurice and found a sympathetic listener. "Keep your mind easy, Tim, but make no move for the present. An honest man has a right to earn an honest living on God's earth. Wait till Monday before you go to the squire, and until then don't so much as look at Moynan's holding. Evil guile must be met with innocent guile, and when I say *yea* in a just cause (and, please God, I never will in another) I'd like to see the man in Glenbaragh who will say *nay*! Wait, I say, till after Sunday's chapel."

Glenbaragh never knew how these things were managed. Certainly no hint ever fell from the lips of Father Maurice. If their love to God, and the Church that brought God's mercy nearer to them, would not bring his people to chapel, then no idle curiosity of his sowing would induce an attendance. But it was none the less true that if ever Father Maurice had weighty matters to speak of after mass, Glenbaragh knew it and Glenbaragh was there to hear.

Thus it followed that on the Sunday after Tim Morgan's visit to the parsonage the grey walls were packed from north to south, and the aisles filled with kneeling worshippers.

A man who knows his people like a well-conned book wastes no time on vague generalities. When the time came for Father Maurice to speak his mind, he spoke it with unerring

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uncomprehending resentment. A blind rage, against they scarcely knew what, would waken and strike out desperately at whatever lay nearest, as blind, unreasoning rage will. Then would follow some terrible vindication of the law, and in its face the rage would become for a time an agony of impotent irritation, and then die out, at least on the surface.

Save for an accident Martin Foy might have lived and died in his own country, as ignorant and unlettered as his fathers; but as a lad he had caught the kindly fancy of one of the great ladies in his district, and by her had been educated and led upwards from the national school to Maynooth and on into the priesthood. Linked with his hereditary narrowness was a conception of his office never dreamed of by such humility as that of Father Maurice. The Church, argued Martin Foy, is one, a Catholic entity; and the spiritual powers and privileges of its ministers are without degree, since the power of the highest is only his in virtue of his union with the Church, and the union of the humblest member is as absolute. Therefore, contended Martin in the silence of his soul, and ignoring the weight which attaches to Ecumenical Councils, the infallibility of the Head of the Church on earth and that of the curate of Glenbaragh are co-existent and co-equal; a magnificent conception, and one only requiring a suitable field for application to produce great results. Truly it was an evil day for Glenbaragh that saw Pat Sullivan done to death.

The first two weeks were amply filled with the airing of Maynooth learning. That Martin Foy was, after a fashion, a scholar, was true, for it is Maynooth's way to turn out its men scholars; but it is also true

that this scholarship was an amazement to Glenbaragh accustomed as it was to Father Maurice's simple ministrations and subtle comprehension of human ways and their sorrow. Fortunately comprehension is not always necessary for appreciation, and Kitty Donohoe summed up the general opinion when she declared: "Faith he's a fine man for all his boy's years; for divil a bit of me undherstands a word he says."

Presently, however, Father Martin Foy made himself understood. The story of Moynan's eviction had come to his ears, garbled doubtless and embellished by some shrewd gossip who had guessed which way lay the sympathies of Father Foy. A deepening of certain shadows here, a touching up of certain others there, a few high lights added by a fervent imagination, and the picture was changed; but it would have taken a much nicer sense of the eternal verities than that possessed by a hot-headed Glenbaragh peasant to convince the artist of a lie.

The first public references were vague and of general application; a mere denunciation of ill-conditioned land-hunger, amounting to no more than a condemnation of the iniquity of paying rent for land from which another had been ousted for not paying it. It was, as it were, the laying down of a foundation-principle; the structure of effective works was as yet undefined.

If six months' peace had laid Tim Morgan's fears to sleep, they slumbered lightly; for after Father Martin's third sermon it was with a silent tongue and a troubled heart that he made his way down between the straggling cottages of the village to the boreen leading to his holding. Black looks were, he thought, cast upon him as he passed, and his fellows of Glenbaragh held aloof from

him. If he loitered, those behind fell back; if he increased his pace, those in front still held their distance. There was no mistaking the significance of the isolation; in his own eyes he was already a marked man.

As he leaned against the turfed mud fence bounding his farm, and reckoned up the changes six months' labour had wrought upon the wreck left by Moynan's neglect, a bitter wrath woke within him. His all lay in the fields before him; not alone his all of capital, but the very years of his life were sunk in those tilled fields, since they stood for the results of his early manhood's tireless toil. Beyond them and the stock upon them, he owned nothing in the wide world. They were his all of hope, the very food of life; and as the bitterness grew into a passion, Tim Morgan swore that, as they were honestly come by and honestly owned, so, by the Lord who made him, they should be firmly held in the face of all Glenbaragh. Then upon the heels of the passion came a revulsion. He was a fool to look for sorrow. The country-side knew it was nothing but drunken incompetency and neglect that had unhoused the Moynans; there was nothing of politics or the League's policy in the eviction; Father Martin would never set neglect and whiskey higher than honest labour and steady thrift. So he told himself, yet, for all his smoother thoughts, Tim Morgan gave God thanks that Mary had not been in chapel that day.

Whether it is true that the neighbours really held aloof that week as he supposed, or whether the daily labour on his farm held him apart from them, no word of gossip drifted down from the village. But the very silence seemed to Tim Morgan a threat, and upon one pretext or another he contrived that the follow-

ing Sunday Mary should again be absent from chapel.

That it was the Sunday before Christmas accounted in part for the crowd of worshippers, but Tim knew in his heart that something more than the sacredness of the day had worked upon men's minds to bring so many together and from over such a wide area. Glenbaragh, Glenbaragh-beg, Mucklish, and even far-off Kilmalure, were all represented. There were fishers from the hamlets dotted in every sheltered bay round the coast, substantial farmers holding the better and broader fields of the lower hill-slopes, cotters from the upper wild hill-ranges, men whose lives were one long struggle with iron-handed nature. No class and no district was unrepresented.

It was natural that at such a season the pivot of the sermon should be peace; but it was ominous that it was peace on the negative side.

Peace was well enough. But, quoted Martin Foy, I am come not to bring peace but a sword. Peace on earth, aye, but that was to men of good-will. Let them see to it that men of evil purposes, supplanters of their neighbours, land-grabbers trading upon the misfortunes of their brethren, and such like evil-doers had little of ease and peace, lest all be partakers in the wickedness. "The sword is not for you," he went on; "the sword is for the Church to wield, so that if there be no repentance there may, if need be, a cutting off for all eternity. For you it is to see that you have no dealings with such a one, neither buying nor selling, traffic or barter, whether in fair or market or across your shop-counters. Speak no word to him within doors or without, whether in wrath or in kindness, until he is convinced of the evil of his ways and shows repentance by his works. If there be such a

And thus it came about that the day which saw Pat Sullivan brought up from the quarry hurt to the death was an evil one for Glenbaragh.

A still more evil one it was for Tim Morgan, who farmed what had been Moynan's holding. Two years before, Tim Morgan had drifted into Glenbaragh with a shrewd brain, a pair of strong arms, a will to work, an eye to a bargain, and a few pounds in his pocket, an accumulation of assets which is no light capital when backed with health, and Tim was no patient of Bryan Barry. A black Northerner, although a Catholic, could be no great favourite in Glenbaragh. In no similar limited number of square miles has nature packed so many rampant antagonisms as in those which make up the four provinces, and of all the antagonisms that of North and South is the keenest. But Glenbaragh suited Tim Morgan for all its forlorn wildness and hungry soil, and, shutting his eyes to the antagonisms, he bided in Glenbaragh and prospered.

He worked first for six months as herd to one of the country squires; then for a year as cattle-jobber, doing well for himself with his few pounds of capital and hard Northern wit to back it. Then Mary Donohoe (own niece to Father Maurice's Kitty) crossed his path and Tim Morgan cast about in his mind how he might come by a home of his own, not over large, but big enough for two,—and the rest.

For all Glenbaragh's poverty nowhere in Ireland is the racial love of the homestead more deeply planted, and but for Moynan's eviction Tim Morgan might have seen pretty Mary's hair turn grey, and the light die out of her eyes, before a suitable farm came in his way.

To be sure, what was left of Moynan's holding did not quite come

up to his ideal. Two or three years' neglect had run down the land even before a season's fallow and a caretaker's mismanagement had left the fields a wilderness. To make Moynan's holding pay meant work, and though Tim Morgan had no fear of work he knew enough of the Land-League and its ways to think twice, aye and thrice, before entering on an evicted farm.

In his perplexity he laid the case before Father Maurice and found a sympathetic listener. "Keep your mind easy, Tim, but make no move for the present. An honest man has a right to earn an honest living on God's earth. Wait till Monday before you go to the squire, and until then don't so much as look at Moynan's holding. Evil guile must be met with innocent guile, and when I say *yea* in a just cause (and, please God, I never will in another) I'd like to see the man in Glenbaragh who will say *nay*! Wait, I say, till after Sunday's chapel."

Glenbaragh never knew how these things were managed. Certainly no hint ever fell from the lips of Father Maurice. If their love to God, and the Church that brought God's mercy nearer to them, would not bring his people to chapel, then no idle curiosity of his sowing would induce an attendance. But it was none the less true that if ever Father Maurice had weighty matters to speak of after mass, Glenbaragh knew it and Glenbaragh was there to hear.

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long as they remained within the four corners of their holding and sought no companionship but their own, their lives were unchanged. Let them stir abroad, let them put in force the law of mutual dependence, and the antagonism thrust them back upon themselves.

Tim Morgan found it first at Mucklish fair. Hitherto his known experience as herd and cattle-jobber had made him a man in request, even when he himself was neither buyer nor seller, and many a failing bargain had been closed on his opinion. But now as he walked Mucklish from end to end, a silence went with him. Had he carried the plague men could not have shunned him more rigorously. At his approach the babble of barter ceased, and in twos and threes the knots of men broke up, leaving him alone. Once he turned upon a stranger with a question, and the man drove off his beast in haste, giving no heed. Again, he stooped above a pen of sheep, running his fingers through the fleece, and the owner swung round on his heel and left him by the pen alone. In Thady Sullivan's public-house the dozen men drinking at the bar left in a body as he entered, and though Thady served him, as the law compelled him to do, it was in dead silence and with a black scowl on his face. During five hours in Mucklish no man spoke to him, and he walked through the press of men as much alone as the dead in Glenbaragh graveyard.

An active antagonism with a possibility of retort would have been easier borne, but no one lifted a finger, and whatever curses there were, were under the breath.

That day Mary, too, learned for the first time that she was thrust out of the world. She had gone to Nat Halloran's shop for bread and asked, as was her wont, for little crippled

Molly, the one soft spot in a heart hardened by the very need to withstand the necessities of others. "God save ye, Nat; an' how's Molly standin' out the cowl'd? Winter's hard on us all, but it's cruel on the likes o' her."

Had there been others in the shop Halloran would have bid her begone where her breath was wanted, but they were alone, and the memory of many kindnesses shown Molly pressed sore upon him. "God help ye, Mary Morgan," he said slowly; "but y've more need o' pity nor crippled Molly. Don't ye know it's more nor I'm worth to even talk to you, let alone sell ye anythin' for the money there in your hand? In the Saints' name show us a last kindness an' go home."

Mary looked at him uncomprehendingly. "I'm stupid, Mr. Halloran," she said; "will ye spake plainer?"

"Plainer," he said, "wasn't it plain enough? Aren't ye boycott, woman, for the takin' o' Moynan's land?" Then, as there was the sound of a foot on the doorstep: "Will ye begone as I bid ye now? Sure I nayther buy nor sell wid the likes o' you."

Dazed and confounded Mary turned to face a woman of the village, a neighbour of a score of years. "God save us!" she cried to her, "what does it mane at all at all?"

The other made no answer but called across her: "I'll come back when the company's to my likin', Nat Halloran. What I'm looking for can wait;" and she turned and left.

It was the man who answered the cry. "What does it mane?" he said bitterly. "Go buy your loaf from Brady beyond and find out;" and then he too turned his back on her.

Without a word Mary crossed the road and putting down her pence on Brady's counter cried: "A yester-day's loaf av' ye plaze, an' quick."

"I've ne'er a wan," was the curt answer.

"The day before's, then."

"I've ne'er a wan."

"Any bread, Brady man; would ye have me starve?"

The man squared his elbows on the counter. "Aye," he said, "starve an' be damned to you; what do I care? An' now y've the last word, an' can go."

Thus things went on for a full month, the rigid belt of isolation which surrounded them never relaxing, a month that left its mark on Mary Morgan in the lines under the eyes and the whitening of the lips. She was in no condition to stand the hourly fret and struggle, and the burden of them told upon her heavily. As she failed daily and the hunted look settled in her eyes, Tim Morgan's heart grew bitter in its despair; but for the very necessities of life's sake he set his face like a flint and made no sign. Through these weeks Bryan Barry was the only man in Glenbaragh who set the boycott at defiance, and through him their household needs were supplied. For this crime against the will of the community anyone else would have suffered as they suffered, but Glenbaragh had too large a need of Bryan Barry to treat him with contumely.

When he heard of the attitude assumed by Father Foy he had promptly called upon him, only to be as promptly bid to mind his own business. "If you have an ulcer to deal with," said the priest, "what do you do? Clean it out and get rid of it? Stick to your ulcers; I'll stick to mine."

Things went on, as I have said, on the lines of passive exclusion for a full month. Then came a change, dating from the day on which Father Foy refused to receive Mary Morgan at confession. "Begone, woman," he

said, and there were a dozen to hear him. "How dare you bring an unrepented mortal sin to God? And what is theft of a man's right to his land but mortal sin? Let you and Timothy Morgan see to yourselves. A month you've had your warning; beware that God's justice does not strike you and yours before another month passes."

They were in the chapel-porch at the time, and as his words, so like a curse, came home to her, Mary put out her hands and groping like one blind, steadied herself against the wall. "Would ye cut me off from God," she cried, "an' me time comin' so near hand?"

"'Tis your sin cuts you off, woman, not I," answered Martin Foy sternly. "Put the blame where the blame lies;" and he turned on his heel.

How she got home Mary never knew, and the worse that had been predicted might have come solemnly enough had not some woman, kindlier than the rest, told Bryan Barry that there was work for him to do at Morgan's holding. Nursing and sedatives saved her after a night's uncertainty, and the evil was staved off, as Bryan told himself, for a time.

As he left the cottage next morning, a piece of paper fastened on the door caught his eye. A glance at the sketch on the top told him its purport. Original artists were none too common in Glenbaragh, and perhaps Bryan's profession should know a coffin at sight as well as another. Saying nothing to Tim Morgan he tore it down and made his way quietly to the Constabulary Barracks.

The serjeant was alone in the mess-room as Bryan entered, closing the door behind him. "Morning," he said briskly. "Aye, Mary? Oh yes, she's safe this time, poor thing. I suppose," he went on, "if I tell

you a thing unofficially it goes no further? It touches a patient, you see, and I have my duty to do as you have yours."

"Right, Doctor; sure I can trust you not to put me in a box with the Inspector."

"Then keep your eye on Morgan's; there's bloody work promised. Captain Moonlight put a threat upon him last night. I have the paper in my pocket and there it stays, for you won't see an inch to swear by. As to Tim Morgan, I'll give him a hint myself. Oh it's all regular," and Barry laughed bitterly, "all regular, coffin, skull and the rest of it; so keep your eyes open in your own way. I'll take the back way home for Morgan's sake; no one saw me come in, and in this country the police need no advertisement."

Bryan Barry did not allow night to fall before carrying out his promise. Leaving the cottage that afternoon he took Tim Morgan by the arm and drew him out to the boreen. "Tim," he said, "I am no man to imagine danger, so when I bid you watch your own shadow, you'll know I mean it. Set no foot outside your door in the dusk; if a knock comes after dark, bolt your door the firmer and answer through the panel; put shutters on your window, and see they're tight by sundown. You're no coward, but it's a poor sign of pluck to run needless risks; and remember, you'll soon have two lives to live and work for instead of one. But that it would ruin your farm, I'd bid you lock the door behind the two of you until Father Maurice is home. My God, but it's a sore heart he'd have if he knew the mind of Glenbaragh this day! Now go back to Mary, and don't forget my words. Good evening, Serjeant; Mrs. Morgan's hearty; and Tim knows how to look after her."

"How can I lave it, Sir?" cried

Tim when the serjeant had passed by. "Sure it's my all, an' outside of it I've nayther bite nor sup for Mary. As well be shot down as die in a ditch or be driven into the Union beyant. I can't lave, I can't an' I won't." He raised his clenched fists above him, shaking them fiercely. "May God in heaven send——"

Bryan stopped him. "Hush, man; curse for curse works no good in this world. Let them be, only watch."

"What wor you an' the doctor colloquing about so long?" asked Mary when Tim had gone slowly back.

"Sure he was tellin' me o' Father Maurice," he answered promptly; "an' that's no lie," he added under his breath.

Thenceforward evil trod on the heels of evil. First Morgan's one rick was burned, and in the shadows thrown by the glare the police saw two other shadows move into the blackness of the night to be lost in the gloom of the hills. Five days later his sheep were slaughtered, and so hacked and mauled as to be mere offal. Then came a second notice, more violent than the first, and this time it was Tim Morgan himself who found it, and within the week two shots were fired at him in the dusk hard by where Denis Sullivan had killed Donohoe; but of this Mary was told no word.

Time and again he had urged her to go North to his brother's cottage until the storm should blow over. He could face it best alone, he said; but she steadily refused. "You're mine, an' I'm yours," was all her answer; "an', plaze God, we'll bide together. Sure it 'ud kill me even to dhrame of what might be, an' me not with you."

At every blow Tim Morgan stiffened his will the firmer, hardening his heart against the agony of terror in

Mary's white face; and she, on her part, said no word of weakness.

The crisis came one day in March. As Tim was spading-in his first potatoes Mary came across the newly-turned ground, her face whiter than her apron, and an ugly light ablaze in her eyes. In one hand she held a piece of broken firepeat, the other was hid in the folds of her dress. As she came beside her husband she held out her hand palm upwards. "What's this, Tim?" she said. "What's it for?" and her voice had gone thin and weak as she spoke.

It was not much to look at, but at the sight Tim Morgan turned an ashy grey under his bronze and fell to quaking. "My God in heaven, Mary," he groaned, "has it come to this! Where did ye find it, honey?"

"What is it?" she repeated shrilly; "what does it mane? Tell me, Tim."

He took it from her hand and

turned it over with shaking fingers. "It's dynamite," he said slowly, "dynamite capped an' ready; an' it manes—murder."

"Aye," cried Mary, "so I thought." Her voice ran up into a scream: "Them I've lived with all my days 'ud kill the mother and the child unborn. It dropped from a turf as I broke it forninst the fire." She burst into wild sobs as she gripped Morgan round the neck with her arms. "Sure I can't stand it, Tim, I can't stand it. To murder me child or ever it saw the light! Sure devils in hell could do no worse. The land's not worth a life, Tim; let the cowards have their way; sure if we've wan another an' peace we can facc cowl'd an' hunger."

And with his arms round his shivering wife and the dynamite cartridge still clutched in his grip, Tim Morgan was at last convinced of his errors.

HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

MAN'S LOVE FOR NATURE.

"THESE people love the country in their hearts ; there are even sheep in the narrow green border that surrounds Westminster Abbey." So says M. Taine of us, and it would be ungracious to contradict our courteous critic. Many yet, like Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb, may prefer Fleet Street to the finest natural scenery ; but they are conscious of the anachronism of their feelings, and shrink from its avowal. Perhaps they remember that even Elia was so far constrained by popular sentiment as to tolerate Skiddaw. Once, at least, every year all who claim to have correct taste do homage, real or feigned, at the shrine of Nature. The tranquil foreigner marvels as the mad Englishman scales rugged peaks, despising the dangers of crevasse and avalanche, or, in search of pleasure, lives laborious days on a walking-tour amid the summer heats. Sometimes his love of Nature is so impetuous as to transgress the bounds of decorum ; he ascends the Rigi by railway, or passes along Coniston Lake in the ill-named gondola ; or, worse still, leaves lemonade-bottles upon the heights of Killiecrankie. But, with some hypocrisy and much bad taste, there is a fund of sincerity in the Briton's show of affection for natural scenery, which permeates the masses as well as the classes ; and if we deem Snowdon vulgarised in holiday-time by the crowd of excursionists who make it their promenade, we have only to watch them with sympathy for the "kindly race of man," and we shall see them at times transformed, as for a brief

moment the mist parts, and suddenly the glory of sunlit sea, island, and mountains is outspread before them

And some give thanks, and some blas-
pheme,
And most forget ; but, either way,
That, and the child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day.

So familiar to us is this affection for Nature, and so ingrained it seems in the very constitution of our race, that it comes upon us as a revelation in reading the literature of the past that two hundred years ago English people had no love at all for climbing mountains, but generally regarded highland districts as horrid and savage wilds ; that many races and centuries of civilised man have had no delight in aught of Nature save the scenery of farm and garden ; and that there was a stage in human development when the love of Nature was wholly unknown.

How is it, then, that we differ so widely from our forefathers ? Clearly the love of Nature is not innate in the human race, and it becomes a curious problem to account for its origin. Why do we love Nature ? I answer, because we have conquered her.

It is rash, in view of the hoar antiquity of Eastern civilisations, to dogmatise much about what is called primitive man ; but a consideration of the condition of man in Europe, in the epoch of the cave-bear, or the reindeer, will show that to him Nature was an enemy. The struggle for existence was for him a very hard struggle indeed, and Nature at times

did her best for his extermination. Natural scenery must have been wonderfully sublime in those days of the primeval forests, among which the mammoth, elephant, and rhinoceros roamed in herds; but, with his poor appliances for comfort and defence, man lacked appreciation of its beauties. Burns may sing with passion :

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar.

The cave-man had exactly such a place of shelter; indeed he had no other, but he did not perceive its romance. He was not devoid of taste; he has left us carvings of bears and mammoths, but no landscapes. So, too, when mythology was born, it was the offspring of awe and wonder, not of love. Later ages have coloured myths with their own modern sentiments, or have used them to embellish their own praises of Nature; but the child-man was all unconscious of the beauty of the metaphors he employed, and divinised the powers of Nature because he feared them.

But, as in the medieval stories the horrible dragon, when once bravely faced, changes into the gallant knight, and the loathly witch, when disenchanted by the hero, becomes a virgin whose beauty compels his love, so it has been with man and Nature. When faced and overcome, she has lost her terrors and gained attractiveness. Captive Nature has taken her fierce victor captive. The little patch of farm and garden that agricultural man tilled around the abode of the sacred fire and household gods became dear to him. It was his conquest, the spoil of his share and of his mattock, and he was proud of it; though unconquered Nature was still,

as before, an object of fear and aversion. In Western literature there is nothing earlier than the poems of Homer; and it is significant that, as Mr. Ruskin has carefully shown, Homer's love of Nature is essentially a love of the farm and the garden. Give him a fountain, a meadow, and a shady grove, with beds of flowers and a fruitful vine, and add thereto the fragrance of incense and the melody of song, and he has all that the heart of god or man can desire. The old poet has no love for mountains or rocky barren places such as Ithaca, or indeed for anything in scenery which is not orderly and subject to the hand of man. The same feeling pervades the greater part of Greek literature; but it is important to note that there are exceptional authors, and those mainly among the citizens of a state distinguished for maritime empire. Athens as mistress of the sea had lost much of her dread of Nature, and her intellectual culture had removed her superstitious fears of the baneful spirits of flood and fell. *Æschylus* and *Aristophanes* are admitted by Mr. Ruskin to be exceptions to his rule that the Greeks had no love for wild scenery; but these do not exhaust the list; *Sophocles* in the *PHILOCTETES* approaches even the feeling of Wordsworth. Betrayed and deserted by man, the old hero appeals to Nature, to the creeks and the "cliffs out-jutting in the deep," "the haunts of beasts that roam the hills," and the precipitous rocks. As he leaves his solitary island-prison he bids farewell to its mountains, streams, and waves that had been his companions when all else failed him.

Maritime supremacy and intellectual culture ousted the dread of wild Nature from the minds of the Athenians; monotheism, which claimed the earth as the Lord's to the exclu-

sion of the claims of spirits of terror, emancipated the Hebrew poets. They are proud of their land flowing with milk and honey, "whose valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing;" but their pride is less generally the farmer's pride than the patriot's and the poet's. They love the beautiful more than the picturesque, and the sublime even more than the beautiful; the trees they sing of as "the trees of the Lord" are the cedars of Lebanon which His hand alone hath planted; their topics and their metaphors are taken from the "high hills" of the wild goats, the "stony rocks" of the conies, the "great and wild sea," and "the voice of the Lord" that "shaketh the wilderness." The author of the Book of Job speaks of the scenery of the wilderness as one who loves it. He describes its wild creatures with a hunter's enthusiasm; he abhors idolatry, but his own heart is stirred within him by the "moon walking in brightness" and by "the sweet influences of the Pleiades."

Thus in the East and West alike love entered where dread was banished. It might have been thought that Rome, who conquered the world, who made roads through forests and bridled rivers with her bridges, would have shown in her literature some trace of enthusiasm for wild Nature. But in reality there is little to be found. Cincinnatus, soldier, statesman, and ploughman, is the ideal portrait of Roman virtue; and, in like manner, the most famous of Latin poets sings with as much gusto of bullocks and bees as of the doughty deeds of pious Æneas. When a touch of wild Nature occurs in the Latin poets, the reader turns to his commentary to see from what Greek source it is copied; but the love of gardens is all their own. Claudian's old man of Verona, who counted the

years not by their consuls but by their change of fruits, and Virgil's old man of Tarentum, proud of his garden as a king of his wealth, are pictures drawn so lovingly that they will ever be loved. Just such another pair are Horace's Fount of Bandusia and Catullus's Sirmio; but Horace is perhaps a little cold in his colouring, whereas Catullus's work has always a warm, sunny tone. Farther than this the Romans could not attain, though as engineers they subdued hitherto untouched tracts of Nature. But this lack is part of that defect in Latin poetry, culture, and art, which historians mention, but fail to explain. "From the golden vase of the Muses only a few drops have fallen on the green soil of Italy;" with phrases such as these, even the most philosophical of our historians is forced to dismiss the subject. But since familiarity with the sea appears to be a powerful inducement to the love of wild Nature, perhaps we should remember in this context that the Romans were never maritime enthusiasts and were only sailors by compulsion.

There are few traces of a love for wild Nature in the literature of medieval Europe, but those few are full of significance. In general the medieval mind cowered before Nature with superstitious dread; it fed its imagination with stories of terrible animals, such as the basilisk which slew with its glance, and the serra which pursued ships to destroy them. The unconquerable forests, which constituted the most impressive physical features of continental Europe, inspired it with awe; they were the abode of giants and lind-worms, into which knights rode off to encounter perilous adventures. To Dante the dark forest, "savage, rough, and stern," was a very evil thing. Nature to be loved at all must be wholly changed from its original condition by the hand of

man; unconquered Nature was abhorred. The greatest commendation a medieval author can bestow on a landscape is to say that it is so beautiful that you would think it had been laid out by a most cunning gardener. When Boccaccio would sketch an earthly paradise, he brings the fair company of his DECAMERON to a plain "so exactly round as if it had been formed by a compass, containing in circuit somewhat more than a quarter of a mile, and set round with six hills of no great height, each uniformly crowned by a palace shapen in the fashion of castles." Trees to be admired must differ widely from the wildness of their congeners in the primeval forest. When Kynon, in the MABINOGION, comes to the fairest valley in the world, he finds there trees of equal growth, "and a river ran through the valley, and a path was by the side of the river." The garden in the poem of THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF,

With sicamour was set and eglatere
 Wrethen in fere so wel and cunningly,
 That every branch and leafe grew by
 mesure
 Plaine as a borde, of an height by and by.
 I see never thing, I you ensure,
 So wel done.

This tendency has been noticed by Mr. Ruskin; it is more important to gather up the few traces of the love of wild Nature, and to investigate their origin. As the Roman empire sank in decay and corruption, the great moral revolution which Christianity was working in the world drove forth thousands of earnest men to people "the wilderness and the solitary place" as monks and hermits. They had no love of wild Nature to prompt them: they dreaded the desert as the home of demons and wild beasts; but, as before, when man conquered Nature, he learned to love

her, so also the old legends, which tell of the hermits' adventures, contain touching stories of their affection for their new home and its inhabitants. Illtyd of Llantwit Major, who sheltered the stag from Meirchion and his hunters; Cuthbert, who would not despoil the eagle, "God's handmaid," of her food, but parted between himself and her the fish that she dropped, and who bequeathed his peace to the birds of Farne, had acquired a sympathy with the wild sights and sounds around them. The Celtic hermits carried this feeling farthest; they claimed that the earth was the Lord's, and rebelled against the demons with which the old pagan faith had peopled it. Patrick, in the DEER'S CRY, asserts the emancipation of Nature, and "binds to himself" and to his Lord its various powers, even those baneful, as lightning and fire; Columba, as Adamnan tells us, drove an evil spirit from a well, and converted its malefic waters into waters of healing. Nature, freed from its spirits of evil, was regarded no longer as a foe but as a friend. The Celtic monks overcame and set at nought all natural obstacles; they travelled to Rome or Jerusalem as pilgrims; they covered Western Europe with mission-posts; they sailed at times from their native land in light boats without oars, desiring to be on pilgrimage, they recked not where. Hence it comes that an early Irish poem, ascribed to Columba, is perhaps the most passionate outburst of a love for Nature before the time of Wordsworth. Tradition points out a cairn in Iona where, it is said, Columba stood to see whether he could discern the Irish coast. Standing on this height the monk praises the heaving waves of the wide ocean, the level sparkling strand, the song of the wonderful birds, the thunder of the crowding waves upon the rocks, and the sea-monsters, greatest of all wonders.

The good monk left no school of Iona poets to succeed him ; but the religious spirit and adventurous daring of the Celtic monks had broken the yoke of bondage under which their forefathers had lived, and they no longer dreaded Nature but loved her. The naval exploits of the Teuton sea-kings wrought the same emancipation for their race. From the age of *BEOWULF* there was a love of wild nature among our forefathers. The love of tameness and symmetry in Nature is found abundantly in English medieval literature, as well as in the Welsh *MABINOGION*, but in its extreme form, at least, it was perhaps rather a court fashion than a genuine popular sentiment, for there are lyrics and ballads which show a more robust view of nature. Even Chaucer, who adopted the fashionable style, ridiculed its extravagance in his *RIME OF SIR THOPAS*. His knight's face is white as payndemayn or sacramental bread, his lips red as the rose, his complexion scarlet, his hair and beard saffron ; and he rides to seek adventures into a forest where grow trees of liquorice, clove, and nutmeg, and where the sparrowhawk and the popinjay sing merrily with the wood-pigeon and the thrush.

A great advance was made in the love of wild Nature when man achieved a new conquest of her by the discovery of America. The age of the Elizabethan adventurers,—of Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher and Hawkins—could not tolerate the affectations of the Middle Ages or thoroughly approve the later affectations introduced by the revival of letters. Pastoral poetry had become very popular in Italy in the sixteenth century ; poets were shepherds, who played oaten pipes, and sang of the sheep, the nymphs, and the politics of Arcadia. Sannazaro, Guarini, and Tasso were the chief of the Italians

who adopted this fanciful style ; Clément Marot introduced it into France, and thence it passed into England. Here it produced the *SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR* of Spenser and the *FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS* of Fletcher. Spenser is the prince of the poets of bookish Nature, and always treats her as his captive and slave ; she is but one of the figures in his triumphal procession. Yet he is such a prince of poets and master of melody that he may do what he pleases ; it is impossible to criticise his actions. In so fanciful a work as his *FAERIE QUEEN*, fidelity to nature would seem out of place. His *Wood of Error* is borrowed from Chaucer, and is impossible ; but so, indeed, an allegorical wood should be ; his *Bower of Bliss* is borrowed from Tasso's *Garden of Armida*. The scenery of books has ousted the scenery of Nature ; but, instead of murmuring, we can only thank the poet for sparing us a bird with human voice, such as we find in Tasso's garden, as also in the Celtic romance of *Bronwen*. Yet it cannot be doubted that Spenser really loved Nature ; in Ireland every prospect pleased him, and only man (in his partial Saxon judgment) was vile. He sings of Arlo Hill and upholds its fame. "Who knows not Arlo Hill ?" he exclaims, as if to deter detractors by convicting them of ignorance ; he likens a mob of assailants to the gnats of the fens of Allan, and brings the Irish rivers, with his own dear Mulla, to the marriage of the Thames and Medway.

But the tastes of Spenser were already antiquated ; the new conquests of Nature had given men bolder ideas, and they were not content with artificialities. Fletcher's pastoral poetry shows the healthier love of Nature that was now alive in the nation. Its form is Arcadian, but its scenery is the English woodland ;

it is full of quaint flower-lore, and its descriptions of a breezy English morning are in their way unsurpassed. Bacon declares the new creed in a much more pronounced manner than Fletcher. His *Essay on Gardens* would have astonished Boccaccio, for great Verulam scoffs at laborious prettinesses: "They be but toys, you may see as good sights many times in tarts." One part of his ideal garden is to be a heath, or desert; "I wish it," he says, "to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness." Doubtless the advocates of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays will see here another identification; for Shakespeare, "Nature's darling," shows, as Mr. John Burroughs has said, "a poacher's knowledge of the wild creatures," and his "woodnotes wild" are ever faithful to her scenery.

William Browne, Marvell, Wither, Herrick, and Milton,—these are names among succeeding British poets that must be ever dear to the lover of Nature. We must acknowledge indeed that Herrick once forgot himself so far as to call Devonshire "dull," that he abhorred the Dean-Bourne, by which he lived, as a river of "warty incivility," and that he described those delightful Devon people whom Mr. Blackmore has depicted so lovingly, as

A rocky generation,
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest savages.

The affection felt for Nature by most of our poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has its limitations; they love the rural districts of the Midlands and the south of England, a fair well-watered plain, "like the garden of the Lord:" they admire Nature unadorned, and so far show progress; but, for the most part, they know little of mountains. Milton, who had had the advantage of foreign

travel, introduces into his landscape,

Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest.

But the sentiments of the Lake Poets were not yet developed.

The impetus given by the discovery of America, and by the daring deeds of the Elizabethan captains, died away, and the period of spiritual deadness, which was inaugurated by Edmund Waller, the father of our English versification, as his admirers called him, is a sterile waste in which no flowers of Nature bloom. In the succeeding age authors escaped from their Egyptian bondage, but, through lack of faith, perished in the wilderness without reaching the promised land. Such was the fate of Thomson, Dyer, and many others. In most of the pastoral poetry of their century there is a large element of dilettanteism; the poets patronised Nature instead of studying her with reverence; their admiration for her was of a piece with the fashionable taste for Strawberry Hill Gothic. But it is to be noticed that progress in the love of Nature was simultaneous with progress in the conquest of her by scientific discoveries, and with the advance of Britain in maritime empire. The conqueror of Canada, as his boat drifted through the darkness to the heights of Abraham, repeated the words of Gray's *ELEGY*; Pitt the administrator, Cook the voyager, Brindley the engineer, Watt the inventor,—these prepared the way for the coming of the Lake Poets. In the year in which Watt invented the steam engine (1769), Gray discovered Borrowdale. Gray's attention was occasionally divided between the beautiful scenery around him, and a pocket-mirror in which he liked to view its reflection; but nevertheless his letters, descriptive of his northern tour, breathe a new

and refreshing spirit. It is instructive to compare with his narrative Evelyn's account, in his diary, of his journey with Waller and others across the Alps, "through strange, horrid, and fearfull craggs and tracts," a "melancholy and troublesome" country.

The new age, of which Wordsworth is the high priest for English-speaking people, has for its characteristics an intense yearning for the sympathy of Nature, and an intimate communion with her mysteries, such as Columba had seen, as in vision, of old, but few else had dreamed of. Mr. Moncure Conway, indeed, in one of his graceful articles, after quoting from Emerson the story how he and Carlyle looked down from a hill near Craigenputtock upon Wordsworth's country, sets himself to moralise how Wordsworth's day is now over, and that of Emerson and Carlyle has succeeded. But this reflection, made a few years ago, already seems antiquated, and Wordsworth's "healing power" is still effective. Still, for an age of doubt or an age of worry, the poet of Nature is the high priest and chief of the prophets; for from Nature jaded minds will gain refreshment and relief, and from her seekers, if they seek aright, will learn that childlike spirit and humility without which none can pass so much as the threshold of truth. It may, perhaps, at first appear bold to trace a connection between this new feeling for Nature and the wonderful discoveries and inventions which have been converting her into the handmaid of man. The railway-engine,—the creature of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron—has been blamed, and frequently with good reason, for the injuries it has inflicted upon natural scenery; but it may

be that the power which man has gained over Nature by its invention has brought him into that intimate connection with her which was necessary to give him a proper appreciation of her beauties.

It is impossible, within these narrow limits, to examine modern literature further, and to inquire how far this feeling has affected other countries than Britain, and what have been, in each case, the aiding or hindering causes. Enough has been done, perhaps, to show that there is a certain connection, in all ages, between the conquest and the love of Nature. If the inquiry be made in another way, the same conclusion seems inevitable. If each lover were to analyse his own affection, would he not find that the pride of conquest was a powerful element in it? The mountain-climber loves the mountains because he has toiled to conquer them, and his pride in his own exertions has wonderfully quickened his perception of their beauties; he has made them in a measure his own. They are not his work exactly in the same way as the statue is the work of the sculptor, but he has felt his life and strength and skill in overcoming their difficulties, and they are no longer strange, but have entered into his being. And so the search leads us to the old truth: "Existence is desired and loved by all, but we exist by consciousness—that is to say, by living and acting. Thus he who has made the work exists consciously, and therefore he loves the work, because he loves his existence; and this is a principle of Nature—for that which exists potentially, the work proves to exist actually."

E. J. NEWELL.

SAVROLA.

(A MILITARY AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER IX.

THE disapproval which Moret had expressed at Savrola's determination to go to the State-Ball was amply justified by the result. Every paper, except those actually controlled by the party organisation, commented severely or contemptuously on his action. *THE HOUR* alluded to the groans with which the crowd had received him, as marking the decline of his influence with the masses and the break up of the Revolutionary party. It also reminded its reader that social distinction was always the highest ambition of the Demagogue, and declared that, by accepting the President's invitation, Savrola had revealed "his sordid, personal aims." The other Government organs expressed a similar opinion in an even more offensive manner. "These agitators," said *THE COURTIER*, "have at all times in the history of the world hankered after titles and honours, and the prospect of mixing with persons of rank and fashion has once again proved irresistible to an austere and unbending son of the people." This superior vulgarity, though more unpleasant, was less dangerous than the grave and serious warnings and protests which the Democratic journals contained. *THE RISING TIDE* said plainly that, if this sort of thing continued, the Popular party would have to find another leader, "One who did not

cringe to power nor seek to ingratiate himself with fashion."

Savrola read these criticisms with disdain. He had recognised the fact that such things would be said, and had deliberately exposed himself to them. He knew he had been unwise to go: he had known that from the first; and yet somehow he did not regret his mistake. After all, why should his party dictate to him how he should rule his private life? He would never resign his right to go where he pleased. In this case he had followed his own inclination, and the odium which had been cast upon him was the price he was prepared to pay. When he thought of his conversation in the garden, he did not feel that he had made a bad bargain. The damage, however, must be repaired. He looked over the notes of his speech again, polished his sentences, considered his points, collected his arguments, and made some additions which he thought appropriate to the altered state of public feeling.

In this occupation the morning passed. Moret came in to luncheon. He refrained from actually saying "I told you so," but his looks showed that he felt his judgment was for the future established on unshakable foundations. His was a character easily elated or depressed. Now he was gloomy and despondent, regarding the cause as already lost. Only a forlorn hope remained; Savrola

might express his regret at the meeting, and appeal to the people to remember his former services. He suggested this to his leader, who laughed merrily at the idea. "My dear Louis," he said, "I shall do nothing of the sort. I will never resign my own independence; I shall always go where I like and do what I like, and if they are not pleased, they can find some one else to discharge their public business." Moret shuddered. Savrola continued: "I shall not actually tell them so, but my manner will show them that I fear their reproaches as little as Molara's enmity."

"Perhaps they will not listen; I hear reports that there will be some hostility."

"Oh, I shall make them listen. There may be some howling at first, but they will change their note before I have gone very far."

His confidence was contagious. Moret's spirits revived under its influence, and that of a bottle of excellent claret. Like Napoleon the Third, he felt that all might yet be regained.

Meanwhile the President was extremely well satisfied with the first result of his schemes. He had not foreseen that Savrola's acceptance of the invitation to the ball would involve him in so much unpopularity and, although it was a poor compliment to himself, it was an unexpected advantage. Besides, as Miguel had remarked, everything was going on very well in other directions. He had hardened his heart and dismissed his scruples; stern, bitter necessity had thrust him on an unpleasant course, but now that he had started he was determined to go on. In the meantime affairs pressed on all sides. The British Government were displaying an attitude of resolution on the African Question. His violent

despatch had not settled the matter, as he had hoped and even anticipated; it had become necessary to supplement his words by actions. The African port must not be left undefended; the fleet must go there at once. It was not a moment when he could well afford to be without the five ships of war whose presence in the harbour overawed many of the discontented; but he felt that a vigorous foreign policy would be popular, or at least sufficiently interesting to keep the public mind from domestic agitation. He also knew that a disaster abroad would precipitate a revolution at home. It was necessary to be very careful. He recognised the power and resources of Great Britain; he had no illusions on the subject of the comparative weakness of Laurania, in which indeed lay their only strength. The British Government would do all in their power to avoid fighting (*bullying* polite Europe would call it,) so small a State. It was a game of bluff; the further he could go, the better for the situation at home, but one step too far meant ruin. To play such a delicate game taxed to the utmost the energies and talents of a strong, able man.

"The Admiral is here, your Excellency," said Miguel entering the room, followed immediately by a short, red-faced man in naval uniform.

"Good-morning, my dear de Mello," cried the President rising and shaking the newcomer's hand with great cordiality. "I have got some sailing-orders for you at last."

"Well," said de Mello bluntly, "I am sick of lying up waiting for your agitators to rise."

"There is work of a difficult and exciting nature before you. Where's that translation of the cipher telegram, Miguel? Ah, thank you,—look here, Admiral."

The sailor read the paper, and

whistled significantly. "It may go further than you wish, this time, Molara," he said unceremoniously.

"I shall place the matter in your hands: you will be able to save this situation, as you have saved so many others."

"Where did this come from?" asked de Mello.

"From French sources."

"She is a powerful ship, the Aggressor,—latest design, newest guns, in fact all the modern improvements; I have nothing that she could not sink in ten minutes; besides, they have some gun-boats there as well."

"I know the situation is difficult," said the President; "that is why I am entrusting it to you. Now listen: whatever happens I don't want fighting; that would only end in disaster, and you know what disaster would mean here. You must argue and parley and protest on every point, and cause as much delay as possible. Consult me by telegraph on every occasion, and try to make friends with the English Admiral; that is half the battle. If it ever comes to a question of a bombardment, we shall give in and protest again. I will have your instructions forwarded to you in writing this evening. You had better steam to-night. You understand the game?"

"Yes," said de Mello, "I have played it before." He shook hands and walked to the door.

The President accompanied him. "It is possible," he said earnestly, "that I shall want you back here before you have gone very far; there are many signs of trouble in the city, and after all Strelitz is still on the frontier waiting for a chance. If I send for you, you will come?" There was almost an appealing note in his tone.

"Come?" said the Admiral. "Of

course I will come,—full steam ahead. I have had my big gun trained on the Parliament House for the last month, and I mean to let it off one day. Oh, you can trust the fleet."

"Thank God I never doubt that," said the President with some emotion, and shaking de Mello's hand warmly, he returned to his writing-table. He felt that the Admiral was thoroughly loyal to the Government.

These men who live their lives in great machines, become involved in the mechanism themselves. De Mello had lived on warships all his days, and neither knew nor cared for anything else. Landsmen and civilians he despised with a supreme professional contempt. Such parts of the world as bordered on the sea, he regarded as possible targets of different types; for the rest he cared nothing. With equal interest he would burst his shells on patriots struggling to be free or foreign enemies, on a hostile fort or on his native town. So long as the authority to fire reached him through the proper channel, he was content; after that he regarded the question from a purely technical standpoint.

The afternoon was far advanced before the President finished the varied labours of his office. "There is a great meeting to-night, is there not?" he asked Miguel.

"Yes," said the Secretary, "in the City Hall; Savrola is going to speak."

"Have you arranged about an opposition?"

"Some of the secret police are going to make a little, I believe; Colonel Sorrento has arranged that. But I fancy Señor Savrola's party are rather displeased with him, as it is."

"Ah," said Molara, "I know his power; he will tear their very hearts out with his words. He is a terrible force; we must take every precaution. I suppose the troops have been

ordered to be under arms? There is nothing he cannot do with a crowd, —curse him!”

“The Colonel was here this morning; he told me he was making arrangements.”

“It is good,” said the President; “he knows his own safety is involved. Where do I dine to-night?”

“With Señor Louvet, at the Home Office, an official dinner.”

“How detestable! Still he has a plain cook and he will be worth watching to-night. He gets in such a state of terror when Savrola holds forth that he is ridiculous. I hate cowards, but they make the world the merrier.”

He bade the Secretary good-night and left the room. Outside he met Lucile. “Dearest,” he said, “I am dining out to-night; an official dinner at Louvet’s. It is a nuisance, but I must go. Perhaps I shall not be back till late. I am sorry to leave you like this, but in these days I can hardly call my soul my own.”

“Never mind, Antonio,” she replied; “I know how you are pressed with work. What has happened about the English affair?”

“I don’t like the situation at all,” said Molara. “They have a Jingo Government in power and have sent ships as an answer to our despatch. It is most unfortunate. Now I have to send the fleet away,—at such a moment.” He shook his head moodily.

“I told Sir Richard that we had to think of the situation here, and that the despatch was meant for domestic purposes,” said Lucile.

“I think,” said the President, “that the English Government also have to keep the electorate amused. It is a Conservative ministry; they must keep things going abroad to divert the public mind from advanced legislation. What, more still, Miguel?”

“Yes, Sir; this bag has just arrived, with several important telegrams which require your immediate attention.”

The President looked for a moment as if he would like to tell Miguel to take himself and his despatches to the infernal regions; but he repressed the inclination. “Good, I will come. I shall see you at breakfast to-morrow, my dear, till then, farewell,” and giving her a weary smile he walked off.

Thus it is that great men enjoy the power they risk their lives to gain and often meet their deaths to hold.

Lucile was left alone, not for the first time when she had wanted companionship and sympathy. She was conscious of an unsatisfactory sensation with regard to existence generally. It was one of those moments when the prizes and penalties of life seem equally stale and futile. She sought refuge in excitement. The project she had conceived the night before began to take actual shape in her mind; yes, she would hear him speak. Going to her room she rang the bell. The maid came quickly. “What time is the meeting to-night?”

“At eight your Excellency,” said the girl.

“You have a ticket for it?”

“Yes; my brother ——”

“Well, give it to me; I want to hear this man speak. He will attack the Government; I must be there to report to the President.”

The girl looked astonished, but gave up the ticket meekly. For six years she had been Lucile’s maid, and was devoted to her young and beautiful mistress. “What will your Excellency wear?” was her only remark.

“Something dark, with a thick veil,” said Lucile. “Don’t speak of this to anyone.”

“Oh no, your Ex——”

“Not even to your brother.”

"Oh no, your Excellency."

"Say I have a headache and have gone to bed. You must go to your room yourself."

The maid hurried off to get the dress and bonnet. Lucile felt nervously excited. It was an adventure, it would be an experience, more than that, she would see him. The crowd, —when she thought of them she felt a little frightened, but then she remembered that women frequently went to these demonstrations, and there would be plenty of police to keep order. She dressed herself hastily in the clothes that the maid brought, and descending the stairs, entered the garden. It was already dusk, but Lucile had no difficulty in finding her way to a small private gate in the wall, which her key unlocked.

She stepped into the street. All was very quiet. The gas-lamps flared in a long double row till they almost met in the distant perspective. A few people were passing in the direction of the City-Hall. She followed them.

CHAPTER X.

THE City-Hall was a gigantic meeting-house in which for many years all the public discussions of the Lauranian people had taken place. Its stone façade was showy and pretentious, but the building itself consisted merely of the great hall and of a few smaller rooms and offices. The hall was capable of holding nearly seven thousand people; with its white-washed roof sustained by iron girders, and well lit with gas, it served its purpose well without any affectation of display.

Lucile was caught in the stream of those who were entering and carried inside. She had expected to find a seat, but, in view of a great crowd,

all the chairs had been removed from the body of the hall, and only standing room remained. In this solid mass of humanity she found herself an atom. To move was difficult; to go back almost impossible.

It was a striking scene. The hall, which was hung with flags, was crowded to overflowing; a long gallery, which ran round three sides, was densely packed to the very ceiling; the flaring gas-jets threw their yellow light on thousands of faces. The large majority of the audience were men, but Lucile noticed with relief that there were several women present. A platform at the far end of the hall displayed the customary table and the inevitable glass of water. In front of the platform were three long rows of reporters, getting their pads and pencils ready, —a kind of orchestra. Behind and above were again rows and rows of chairs filled by the numerous delegates, officials, and secretaries of the various political clubs and organisations, each distinguished by the badge and sash of his society. Moret had exerted himself to whip up the utmost power of the Party, and had certainly succeeded in organising the greatest demonstration Laurania had ever seen. All the political forces arrayed against the Government were represented.

There was a loud hum of conversation, broken at intervals by cheers and the choruses of patriotic songs. Suddenly the clock in the tower of the building chimed the hour. At the same instant, from a doorway on the right of the platform, Savrola entered, followed by Godoy, Moret, Renos, and several other prominent leaders of the movement. Making his way along the row of chairs, until he reached that on the right of the table, he sat down and looked quietly about him. He was greeted by a

storm of discordant shouting, no two men seeming to hold the same opinion. At one moment it seemed that all were cheering; at another hoots and groans obtained the supremacy. The meeting in fact was about equally divided. The extreme sections of the Reform Party, regarding Savrola's attendance at the ball as an action of the grossest treachery, howled with fury at him; the more moderate cheered him as the safest man to cling to in times of civil disturbance. The delegates and regular officials, who occupied the chairs on the platform, were silent and sullen, like men who await an explanation without belief in its sufficiency.

At length the shouting ceased. Godoy, who was in the chair, rose and made a short speech, in which he studiously avoided any allusion to Savrola, confining himself only to the progress of the movement. He spoke well and clearly, but nobody wanted to hear him, and all were relieved when he concluded by calling upon "our leader," Savrola, to address the meeting. Savrola, who had been talking unconcernedly with one of the delegates on his right, turned round quickly towards the audience and rose. As he did so, a man in a blue suit, one of a little group similarly clad, shouted out, "Traitor and toady!" Hundreds of voices took up the cry; there was an outburst of hooting and groaning; others cheered half-heartedly. It was an unpromising reception. Moret looked around him in blank despair.

In spite of the heat and the pressure, Lucile could not take her eyes off Savrola. She could see that he was quivering with suppressed excitement. His composure had merely been assumed; crowds stirred his blood, and when he rose he could wear his mask no longer. He looked almost terrified; as he waited there,

facing the outburst with defiance written in every line of his pale, earnest face and resolute figure. Then he began to speak, but his words could not at first be distinguished through the persistent shouts of the man in blue and his friends. At length, after five minutes of intense disorder, the curiosity of the audience triumphed over all other emotions, and they gradually sank into silence, to hear what their leader had to say.

Again Savrola began. Though he spoke very quietly and slowly, his words reached the furthest ends of the hall. He showed, or perhaps he feigned, some nervousness at first, and here and there in his sentences he paused as if searching for a word. He was surprised, he said, at his reception. He had not expected, now when the final result was so nearly attained, that the people of Laurania would change their minds. Here the man in blue began to howl his odious cry, and there was another outbreak of hooting; but the majority of the audience were now anxious to listen, and silence was soon restored. Savrola continued. He briefly reviewed the events of the last year: the struggle they had had to form a party at all; the fierce opposition they had encountered and sustained; the success that had attended their threat of taking arms; the President's promise of a free Parliament; the trick that had been played on them; the firing of the soldiery on the crowd. His earnest thoughtful words evoked a hum of approval. These were events in which the audience had participated, and they liked having them recalled to their memories.

Then he went on to speak of the Deputation and of the contempt with which the President had thought fit to treat the accredited representatives of the citizens. "Traitor and Toady!"

shouted the man in blue loudly ; but there was no response. "And," said Savrola, "I will invite your attention to this further matter. It has not been sufficient to strangle the Press, to shoot down the people, and to subvert the Constitution, but even when we are assembled here in accordance with our unquestioned right to discuss matters of State and decide upon our public policies, our deliberations are to be interrupted by the paid agents of the Government,"—he looked towards the man in blue, and there was an angry hum—"who insult by their abusive cries not only myself, a free Lauranian, but you also, the assembled citizens who have invited me to place my views before you." Here the audience broke out into indignant applause and agreement ; cries of "Shame !" were heard, and fierce looks turned in the direction of the interrupters, who had, however, dispersed themselves unobtrusively among the crowd. "In spite of such tactics," Savrola continued, "and in the face of all opposition, whether by bribes or bullets, whether by hired bravos or a merciless and mercenary soldiery, the great cause we are here to support has advanced, is advancing, and will continue to advance, until at length our ancient liberties are regained, and those who have robbed us of them punished." Loud cheers rose from all parts of the hall. His voice was even and not loud, but his words conveyed an impression of dauntless resolution.

And then, having got his audience in hand, he turned his powers of ridicule upon the President and his colleagues. Every point he made was received with cheers and laughter. He spoke of Louvet, of his courage, and of his trust in the people. Perhaps, he said, it was not inappropriate that the Ministry of the Interior should be filled by "a glutton," the

Home-Office by a "stay-at-home" who was afraid to go out among his countrymen at night. Louvet was indeed a good object for abuse ; he was hated by the people, who despised his cowardice and had always jeered at him. Savrola next went on to describe the President as clinging to office at whatever cost to himself or others. In order to draw the attention of the people from his tyrannical actions and despotic government at home, he had tried to involve them in complications abroad, and he had succeeded more completely than he had bargained for. They were embroiled now in a dispute with a great Power, a dispute from which they had nothing to gain and everything to lose. Their fleets and armies must be despatched, to the cost of the State ; their possessions were endangered ; perhaps the lives of their soldiers and sailors would be sacrificed. And all for what ? In order that Antonio Molara might do as he had declared he would, and die at the head of the State. It was a bad joke. But he should be warned ; many a true word was spoken in jest. Again there was a fierce hum.

Lucile listened spell-bound. When he had risen, amid the groans and hisses of that great crowd, she had sympathised with him, had feared even for his life, had wondered at the strange courage which made him attempt the seemingly impossible task of convincing such an audience. As he had progressed and had begun to gain power and approval, she had rejoiced ; every cheer had given her pleasure. She had silently joined in the indignation which the crowd had expressed against Sorrento's police-agents. Now he was attacking her husband ; and yet she hardly seemed to feel an emotion of antagonism.

He left the subject of the Ministers with contemptuous scorn, amid the

earnest assent of the audience and on the full tide of public opinion. They must now, he said, treat of higher matters. He invited them to consider the ideals at which they aimed, and having roused their tempers, he withheld from them the outburst of fury and enthusiasm they desired. As he spoke of the hopes of happiness to which even the most miserable of human beings had a right, silence reigned throughout the hall, broken only by that grave melodious voice which appealed to everyone. For more than three quarters of an hour he discussed social and financial reforms. Sound practical common sense was expressed with many a happy instance, many a witty analogy, many a lofty and luminous thought.

"When I look at this beautiful country that is ours and was our fathers before us, at its blue seas and snow-capped mountains, at its comfortable hamlets and wealthy cities, at its silver streams and golden cornfields, I marvel at the irony of fate which has struck across so fair a prospect the dark shadow of a military despotism."

The sound of momentous resolution rose again from the crowded hall. He had held their enthusiasm back for an hour by the clock. The steam had been rising all this time. All were searching in their minds for something to relieve their feelings, to give expression to the individual determination each man had made. There was only one mind throughout the hall. His passions, his emotions, his very soul appeared to be communicated to the seven thousand people who heard his words, and who mutually inspired each other.

Then at last he let them go. For the first time he raised his voice, and in a resonant, powerful, penetrating tone which thrilled the listeners, began the peroration of his speech. The

effect of his change of manner was electrical. Each short sentence was followed by wild cheering. The excitement of the audience became indescribable. Everyone was carried away by it. Lucile was borne along, unresisting, by that strong torrent of enthusiasm; her interests, her objects, her ambitions, her husband, all were forgotten. His sentences grew longer, more rolling and sonorous. At length he reached the last of those cumulative periods which pile argument on argument as Pelion on Ossa. All pointed to an inevitable conclusion. The people saw it coming and when the last words fell, they were greeted with thunders of assent.

Then he sat down, drank some water, and pressed his hands to his head. The strain had been terrific. He was convulsed by his own emotions; every pulse in his body was throbbing, every nerve quivering; he streamed with perspiration and almost gasped for breath. For five minutes everyone shouted wildly; the delegates on the platform mounted their chairs and waved their arms. At his suggestion the great crowd would have sallied into the streets and marched on the palace; and it would have taken many bullets from the soldiers that Sorrento had so carefully posted to bring them back to the realisation of the squalid materialities of life.

The resolutions which Moret and Godoy proposed were carried by acclamation. Savrola turned to the former. "Well, Louis, I was right. How did it sound? I liked the last words. It is the best speech I have ever made."

Moret looked at him as at a god. "Splendid!" he said. "You have saved everything."

And now the meeting began to break up. Savrola walked to a side-door, and in a small waiting-room

received the congratulations of all his principal supporters and friends. Lucile was hurried along in the press. Presently there was a block. Two men, of foreign aspect, stood in front of her, speaking in low tones.

"Brave words, Karl," said one.

"Ah," said the other, "we must have deeds. He is a good tool to work with at present; the time will come when we shall need something sharper."

"He has great power."

"Yes, but he is not of us. He has no sympathy with the cause. What does he care about a community of goods?"

"For my part," said the first man with an ugly laugh, "I have always been more attracted by the idea of a community of wives."

"Well, that too is part of the great scheme of society."

"When you deal them out, Karl, put me down as part proprietor of the President's."

He chuckled coarsely. Lucile shuddered. Here were the influences behind and beneath the great Democrat of which her husband had spoken.

The human stream began to flow on again. Lucile was carried by a current down a side-street leading to a doorway by which Savrola would leave the hall. A bright gas-lamp made everything plainly visible. At length he appeared at the top of the steps, at the foot of which his carriage had already drawn up to receive him. The narrow street was filled with the crowd; the pressure was severe.

"Louis, come with me," said Savrola to Moret; "you can drop me and take the carriage on." Like many highly-wrought minds he yearned for sympathy and praise at such a moment, and he knew he would get them from Moret.

The throng, on seeing him, surged

forward. Lucile, carried off her feet, was pushed into a dark burly man in front of her. Chivalrous gallantry is not among the peculiar characteristics of excited Democracy. Without looking round the man thrust backwards with his elbow and struck her in the breast. The pain was intense, and involuntarily she screamed.

"Gentlemen," cried Savrola, "a woman has been hurt; I heard her voice. Give room there!" He ran down the steps. The crowd opened out. A dozen eager and officious hands were extended to assist Lucile, who was paralysed with terror. She would be recognised; the consequences were too awful to be thought of.

"Bring her in here," said Savrola. "Moret, help me." He half carried, half supported her up the steps into the small waiting-room. Godoy, Renos, and half a dozen of the Democratic leaders, who had been discussing the speech, grouped themselves around her curiously. He placed her in a chair. "A glass of water," he said quickly. Somebody handed him one, and he turned to offer it to her. Lucile, incapable of speech or motion, saw no way of escape. He must recognise her. The ridicule, the taunts, the danger, all were plain to her. As she made a feeble effort with her hand to decline the water, Savrola looked hard at her through her thick veil. Suddenly he started, spilling the water he was holding out to her. He knew her then! Now it would come—a terrible exposure!

"Why, Mirette," he cried, "my little niece! How could you come alone to such a crowded place at night? To hear my speech? Godoy, Renos, this is indeed a tribute! This means more to me than all the cheers of the people. Here is my sister's daughter who has risked the crowd to come and hear me speak. But your mother," he turned to Lucile,

"should never have allowed you; this is no place for a girl alone. I must take you home. You are not hurt? If you had asked me, I could have ensured a seat for you out of the crowd. Is my carriage there? Good, we had better get home at once; your mother will be very anxious. Good - night, gentlemen. Come, my dear." He offered her his arm and led her down the steps. The people who filled the street, their upturned faces pale in the gaslight, cheered wildly. He put her into his carriage. "Drive on, coachman," he said, getting in himself.

"Where to, Sir?" asked the man.

Moret advanced to the carriage. "I will go on the box," he said. "I can take the carriage on after dropping you," and before Savrola could say a word he had climbed on to the seat beside the driver.

"Where to, Sir?" repeated the coachman.

"Home," said Savrola desperately.

The carriage started, passed through the cheering crowds, and out into the less frequented parts of the city.

CHAPTER XI.

LUCILE lay back in the cushions of the brougham with a feeling of intense relief. He had saved her. An emotion of gratitude filled her mind, and on the impulse of the moment she took his hand and pressed it. It was the third time in their acquaintance that their hands had met, and each time the significance had been different.

Savrola smiled. "It was most imprudent of your Excellency to venture into a crowd like that. Luckily I thought of an expedient in time. I trust you were not hurt in the throng?"

"No," said Lucile; "a man struck me with his elbow and I screamed. I should never have come."

"It was dangerous."

"I wanted to——" she paused.

"To hear me speak," he added, finishing her sentence for her.

"Yes; to see you use your power."

"I am flattered by the interest you take in me."

"Oh, it was on purely political grounds."

There was the suspicion of a smile on her face. He looked at her quickly. What did she mean? Why should it be necessary to say so? Her mind had contemplated another reason, then.

"I hope you were not bored," he said.

"It is terrible to have power like that," she replied earnestly; and then after a pause, "Where are we going to?"

"I would have driven you to the palace," said Savrola, "but our ingenuous young friend on the box has made it necessary that we should keep up this farce for a little longer. It will be necessary to get rid of him. For the present you had best remain my niece."

She looked up at him with an amused smile, and then said seriously: "It was brilliant of you to have thought of it, and noble of you to have carried it out. I shall never forget it; you have done me a great service."

"Here we are," said Savrola at length, as the brougham drew up at the entrance of his house. He opened the carriage-door; Moret jumped off the box and rang the bell. After a pause the old housekeeper opened the door. Savrola called to her. "Ah, Bettine, I am glad you are up. Here is my niece, who has been to the meeting to hear me speak and has been jostled by the crowd. I shall not let her go home alone to-night. Have you a bedroom ready?"

"There is the spare room on the first floor," answered the old woman; "but I fear that would never do."

"Why not?" asked Savrola quickly.

"Because the sheets for the big bed are not aired, and since the chimney was swept there has been no fire there."

"Oh, well, you must try and do what you can. Good-night, Moret. Will you send the carriage back as soon as you have done with it? I have some notes to send to *THE RISING TIDE* about the articles for to-morrow morning. Don't forget,—as quickly as you can, for I am tired out."

"Good-night," said Moret. "You have made the finest speech of your life. Nothing can stop us while we have you to lead the way."

He got into the carriage and drove off. Savrola and Lucile ascended the stairs to the sitting-room, while the housekeeper bustled off to make preparations for the airing of sheets and pillow-cases. Lucile looked round the room with interest and curiosity. "I am in the heart of the enemy's camp now," she said.

"You will be in many hearts during your life," said Savrola, "whether you remain a queen or not."

"You are still determined to drive us out?"

"You heard what I said to-night."

"I ought to hate you," said Lucile; "and yet I don't feel that we are enemies."

"We are on opposite sides," he replied.

"Only politics come between us."

"Politics and persons," he added significantly, using a hackneyed phrase.

She looked at him with a startled glance. What did he mean? Had he read deeper into her heart than she herself had dared to look? "Where does that door lead to?" she asked irrelevantly.

"That? It leads to the roof,—to my observatory."

"Oh show it me," she cried. "Is it there you watch the stars?"

"I often look at them. I love them; they are full of suggestions and ideas."

He unlocked the door and led the way up the narrow winding stairs on to the platform. It was, as is usual in Laurania, a delicious night. Lucile walked to the parapet and looked over; all the lamps of the town twinkled beneath, and above were the stars.

Suddenly, far out in the harbour, a broad white beam of light shot out; it was the search-light of a warship. For a moment it swept along the military mole and rested on the battery at the mouth of the channel. The fleet was leaving the port, and picking its way through the difficult passage.

Savrola had been informed of the approaching departure of the Admiral, and realised at once the meaning of what he saw. "That," he said, "may precipitate matters."

"You mean that when the ships are gone you will no longer fear to rise?"

"I do not fear; but it is better to await a good moment."

"And that moment?"

"Is perhaps imminent. I should like you to leave the capital. It will be no place for women in a few days. Your husband knows it; why has he not sent you away to the country?"

"Because," she replied, "we shall suppress this revolt, and punish those who have caused it."

"Have no illusions," said Savrola.

"I do not miscalculate. The army cannot be trusted; the fleet is gone; the people are determined. It will not be safe for you to stay here."

"I will not be driven out," she answered with energy; "nothing shall

make me fly. I will perish with my husband."

"Oh, we shall try to be much more prosaic than that," he said. "We shall offer a very handsome pension to the President, and he will retire with his beautiful wife to some gay and peaceful city, where he can enjoy life without depriving others of liberty."

"You think you can do all this?" she cried. "Your power can rouse the multitude; but can you restrain them?" And she told him of the words she had heard in the crowd that night. "Are you not playing with mighty forces?"

"Yes, I am," he said; "and that is why I have asked you to go away to the country for a few days, until things become settled one way or the other. It is possible that either I or your husband will go down. I shall of course try to save him, if we are successful; but, as you say, there are other forces which may be beyond control; and if he gets the upper hand——"

"Well?"

"I suppose I should be shot."

"Fearful!" she said. "Why will you persist?"

"Oh, it is only now, when the play is growing high, that I begin to appreciate the game. Besides death is not very terrible."

"Afterwards may be."

"I do not think so. Life, to continue, must show a balance of happiness. Of one thing I feel sure; we may say of a future state,—'If any, then better.'"

"You apply your knowledge of this world to all others."

"Why not?" he said. "Why should not the same laws hold good all over the universe, and, if possible, beyond it? Other suns show by their spectra that they contain the same elements as ours."

"You put your faith in the stars," she said, doubtingly, "and think, though you will not admit it, they can tell you everything."

"I never accused them of being interested in our concerns; but if they were, they might tell strange tales. Supposing they could read our hearts for instance?"

She glanced up and met his eye. They looked at each other hard. She shivered; whatever the stars might know, they had read each other's secret.

There was a noise of someone running upstairs. It was the house-keeper.

"The carriage has returned," said Savrola in a quiet voice. "It can now take you back to the palace."

The old woman stepped out on to the roof, breathing hard from her climb. "I have aired the sheets," she said with exultation in her voice, "and the fire is burning brightly. There is some soup ready for the young lady, if she will come and take it before it gets cold."

The interruption was so commonplace that both Lucile and Savrola laughed. It was a happy escape from an awkward moment. "You always manage, Bettine," he said, "to make everyone comfortable; but after all, the bedroom will not be needed. My niece is afraid lest her mother be alarmed at her absence, and I am going to send her back in the carriage so soon as it returns."

The poor old soul looked terribly disappointed; the warm sheets, the cosy fire, the hot soup were comforts she loved to prepare for others, enjoying them, as it were, by proxy. She turned away and descended the narrow staircase mournfully, leaving them again alone.

So they sat and talked, not as before, but with full knowledge of their sympathy, while the moon climbed higher

in the sky and the soft breezes stirred the foliage of the palm-trees in the garden below. Neither thought much of the future, nor did they blame the coachman's delay.

At length the silence of the night, and the train of their conversation were broken by the noise of wheels on the stony street.

"At last," said Savrola without enthusiasm. Lucile rose and looked over the parapet. A carriage approached almost at a gallop. It stopped suddenly at the door, and a man jumped out in a hurry. The door-bell rang loudly.

Savrola took both her hands. "We must part," he said; "when shall we meet again,—Lucile?"

She made no answer, nor did the moonlight betray the expression of her features. Savrola led the way down the stairs. As he entered the sitting-room, the further door was opened hastily by a man who, seeing Savrola, stopped short, and respectfully took off his hat. It was Moret's servant.

With considerable presence of mind Savrola shut the door behind him, leaving Lucile in the darkness of the staircase. She waited in astonishment; the door was thin. "My master, Sir," said a stranger's voice, "bade me bring you this with all speed and give it direct into your hand." There followed the tearing of paper, a pause, an exclamation, and then Savrola, in a voice steady with the steadiness which betrays intense emotion under control, replied: "Thank you very much; say I shall await them here. Don't take the carriage; go on foot,—stay, I will let you out myself."

She heard the other door open and the sound of their footsteps going down stairs; then she turned the handle and entered. Something had happened, something sudden, unex-

pected, momentous. His voice,—strange how well she was beginning to know it!—had told her that. An envelope lay on the floor; on the table,—the table where the cigarette-box and the revolver lay side by side,—was a paper, half curled up as if anxious to preserve its secret.

Subtle, various, and complex are the springs of human action. She felt the paper touched her nearly; she knew it concerned him. Their interests were antagonistic; yet she did not know whether it was for his sake or her own that she was impelled to indulge a wild curiosity. She smoothed the paper out. It was brief and in a hurried hand, but to the point: *Code wire just received says, Strelitz crossed frontier this morning with two thousand men and is marching hither via Turga and Lorenzo. The hour has come. I have sent to Godoy and Renos and will bring them round at once. Yours through hell, MORET.*

Lucile felt the blood run to her heart; already she imagined the sound of musketry. It was true the hour had come. The fatal paper fascinated her; she could not take her eyes from it. Suddenly the door opened and Savrola came in. The noise, her agitation, and above all the sense of detection wrung from her a low, short, startled scream. He grasped the situation immediately. "Bluebeard," he said ironically.

"Treason," she retorted taking refuge in furious anger. "So you will rise and murder us in the night,—conspirator!"

Savrola smiled suavely; his composure was again perfect. "I have sent the messenger away on foot, and the carriage is at your disposal. We have talked long; it is now three o'clock; your Excellency should not further delay your return to the palace. It would be most impru-

dent; besides as you will realise, I expect visitors."

His calmness maddened her. "Yes," she retorted; "the President will send you some,—police."

"He will not know about the invasion yet."

"I shall tell him," she replied.

Savrola laughed softly. "Oh no," he said, "that would not be fair."

"All's fair in love and war."

"And this——?"

"Is both," she said, and then burst into tears.

After that they went down-stairs. Savrola helped her into the carriage. "Good-night," he said, though it was already morning, "and good-bye."

But Lucile, not knowing what to say or think or do, continued to cry inconsolably as the carriage drove away. Savrola closed the door and returned to his room. He did not feel his secret was in any danger.

(To be continued.)

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VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARİM.)

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Margaret entered Valda's sitting-room next morning, she found it empty. It was past nine o'clock, and the Pâsha and his wife were not often as late as that even in Ramazân. Margaret was surprised; but the cheerful room, with the brilliant morning sunshine streaming in through its open windows, told no tale of the tragedy of which it had been the scene during the night, and it was not until she went to the slaves in the work-room that she suspected that anything was wrong.

The Circassians were all huddled together in a corner of the room, and the moment she saw their faces, Margaret knew that some misfortune must have happened. They had all been crying, and now they were trying to find occupation in bestowing extra petting and presents upon Djemâl-ed-Din, who sat, the image of childish self-importance, on his sofa-bolster on the floor with an array of tributes spread out on a little stool before him, and the weeping slaves gathered round.

"What is the matter?" asked Margaret directly. "Is Hânem Effendi ill?"

"Yes, Marmozelle, yes, she is very ill," Ayôosha replied, the ready tears springing up again in her eyes.

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"The Pâsha Effendi found her in a swoon this morning. When Mane-tinna came in the morning with *yémék* (food) she was not in her bed, and when the Pâsha went to look for her, he found her on the floor in the saloon, stretched out like one dead. *Wach! wach!* (alas, alas)!"

The other slaves all joined in the cry of wailing, and the susceptible Sacêda, covering her head with her skirts, rushed out of the room.

"I must go and see how she is," said Margaret, resolving to find out for herself the real state of things. "Is the Pâsha with her now?"

"Yes, Marmozelle. The *Hâkim* (doctor) has been, and now the Pâsha is there and the *biûgue Hânem*, and the *biûgue-biûgue Hânem*. You had better not go. Marmozelle, Marmozelle! Don't go! *Ullah, Ullah, Ullah!* She is gone, and the Pâsha is certainly angry with her; what will he do to her?"

Margaret felt vaguely that the slaves, for all their readiness to impart to her the alarming news, had looked at her rather strangely. Already they had guessed that she was in disgrace; but she had no prevision of it, and she hurried across the saloon to the bedroom at the other end with no other thought in her mind than anxiety for Valda.

The door was opened in response

to her knock by the Pâsha himself, and when he saw her he came out, closing the door behind him. His face was pale and worn with illness and anxiety, but it was the change in the expression of his eyes that struck Margaret most. Those kind blue eyes that had never rested on her before except in smiling appreciation or benignant friendliness,—what had made them suddenly so cold and hard? What was the meaning of that look with which he was silently regarding her? Margaret was struck with a sudden chill as she met it, and her heart sank horribly within her.

"Madame is ill?" she asked. "I was alarmed by what the slaves said, but I hope it is not as serious as they made out. She is not in danger?"

"She is in the greatest danger," the Pâsha said briefly. "The leech who has been here this morning is the best in Cairo, but he can do nothing for her, and he holds out little hope of her recovery."

"Oh Pâsha!" cried Margaret, with an irrepressible gasp of horror at the quiet words that went so far beyond her fears, and then she stood speechless for some moments. "What is the matter? What has happened?" she asked at last, as the Pâsha did not speak.

"Why do you ask me? You know better than I do," he answered scathingly. "For weeks I have seen that her mind has been preying upon her body; now the end has come in the fever which has struck her down. I did not know what was wrong, but you knew all the time; you have been aiding and abetting in it, carrying messages and arranging meetings, and conducting the whole intrigue,—you whom I trusted—oh, how I have been deceived in you!"

The blow had fallen, and it was

on Margaret that it fell, as she had always known that it would. She felt that it was useless to try to defend herself, and yet she must needs try. "Indeed, Pâsha, you are wronging me," she said in a choked voice. "I have never done anything against you; I have done nothing that I should be ashamed of your knowing, and from the very first, I have implored Valda to tell you everything."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Pâsha, with an indignation that was not unmixed with disgust, "you think perhaps that you can blind me still, but you are mistaken; when my eyes have once been opened I am not taken in again. I know too much, Made-moiselle. Did I not see you myself with that cursed Englishman at Esbékiah? I supposed that it was upon your own account, and I put down the guilty confusion that you showed on being surprised by me to a natural shyness; but even then I thought it was strange. Now I understand; you had good reason to look ashamed."

"I was there on your account; I was there simply and solely to beg him to leave Valda alone," said Margaret with quivering lips. "He had contrived to meet her in spite of all my efforts to prevent it, and I had reason to fear that he would do so again. I went, without Valda's knowledge, to tell him that he was wrecking her happiness and her life and I implored him to be content with the mischief that he had already done without trying to work more."

"It is easy to tell me this," the Pâsha answered with cold contempt. "Of course you try to justify yourself; but clever as you are, it will not serve you now. You wish to throw the whole blame upon my poor wife, who cannot defend herself, but I know that without instigation and

encouragement she would never have lent herself to such an intrigue. She never thought of such things before you came, you whom I thought so honourable and straightforward, and such a safe companion for her. And this is the game that you have been playing under your mask of innocence—oh, I have been blind and besotted! But now my eyes are opened, and you can play with me no more. Look at this letter which I found in Valda's hand this morning, when I took her up half dead from the floor of this room. Look at it,—read it,—the tale it tells is simple enough. Can you explain that?"

Margaret took the crumpled sheets that he held out to her, and the cloud of horror that had come upon her seemed to deepen round her as she read. "*I have seen your friend, and she has given me your message and the letter that you refused to receive from me—*" no wonder the Pâsha assumed that she was the go-between, and nothing would ever disabuse him of the idea. Margaret was confounded, but as she read on, she lost sight of the consequences to herself in her horror at the revelations that it contained. A meeting in the *selâmlek*,—a meeting at the opera-house,—burning kisses,—assurances of love and trust,—what references were these? They betrayed everything to the Pâsha, they betrayed much more than she had known or guessed at; and then the appeal with which it ended,—the plan of escape, made out with such horrible precision and exactitude, and fixed for last night—had Valda entertained it? Had she been in the act of carrying it out when her senses had deserted her?

Margaret's brain reeled as she read the letter, and when she came to the end, she covered her eyes with her hand. "I had no idea that it had

gone as far as this," she said faintly. "This is terrible,—this is terrible!"

"You see," said the Pâsha, as he took back the letter, "this paper tells me everything. It is useless for you to try to deny your complicity."

"I have been to blame, but not in the way, and not to the degree that you think," said Margaret desperately. "I ought to have insisted upon telling you of the accident that was the beginning of it all, as I wished to do, but it was against Valda's will. She forbade me, and I had to choose between you and her. How was I to know that it would go on to this? In the beginning I may have made a mistake, but I assure you, Pâsha, that I have had no hand in any plot against you."

"What was the beginning?" said the Pâsha coldly. "What was the accident? Let me hear your story."

Margaret told it. She related exactly how the incident had happened, and what her part in it had been. She told him of her meeting with Fitzroy in the Palace gardens, and what had passed between them. She kept nothing back, even of her conversation with Valda, and the subsequent interview with Fitzroy at Esbékiah, which was the end of her part in the affair; but she saw that the Pâsha, though he accepted her facts so far as they helped him to form an idea of the course of events, was absolutely incredulous of her story as the whole truth. He thought that she was making out a case for herself, and presenting the facts that would tell most in her favour,—that was natural enough, but there was more behind that she would not tell; his confidence in her was destroyed, and henceforward her frankness would be for him merely the mask for a deeper duplicity.

Margaret felt all this, and despair settled down upon her with such

paralysing force, that she could hardly tell her story. She struggled through with it; but she felt how lame it sounded, and she saw that on the Pâsha's judgment of her it produced not the slightest effect.

He listened silently to her, and when she had finished, turned to leave the room without a word of comment. "I must go back to my wife," he said. "Her mother and grandmother are with her now, but they have no idea of nursing; they cannot be left."

He was moving away, but Margaret stopped him with an appealing gesture. "Oh Excellency!" she said wistfully, "cannot I do something,—something to help?"

"No, thank you, Mademoiselle," he said sternly; "your services will not be required. The doctor will send a trained nurse who will do all that is necessary, and I shall be there the whole time. I do not wish for your presence in my wife's room. It can only remind her of the scoundrel who has destroyed her happiness. I suppose," he added abruptly, "that he has left Cairo? According to this letter he was to start this morning,—to catch the boat at Ismailia, no doubt—and he would not be likely to sacrifice his passage. If he is still within my reach it shall be the worse for him, but I fear it is not likely." He paused, with his hand upon the latch of the door, and a look of ferocity flashed into his face and transformed it so, that Margaret shivered under a sudden apprehension of worse evils to come. His voice, however, remained under his control, and he went on calmly. "In any case, I cannot allow you to leave the *harim*. The guards at the gates will have orders not to let you pass either by day or night, so it will be useless for you to try. I give you notice also that none of your letters

can be sent except those which are directed to England, and none will be delivered to you except those from abroad."

Those were his final words, and the deliberate distrust that they implied made their force seem the more cruel. Margaret went back to Djemâl-ed-Din without any gleam of hope or comfort to sustain her, and in the days that followed she was like one stunned.

There was nothing for her to do but to attend to the little boy, and endeavour to counteract, so far as she could, the injudicious behaviour of the slaves, whose one idea of showing sympathy for Valda was to do all they could to spoil her child; but it was a difficult and thankless task. The Circassians gave themselves up to the violence of their emotions with a completeness which made mourning a sort of luxury, and in the suspense and anxiety, the whispered communications with all the other members of the *harim*, and the visits of condolence and enquiry from outside, they found an excitement which was plainly not altogether unpalatable.

For five days Valda lay delirious in the grip of consuming pain, and the Turkish and Greek doctors, looking graver every time that they came, said that they could only regard it as a mercy that she was unconscious of her suffering. She raved without ceasing, and the Pâsha, hanging distracted over her pillow, had to listen to the wild words of her delirium, in which she called constantly on Fitzroy, pouring forth her love and longing for him. She summoned up over and over again the scenes that had passed between them, the locked doors of the *selâmlek* vestibule, the grotesque figures of the masked ball, the vision of his face as she had first seen it

against the sunset under the acacias, mixing reality and romance so wildly together that it was impossible to tell one from the other.

The Pâsha's heart was wrung, but what tormented him more than all else was the mention of his own name, and the agony that invariably followed. She cried out that she was falling, falling, and shrieked to Fitzroy to save her. Why did he not come? Why would he not reach out his hand to save her from destruction? This went on for a whole week, and then she sank into the stillness of exhaustion, and the end came.

Margaret, who, had been sitting with little Djemâl-ed-Din all day in the garden, had brought him in towards the close of the afternoon, when Sacêda came to her with a scared face. Hânem Effendi was sensible, she said, and wanted Mademoiselle,—she was to come immediately. Margaret hoped this meant that the crisis of the illness was past, but the moment she entered the darkened room and saw the terribly changed face upon the pillows, she knew that all hope was vain. Valda was dying; the stamp of death was already upon her features. Her eyes were like the eyes of some hunted creature, so large and frightened and desperate did they look; but for a brief interval her senses had returned to her and her mind was clear.

She recognised Margaret as she came up to the bedside, and turning her head a little, signed to the nurse to leave them alone together. The Pâsha had been called away, but he might be back at any moment, and Valda had a look of feverish anxiety in her eyes.

"In my cabinet," she whispered, with a long sighing breath, as Margaret bent over her, — "the

diamond star—you know the one—and a *yâshmâk* out of my box, a *yâshmâk* that I have worn; it has been ironed, but you will see the difference——" her voice failed her, and she could not go on; but Margaret understood and went and brought the things quickly. Valda's wasted fingers closed upon the flashing star, and she pressed it for a moment to her heart; then she wrapped it up in the piece of fine white muslin that Margaret had brought her, and handed it back to her. "Give it to him," she said, with a sudden accession of strength in her voice; "give it to him as a token from me. It is the last, and he may accept it now. You will see him some day in England, where he will be living with his wife and children while I am lying deep buried under Egyptian soil; but I think he will not have forgotten me quite. If he has, this will remind him. You will give it to him, Mademoiselle? Oh, you will,—you will?"

"Yes, I will," said Margaret earnestly, for it was impossible to withstand the agonised longing of those pleading eyes.

For a moment the assurance seemed to give relief, but then Valda went on more urgently than before. "Tell him that it was not because I did not love him that I did not come. I loved him more than life itself, and I tried to come, but the decree of destiny was against me. Your eyes were upon me, and Djemâl's little arms held me back, and the Pâsha,—ah, that deep, deep, terrible gulf!—it yawns between, and it is too wide to cross—I am falling, falling——"

Her eyes were dilated with terror, and her breath came in long sighing gasps. Then suddenly Margaret saw a change more startling than all that had gone before, and she called

wildly to the Pâsha, who was then entering the room: "Oh Pâsha, come quickly,—Valda is going!"

He was at the bedside in an instant; but already Valda had slipped deep into the dark valley, and her eyes rested upon him without recognition. "Valda, Valda!" he cried, throwing his arms round her body in an agony. "Oh, my beloved, do not leave me!"

But she did not hear him, and her thoughts were not of him. "Tell him that I loved him, and that I always shall love him," she said indistinctly; and then her difficult breath ceased, and with one long sigh her life went out.

Her last words had been a message for Fitzroy, and Margaret knew it. Did the Pâsha know it too? He stood motionless for a moment, looking at the white face that lay beautiful in the calm of death in the midst of its aureole of golden hair, and then, with a sudden cry of exceeding bitterness, he sank down by the bedside and buried his face in his arms. His sun had set, his star had gone down into darkness, and the deep waters of sorrow swept surging over the soul of the strong man. Margaret was pierced to the heart by the sight, and crept silently away, unable to bear it.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was on the last day of Ramazân that Valda died, and she was buried early next morning, while the sounds of the rejoicing for Bâirâm filled all the city. The festival of the Lesser Bâirâm lasts for three days, during which it is the custom of the Turks to appear in their best clothes, to visit and entertain, and to make handsome presents to their friends and to the members of their households.

It is not the custom, even among the most Europeanised of the Turks, to mourn after the fashion of the West,—to put on black and withdraw from society—but the great white palace on the banks of the Nile was none the less a house of mourning. There were no presents for the slaves that year, no festivities for the ladies, and the voice of wailing that went up, instead of the songs of rejoicing, was genuine enough. The last day of the festival was on Easter Sunday, and Margaret, debarred from going to church or holding any communication with her friends, but too wretched to show, or even feel, any resentment, looked drearily out of the palace-windows into the sunny garden which seemed to mock her with its brightness.

It was the most sorrowful Easter Sunday that she had ever known, and it was almost a relief to her when, at the close of the afternoon, a message was brought to her from the Pâsha, saying that he wished to see her. She could guess what he had to say to her, and she stooped, with tears in her eyes, to kiss little Djemâl-ed-Din, who in all this sad time, during which he had almost given her his mother's place in his affections, had grown very close to her heart; but anything was better than continued suspense and uncertainty, and she went to the saloon with a firm step.

The Pâsha was standing in the middle of the room before a marble and gilt table, on which lay a large purse, of the netted kind with silver rings that the Turks use, and he did not invite her to sit down. Margaret thought he was looking terribly worn and ill, and the desolate appearance of the room, with its empty flower-vases, and every little sign of Valda's work and presence carefully

put away, struck her with such an overwhelming sense of sad realisation that she nearly burst into tears. But the Pâsha's voice, when he spoke to her, was restraining.

"I have sent for you, Mademoiselle," he said, "to tell you that your services in this house will be no longer needed. I have come to the conclusion that it is not desirable to have any foreign influence in my *harim*. The risks involved are too great, and I shall prefer to have my little son brought up by the slaves under my supervision, until he is old enough to be sent to school. You will leave, therefore, as soon as it is convenient to you."

It was the decision that Margaret had expected. She had recognised that it was inevitable; and indeed, now that Valda was gone, she did not see how it would have been possible for her to stay; yet the sentence of dismissal, when it actually fell, seemed more than she could endure, and she stood speechless under the shock of it.

"I think your salary was paid last month as usual," the Pâsha went on with the cold courtesy which hurt so much more cruelly than any show of anger could have done, "but you may have a difficulty in getting another position in this country, and you will probably have to return to England. I consider that you have not treated me well, and therefore I give you warning that you must not apply to me for a recommendation, but I do not wish you to come to any trouble, and I give you therefore a hundred pounds, which will pay for your passage home comfortably, and keep you supplied until you can settle yourself in another place."

He pushed the bag towards her as he spoke, and Margaret was sensible of the generosity that was so characteristic of him; but she made no movement to accept it. "Oh Pâsha,

this is more than I can endure!" she said, with the tears raining down her cheeks. "This is too much! You may be right in sending me away,—I do not dispute that—indeed I do not see how I could stay now that Valda is gone. It is better that I should go,—but not in this way! You, who have been so kind a friend, should not have turned against me like this. What have I done that you should feel towards me as if I were a traitor and an enemy? I loved Valda dearly, only less dearly than you did; what motive could I have for scheming to work disaster in your life and hers? All my influence with her was used on your behalf; I kept on urging her to tell you, until at last she withdrew her confidence from me and turned to Hamîda Hânem instead. It was she who helped on the intrigue, not I. Indeed, indeed, I did not do it. All my fault has been in the error of judgment that made me obey Valda's command not to tell you."

"It was a serious one," said the Pâsha bitterly; "and it has cost me all that made life of any value to me. I trusted you so entirely, and you knew it so well. I must have been assuring you of my faith and confidence in you at the very time that you had this secret on your mind. You knew all the time that this wickedness was going on, and you never said a word to put me on my guard. Even if you had no hand in the plotting of it,—and I can believe that Hamîda Hânem would be equal to that without your help—yet you knew of it; you could have stopped it at any moment by coming to me, and you did not do it. I cannot forgive you for that dereliction of duty, Mademoiselle. It is not your fault that I do not stand here a dishonoured, as well as a heart-broken man."

He did not know,—Margaret did

not know—that in this belief he was mistaken. Valda, who could have told him, was silent for ever in her narrow grave under the sun-stricken sand of the Turkish cemetery; Fitzroy was many leagues away in the ship that was ploughing her way through the dividing seas; there was none to declare the truth, and the silence that followed was broken only by the sobs that Margaret was unable to restrain.

The Pâsha looked at her in silence. In the face of such unmistakable emotion he did not find himself able to remain altogether unmoved, and even in the midst of his reproaches his voice had softened, and the cold hostility of manner, which he wore like a mask over his sorrow, had given way to a gentler mood. When he spoke again, it was with something of his old kindliness. "Take this money, Mademoiselle," he said considerably, "and let it help to start you afresh in your own country. You are young still, and the time will come when you will have forgotten the tragedy in which you have played a part here. It has darkened my life for ever, but I have no desire to be revenged upon you. As for that scoundrel who has fled to England, he is out of my reach now, but if ever you come across him, you may tell him that punishment may overtake him yet. If he has any value for his life, he had better not set foot in this country again, or in Constantinople, so long as I am alive. If ever he comes within reach of my hand, his fate will be sealed."

Margaret started. In the trouble and suffering that had overwhelmed her, she had forgotten the commission entrusted to her by Valda in her dying moments, but now she was reminded of it, and she felt that she ought to let his Excellency know of it. Now at least she would be frank with him, and keep back no

more secrets from him. "I never wish to see him again," she said earnestly. "He has injured me more than anybody has ever done before, and of my own will I would never go near him again; but only a few minutes before she died, Valda asked me to take a message and a memento of her to him. It was that diamond star,—the one that I told you of, that was the beginning of the whole mischief; she wrapped it up in one of her *yâshmâks* and asked me to give it to him."

"She asked that, she wished that!" said the Pâsha painfully. "That then was what she had called you in for. She was thinking of him,—planning for him then,—her last thoughts were for him! Oh my God, it is too bitter to bear!"

"I promised," said Margaret hurriedly; "but now she is gone, and I cannot offend her any more. I must ask your permission before I can carry out her desire. Do you wish me to do it, or shall I give it back to you?"

The Pâsha put out his hand with a hasty gesture of horror and repulsion, as if he expected her to produce the star at once. "No!" he said vehemently; "I never wish to see the accursed thing again. The wishes of the dead must be respected, and she has given it to you. Do what you like with it. Throw it into the sea, or sell it for what it will fetch, or give it to him,—I do not care. But if you do give it to him, may it bring on him and his the curse that it has been to me and mine. God make it a curse that will blacken his days for ever!"

Those were his Excellency's last words at that interview, and Margaret could never forget the look on his face as he uttered them; but that was not the last impression she was to carry away of him. On the morning that she was leaving he had to attend a

levée, and he sent for her to bid her good-bye before he went out.

She came to him in her hat and veil, and as he looked at her, his blue eyes lost their hostility, and his manner became as kind as in the old days. "Adieu, Mademoiselle," he said sadly; "I never thought to send you away like this, but after what has passed, there is no help for it. I shall always wish you well."

"If I could feel that you forgave me,—if you would only say that you believe me when I tell you that I never did you any intentional harm!" Margaret said through the sobs which choked her.

He answered her with the melancholy of a deeply-seated bitterness. "I can believe that you did not mean to bring upon me all the harm that has come. I trusted you; you are an Englishwoman, and the English are known to be faithful. You did not keep faith with me, but perhaps it was not your fault. I believe you would have acted honourably to any one else. But we are doomed; we are Turks and we are not to have honourable treatment,—we are not to have justice. You have failed me: my happiness is in ruins and my life is made desolate; but I do not blame you. It is the will of Providence, and what God pleases will be done. Adieu, Mademoiselle; may peace attend you."

He was a great gentleman, Margaret had always felt, and he had the typical qualities of the finest men of his race; but she had never realised this so strongly as she did now, when she looked at him for the last time. He stood before the recess of the window, in his uniform, a soldier every inch of him, and as she heard him express his conviction of the doom which hung over him and his country, Margaret was filled with a passion of pain. "Adieu, Monsieur

le Pâsha," she said, and hurriedly withdrawing her hand from a clasp that was more sympathetic than his words, she passed out of his presence, and out of the palace.

Margaret never saw the Pâsha again, and she never thought to hear of him; but the day came when she saw his name in an English newspaper. It was just a year later, when the war between the Turks and the Greeks in Thessaly was at its height, and Margaret, sitting at a comfortless tea-table in a dingy London lodging, was reading the stirring account of the storming of the Grecian heights, when her eye leaped to the name that she knew so well. He had fallen, pierced by many bullets, as he led his men in that gallant charge, and his death was recorded as one of the most heroic incidents of the campaign. It was a short paragraph, and the paper dropped from Margaret's hand as soon as she had read it. She sat white and stunned like one who has sustained some overwhelming shock, but from her pale lips the words escaped: "It is the happiest ending for him; it is what he must have wished and hoped for. Now he sees,—now he knows!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"REALLY, Henry, I think you are abominably inattentive. I asked you to come to help me to arrange my presents, and here you are, no good at all; and not only that,—you don't seem to take the slightest interest in them!"

Henry Fitzroy was standing in the window of a small house in Mayfair, looking out into a world wrapped in the yellow pall of a dense November fog. It was early in the afternoon, but in the room behind him the gas was already burning, and by its light

a well-dressed young woman was fussily engaged in the occupation of setting out wedding-presents on a number of little tables ranged round the walls.

Fitzroy had turned his back upon the bride-elect and the presents, and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the gloomy street ; but his thoughts were far away. In his imagination he saw a land of cloudless skies and perpetual sunlight—a land where the amethystine hills shut in a shining city with white-domed mosques and slender minarets soaring high into the blue. There, among the palm-trees that fringed the banks of the old historic river, rose a splendid palace with arabesque-covered walls, and carved lattice-windows, and marble flights of steps all steeped in sunshine ; and all round were quiet gardens full of colour and scent and bloom, where the thick shrubberies of orange and lemon and mandarine trees were laden with their golden fruit. It seemed like a scene out of the Arabian Nights to look back upon, but on Fitzroy's face, as he thought of it, there rested a dark shadow of disappointment and disillusion. He was remembering the last hours that he had spent there, those long hours of watching in the shadow of the minaret under the starry sky. He had waited and hoped until the pearly light of the dawn had begun to creep up behind the hills, and the gun from the Citadel had pealed the hour of sunrise, before he realised that his hope was vain. The decisive moment had come and gone, and Valda had drifted past him,—he did not dream how far. It was no use waiting now ; there was nothing for it but to let the veil of silence and separation fall, and the wide seas roll between them.

He left Egypt with his heart so numbed with disappointment and

despair that he felt as if it were dead within him, and he cared not what became of him ; but on board the steamer was a young lady of lively temperament and ambitious nature whom he had known in Cairo, a young lady whose hats had been a source of distraction in the church, and whose light, flirtatious chatter had amused him in the days before a chance encounter under the acacias of Ghesireh had changed all his life for him.

Miss Hilda Gibson was scarcely the sort of girl who would have attracted him seriously at any time, and she was certainly not the ideal he had formed of the woman he meant to marry ; but he was thrown a good deal into her society on board-ship, and in his depressed and disappointed state of mind he was not disposed to be critical. She happened to be the handsomest and smartest woman on board, and having failed in securing a husband during her season at Cairo, she was determined to make the most of her opportunities before she reached London, where they were likely to be more limited. She was unmistakably second-rate, but she was clever and unscrupulous, and she managed so well, that by the time the ship reached Plymouth she had attained her object, and Fitzroy found that, without quite knowing how, he had drifted into a position which left no alternative but an engagement.

Eight months had gone by since then, and the engagement had long ago become a burden and an annoyance to him ; but he had never found strength or energy to break away from it, and now it was too late. This was the eve of his wedding-day. It struck him suddenly that the fact inspired him with strangely little exultation, but it was no use worrying over that ; it was not worth while—nothing was worth while. What was Hilda worrying about ?

"You have not been listening to a word of what I have been saying," she complained peevishly; "and you won't take the least little bit of interest in my arrangements. Here I am slaving to show these things off to the best advantage, and I can't make anything of them. I think I never saw such a shabby collection."

"What is the matter with the presents?" Fitzroy enquired, lifting his eyebrows slightly.

"They are such a poor lot,—at least they look poor. Whether it is this horrid light or what, I don't know, but I don't seem able to make them look decent anyhow. The only nice things among them are the ornaments, and those of course I shall want to wear."

She sighed as she spoke, and taking up a small case of purple velvet, she opened it to look at the ornament nestling in the pale blue satin inside. It was a little gold brooch, a pretty little brooch, set with pearls; it was one of the bridegroom's gifts to her, but her face did not light up as she looked at it, and as he watched her, Fitzroy found himself wondering whether she cared for him at all. It occurred to him that if there was no love on either side, it would be a poor look out for them both.

"You like that, don't you?" he asked tentatively.

"Ye—s,—oh yes! I think it is awfully pretty, and I am very fond of pearls; but of course they don't shine out like diamonds. Gertrude Wilson had an exquisite diamond star to fasten her veil with, and it was mentioned in the papers, and admired by everybody. Oh Henry, I wonder whether you will ever be able to afford to give me diamonds!"

"I don't think it is in the least likely," Fitzroy replied drily. "I am afraid, Hilda, that you are committing yourself to a piece of folly

in linking your fate to that of a man whose station is unadorned with diamonds. I suppose it is too late to draw back now?"

"Oh, dear me, yes!" said the lady, quick to take alarm. It was all very well to feel that her matrimonial arrangements, compared with those of her fortunate friend, appeared to disadvantage. Gertrude Wilson's triumph might have been more conspicuous, but to get married at all was in these days an achievement, and Henry Fitzroy was an eligible, and even a distinguished bridegroom. She had for months been going about in society holding her head high and chanting the song of Mrs. Gaskell's young lady, "Cockadoodle-doo, I've got a husband!" and she was not at all inclined to imperil the safety of a substantial capture for the sake of the vain glittering of a shadow.

"Dear me, Henry, how huffy you are!" she said upbraidingly. "As if I would give you up for any diamonds! Of course I didn't mean *that*! I was only just telling you what I should like some day if ever you become rich. I do so love diamonds!"

"All women do, I believe," said Fitzroy cynically; but as he said it, the thought of one woman who had shown herself very careless of hers flashed vividly into his mind. He remembered the splendid star that Valda had held out to him and begged him to accept. Compared to that, the little pearl brooch that Hilda was looking at was a modest ornament indeed. If Hilda could have known of the glories that she might have been crowned with—but no! Had he kept that star, Fitzroy said to himself with sudden passion, it should never have been worn by Hilda. Never could he have endured the sight of her flaunting in Valda's diamonds, and looking for the mention of them in the newspapers; since she prized diamonds so highly, he

was glad that he had not got it, and was therefore spared the difficulty he might have had in keeping it from her.

It seemed strange to him afterwards to remember that this thought was actually in his mind, when a servant knocked at the door, and interrupted the lovers with the announcement that a lady asking to see Captain Fitzroy was waiting down-stairs.

"A lady, — what name did she give?" asked Fitzroy, and he was visibly discomposed when the maid gave the name of Miss Grey.

"Miss Grey? Who's *she*?" enquired Hilda, with a suspicious accent upon the pronoun.

"She is a person whom I came across in Cairo," said Fitzroy, recovering himself with an effort. "I had no idea that she was in England."

"Dear me, — in Cairo! I don't remember her name at all? What set was she in?"

"Not in any set where you would be likely to meet her. Indeed I don't suppose she was in any English set at all. She was a governess, or companion, or something of that kind, in a Turkish family out there, and it was in connection with a matter of business that I got to know her. It is probably that which brings her now, — I don't know, I had better go and see."

"Don't be long," Hilda called out after him in her shrill, high-pitched tones, as he left the room. "Remember I have got all this beastly arranging to do, and I can't get on without your assistance."

Fitzroy did not stop to make any reply. He was in a state of uncontrollable agitation, and he hurried down the stairs consumed with a strange anxiety and nameless longing.

Margaret had been shown into a small room on the ground-floor which was the only one not taken up with the preparations for the wedding, and she

sat in the dim light of a yellow square of fog which represented the window. It struck Fitzroy that she looked older and thinner than when he had seen her last, and that there was a pinched look about her face and dress; but this was a mere fleeting impression, and he did not pause to take it in.

"Miss Grey! This is a surprise, — I had no idea you were in England," he said rapidly, and then he broke off abruptly, and looked at her with a flush upon his cheek and a mute interrogation in his eyes.

Margaret did not answer it at once. "I have been in England for some months," she said at last; "but I have had some difficulty in finding you, and it was only through an announcement in a newspaper that I chanced to catch my eye that I have been able to do so now. You are going to be married, are you not?"

"Yes," said Fitzroy with a frown. He did not feel able to meet her glance, and he made a hasty movement towards the chandelier, and turned his face away as he occupied himself in lighting it. "Yes, I am to be married to-morrow," he said doggedly.

"Ah, well, I congratulate you," said Margaret with a fine shade of irony in her calm tones. "And I may congratulate myself also, for I am just in time, and this memento that Valda Hânem charged me to take to you will seem to come in appropriately."

She had been taking out of its wrappings of paper a parcel that she held in her hand, and as she spoke, she handed to him the star loosely folded in the muslin, just as Valda had given it to her. Fitzroy knew before he took it what it was; but what it meant he could not tell, and his emotion was so overpowering that he could not ask. "It will do as a wedding-present for your bride," said

Margaret, as the star fell out of its loose wrapping and glittered under the gas-light in his shaking hand.

She saw the dull red grow deeper in his cheek, and as she looked at him, she remembered the curse that the Pâsha had joined to the jewel. She was neither a superstitious nor a revengeful woman, but a thrill went through her as she recalled it, and she wondered if there was any truth in these things.

"Tell me," Fitzroy said, turning upon her at last almost fiercely; "what does this mean? Why has Valda sent me this? Why are you in England? Have you brought me a message from her?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "but,—you have not heard?—you do not know?"

"What?" asked Fitzroy, with a sudden fear clutching at his heart. "What has happened? Tell me quickly. Is Valda well?"

"Yes, she is well,—I hope so. She will never suffer any more," said Margaret quietly; "she is dead."

"Valda is dead, and you have done it,"—this was the message that Margaret had intended to deliver; but when it came to the point she could not do it. She had disliked Fitzroy from the first, and now she had good reason for her aversion; yet when she saw his face as the truth came upon him, she felt that it was not for her to add to the poignancy of it by any bitter words.

In truth no accusation could have stabbed deeper than the silent conclusion of his own heart, and nothing that Margaret could have said or done could have made any appreciable difference in the agony of his remorse. He knew, without being told, that it was he who had done it, and the knowledge crushed him. He sat motionless under the flaring gas-light, which showed the dark shadows in his face, and shone with

a thousand reflected lights and sparkles in the facets of the diamonds on the table. Margaret turned her face away and was silent for many minutes, looking out of the window into the gathering depths of the fog.

"How did it happen?" asked Fitzroy, breaking at last the silence that was growing too terrible to be borne. "Tell me everything."

Margaret told him. She told it simply without any comment or reproach, but though the words were dispassionate, it was a story of burning import in the ears of the listener who was responsible for it. "She was struck down the night that your letter reached her, the night that you were waiting for her," Margaret said quietly. "Her love for you was like a fever in her veins, and it was burning her life out. You had kept it alight by the intercourse that you managed to secure through Hâmida; but when Ramazân came, she thought it was all over, and she tried to starve out the evil by giving herself up to the exercises of her religion. She prayed and fasted until her worldly desires were almost stifled by bodily weakness."

"That was your doing," Fitzroy broke in passionately; "I am certain that you are responsible for that!"

"No," said Margaret; "I saw that she was not strong enough to bear it, and I joined with the Pâsha in trying to dissuade her, but our remonstrances were unavailing. She went on until she was worn to a shadow; then your letter came, and the strain became too great. She went to bed that evening very ill, but in the middle of the night she got up, and wandered about, exposed to the cold air which came in through an open window. She must have been in a great agony of mind, for at last she sank under it and fell down unconscious. The Pâsha found her upon

the floor in the morning, insensible, with your letter in her hand." Margaret paused, but Fitzroy was listening with his hand over his eyes, and he said nothing. "She lived for another week after that," Margaret went on, "but she was delirious nearly the whole time until just before the end. Then she called me in, and told me where to find the star, and the veil that it was to be wrapped in, and she put them into my hand. She said that I was to give them to you as a token from her, and that I was to tell you that she loved you, and that if she had disappointed you, it was not her fault. She had tried to come to you, but she had been held back by forces that were too strong for her, and now she had fallen into a great gulf. She had raved incessantly about that gulf all through her illness, and I suppose that her mind was not quite clear at the last; but she said once more, 'Tell him that I loved him, and that I always shall love him,' and that must have been her last thought."

Margaret delivered this message in the conscientious, but monotonous manner of a person who repeats a lesson that has been learned by rote. She had felt it her duty to give it, but it was a painful and distasteful duty, and she was thankful when it was done.

"I think that is all I had to tell you," she said, after a pause that was not broken by any sound from Fitzroy,—“all except a message from the Pâsha. When Valda was dead, and he had dismissed me from my post in his house, I felt that I had no right to take away, without his knowledge, so valuable a thing as that star, and I told him of Valda's dying request. He said that, so far as he was concerned, it should be respected, and that I might give you the star if I liked; but he sent a

heavy curse with it, and he told me that if ever you came within reach of his hand he would not fail to take vengeance upon you. From what he said I fancy that it would be advisable for you to keep away during his lifetime from any part of the Turkish dominions. That is all I was to tell you, I think, and now I will go. Good-bye."

Margaret rose from her chair, and stood for a moment, looking at Fitzroy. He had sunk forward, with his arms resting on the table and his face buried in them, and he did not move. It was doubtful whether he heard Margaret's last words; at any rate he did not look up, and it was not until the closing of the hall-door fell upon his ear that he awoke to the consciousness that she was gone. He raised his head then, and as he looked at her empty chair, the impression that he had received when his eyes had first rested on her came suddenly back to him. She looked thin and ill, and her eyes had the strained expression that is too common in the anxious struggle for life among women in her position. There, on the table, lay the star that she had brought him, a jewel whose value was scarcely to be computed, and she was stranded in London without friends, perhaps without means. She had been dismissed from her situation on his account, no doubt, and he had suffered her to go away like this. He had not asked her address, and he had no clue by which he could find her out again. The realisation of all this flashed across his mind in an instant, and springing from his chair, he rushed to the front door and ran down the steps into the street. It was a long street, and Margaret could not possibly have gone more than a few steps along it; but he could not see her. The yellow fog filled the road on either side like an impene-

trable veil, and he could not tell which way she had gone. He looked up and down in vain; Margaret had vanished like a ghost into the gloom.

Fitzroy stood bare-headed in the middle of the murky street, feeling like a man in some horrible nightmare. He was trying to persuade himself that it was all a dream and a delusion, when he heard a shrill voice calling to him from the house, which brought him effectually back to a sense of the reality of the situation. "Henry, Henry! What on earth are you doing out there in the street? And where has this *magnificent* ornament come from that I have found on the study-table? Come in this moment, and tell me all about it!"

This story ends, as stories should, with the music of marriage-bells; let them revert to their time-honoured custom of ringing the curtain down. Captain Fitzroy and Miss Gibson were married the next morning, and no one knew what was in the heart of the bride as she smiled under a veil that was fastened by a pretty little pearl brooch.

The wonderful Turkish star, with its flashing diamonds, was not seen at the wedding; nothing was seen at the wedding that was not perfectly common-place and conventional. And all that happened afterwards was also common-place,—not exactly conventional perhaps, but entirely common-place.

THE END.

THE DERBYSHIRE AT DARGAI.

(A CHAPTER OF REGIMENTAL HISTORY.)

ON October 17th (1897), orders were at last issued by Sir William Lockhart, from his head-quarters at Fort Lockhart, for the advance of the force into Tirah, to be begun on the 20th. On that and the following day the Second Division, under General Yeatman Biggs, was to march over the Chagru Kotal as far as Khorappa, a village on the near side of the Khanki river; on the 22nd they were to cross the river to Khangarbur, while the First Division left Shinawari to follow them to Khorappa; on the 23rd the Second Division were to advance from Khangarbur towards Ghandaki, the last halting-place below the Sempagha Pass, while the First Division marched on Khangarbur from Khorappa. Thus the whole force would be brought up into position ready for the attack of the Sempagha Pass, where it was expected that the enemy would make his principal stand, by the 24th.

The 20th was ten days later than the date originally designed for the opening of offensive operations. The necessity for this delay had arisen partly from the unexpected protraction of the Mohmand Expedition, which had detained several of the troops detailed for the Tirah Force, and partly from the immense difficulty experienced by the Transport-Department, in providing a sufficient number of serviceable pack-animals for conveying even the extremely restricted allowance of baggage authorised for the troops on taking the field. Field and Staff officers rejoiced

in a whole mule to themselves, while the ordinary regimental officer shared his mule with two others, and one mule carried the entire belongings of six British soldiers. It will be obvious that such a scale did not admit of a very extensive wardrobe, especially when it is borne in mind that provision had to be made for considerable cold, and that the above included all that could be carried in the way of bedding or blankets. A mule carries one hundred and sixty pounds, so that the regimental officer started for Tirah with fifty-four pounds of baggage only in addition to what he carried on his back, and the British soldier with no more than half that amount. Tents were of course out of the question. Three mules were also allowed for each regimental mess, and the Commissariat carried eight days' rations for all troops on from Shinawari. A day or two before marching out from there the officers commanding companies of the battalion were assembled at the orderly-room tent to discuss details of the articles to be carried on the mules for the men, when it was decided that for each man the following should be taken, a waterproof sheet, three blankets, a cardigan-jacket, a sleeping-cap, a pair of serge trousers, one flannel shirt, and a pair of socks, mits, and boots. Their greatcoats were all carried together on separate mules, which formed part of the obligatory transport, and they marched in *khaki* with putties, wearing their Guthri coats rolled on their

backs below their mess-tins.¹ The leather covers of these were very soon discarded as useless, and the tins made dull to prevent their glistening in the sun. All pipeclay was of course washed out of the belts and straps, and to render these still more inconspicuous they were stained to a muddy-looking brown by being soaked in tea. The general result looked more serviceable than ornamental. The remainder of the men's kit was left behind with the tents and heavy baggage of Shinawari, and three weeks later forwarded to us at Mastura, whence, after we had enjoyed the use of them for nearly a month, they were sent back to be taken round to meet us at Peshawur. British regiments were to march out not more than seven hundred strong all told, the remainder with one officer staying behind in charge of the heavy baggage at Shinawari. After the arrival of the party from Ranikhet with the time-expired men, on October 8th, our strength at Shinawari was twenty-three officers and seven hundred and eighty-seven rank and file, but by the 18th malaria and ague, caused chiefly by clearing bush and digging, had placed more than a hundred on the sick-list.

Wednesday, October 20th, then, was the day appointed for the expedition to start. Meanwhile the working parties employed in improving the road over the Chagru Kotal were constantly molested by sharpshooters occupying the heights to the west of the pass, and in particular by small bodies descending from the village of Dargai. It was reported that, until

these were dislodged, work on the road down the other side of the Kotal could not be continued, and that two days' work was still required to make the descent possible for laden animals. Accordingly on the 18th the two brigades of the Second Division were ordered out under Sir Power Palmer (General Yeatman Biggs being sick) to sweep the enemy off these heights, an operation which they effected with complete and brilliant success, gaining possession by midday of a practically impregnable position with the loss of no more than three men killed and nineteen wounded. No British troops of the First Division were employed in this day's work, but from Shinawari a good deal of the fight could be seen with the aid of telescopes or even field-glasses, although it was taking place more than three miles away. We spent most of the morning glued to our glasses, and could distinctly see the shells throw up clouds of dust as they struck the face of the *sangars*, and hear the reports of the guns. No sounds of rifle-fire reached us, but occasionally the smoke of a volley could be seen, presumably from the Martinis of the Gurkhas. It was all over by lunch-time, and the heliograph sent down messages to tell us the heights had been captured with but trifling loss. From the distance it all looked so easy that nobody in the camp realised in the least how brilliant a feat had been achieved before their eyes that morning. The more sensational incidents of the bigger fight that took place over precisely the same ground two days later have somewhat eclipsed the prowess of the 3rd Gurkhas and the King's Own Scottish Borderers on the 18th; but the fact remains that these two regiments gained, with their three men killed and nineteen wounded, identically the same results that entailed the loss of close on two hundred

¹ Guthri coats are short coats, shaped like a pea-jacket, made of thick *khaki* serge lined with grey flannel. They are issued at the beginning of a winter campaign on the Indian frontier, being much thicker, and more convenient, than the ordinary military overcoat. *Guthri* in Hindostani means a thick padded substance.

on the 20th. It is true that they had not nearly so numerous an enemy to deal with, and that the threat of the third brigade in their rear must have had a great moral effect upon the tribesmen; but this brigade arrived too late on the scene to be of any assistance in the actual capture of the position, having been detained by the extraordinary difficulties of the circuitous route it had been obliged to take to carry out its turning movement, and consequently the whole brunt of the fight fell upon the troops of the fourth brigade detailed for the frontal attack.

All this took place before midday, and nothing so far could have been more satisfactory. Down at Shinawari we wondered why the Second Division remained so long out, and were a little surprised when dinner-time arrived with still no sign of their return. It was not till nearly ten o'clock in the evening, that news of further and less successful fighting reached the camp. One of the companies of the regiment was on picquet-duty that evening at the corner of the camp where the road came in from the Kotal, close also to the field-hospitals, and to them it became very soon abundantly clear from the number of dead and wounded brought in that there must have been much more serious fighting than we had imagined. A sergeant came in driving before him two weary Kahars staggering under a long burden lashed to a bamboo pole: "'Ere, where am I to put this 'ere corpse?" Then followed three or four *dhoolies* with more lifeless burdens, and soon the doctors' hands were full enough. Men dribbled in by twos and threes, some just throwing themselves down on the ground where they were, as soon as they set foot inside the boundary wall, utterly spent. It was past eleven before the last few stumbled in, and some had

marched out at four in the morning, and none later than five. Most of the mischief had been done in evacuating Dargai. So soon as the retirement began the enemy, as usual, followed up and worried the rear-guard, composed in this instance of regiments of the third brigade, the Gordons and 15th Sikhs, who between them lost two officers and thirty-one men. The total losses in the day were ten killed and fifty-three wounded. Of these casualties forty-one occurred in the retirement from Dargai, and it cost one hundred and ninety-nine more to retake it!

Next morning some Sikh native officers were asking their Chief, "*Kya faida* (what was the use of it all)?" What indeed! It is difficult to point to any single purpose served, any object gained by that day's work. On the contrary, it must have deeply impressed upon the enemy the magnificent capabilities for defence of the Dargai position; of its supreme importance as the key to the passage over the Kotal they needed no lesson, as was clearly proved by the pains they had already taken to strengthen it by *sangars* before the 18th. It might have been imagined that the numerous watch-fires visible at and around Dargai for two or three nights previous to the 18th, and in still greater numbers after the 18th, would have conveyed some hint of the importance of the place, even without the opportunities of inspecting it afforded by its first occupation. The operations of the 18th are described in the despatches as a reconnaissance. The sole object of a reconnaissance is to gain information. If there was one thing made that day more manifest than another it was that the Dargai position was naturally well nigh impregnable; yet, while it was recognised that before the advance to Khorappa could be made two days

later "it would be necessary to clear the Dargai heights overlooking the road to the west," (to quote the words of the despatch,) the whole advantage of their capture was thrown away by the order to evacuate. The troops of the two brigades of the Second Division started on the morning of the 18th with rations for the day only, and it was never intended originally that they should retain possession of the heights. Nevertheless when the position had been captured, the advisability of remaining there occurred so forcibly to General Westmacott, commanding the fourth brigade, that the order to evacuate evidently came as a surprise. Before complying with the order General Westmacott referred to Sir Power Palmer, who confirmed it on hearing that it had come direct from head-quarters. It is worth noting also that the fourth brigade had with them their greatcoats and water, and were so far in a much better position for bivouacking on the ground for the night than the troops on the evening of the 20th, who had neither.

The fact is that the Afridis completely upset all calculations by moving up in force from the Khanki valley, and offering so stubborn a resistance at Dargai on the 20th. All previous information had pointed to a belief that they intended to make their principal stand at the Sempagha, which was understood to present far more formidable difficulties to an assault than the event proved. The orders for the advance to the Sempagha, issued on the 17th, bear witness that no considerable resistance was anticipated short of that point. Not till the evening of the 19th was it realised that the enemy were proposing seriously to dispute the passage over the Chagru Kotal. Had this been foreseen, and had not the idea taken

root that the Afridis were too busily engaged in fortifying the passes over the Sempagha and Arhanga into their own territory to be able to lend much assistance to the Orakzais on the Samana side of the Khanki river, there can be little doubt that a sufficient force would have been left on the 18th in possession of the Dargai heights to hold them against all comers, and so avoid the necessity of recapturing them on the 20th.

Colonel Hutchinson, in his book, *THE CAMPAIGN IN TIRAH*, states, as the principal excuse for the failure to hold the Dargai heights, when they had once been captured, that,— "The water-supply of Dargai was at a spot called Khand Talao, nearly three miles away to the west, and the road to it was commanded throughout by adjacent heights, so that, in the presence of an enemy, water could not have been obtained for the troops unless these heights, as well as the village of Dargai, had been held in force." This statement is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that, on the excellent map of the position which he gives three pages before, are clearly marked both the small *talao* (or tank) a hundred yards below the village, containing muddy but not undrinkable water, which we used at first on the morning of the 21st, and also the larger tank some five hundred yards further to the east, which would have afforded a sufficient supply of excellent drinking-water to last a brigade for a week. The village lies, not on the top of the cliff where the enemy's *sangars* were constructed, but on the southern slope of the Narik Suk, on which we bivouacked for three nights after the battle. The summit of the Narik Suk completely dominates the village and the reverse slope of the

enemy's position, and commands an extensive view of the country for miles around. It is strewn with large rocks, very much like a Dartmoor tor, and abounds in natural cover. A battalion left there on the 18th could have set at defiance any number of tribesmen, and, supported by another battalion on the Kotal to connect it with the base and furnish it with supplies, could with little difficulty, in conjunction with the troops already in possession of the Samana across the valley, have effectually prevented any attempt of the Afridis to come up to meet us from the Khanki valley. But it is easy to be wise after the event.

On that date was begun the advance of the Second Division under General Yeatman Biggs to Khorappa, in accordance with the original programme, which was only modified so far that the fourth brigade, which at first was to have followed the third on the 21st, was now ordered to accompany it. Two of the regiments of the fourth brigade, the North-amptons and 36th Sikhs, were up in the forts on the Samana, and they were to protect the right flank of the advance. At the last moment two regiments of the First Division, the 3rd Sikhs and ourselves, were placed at the disposal of the General commanding the Second Division to assist him in the frontal attack on Dargai; though the general idea seems rather to have been that they should hold the enemy in check on the left flank while the Second Division continued its advance to Khorappa, that the enemy, threatened in rear, would then retire from Dargai, and that no serious attack on the position would be necessary. A message to this effect came from Sir William Lockhart on the Samana Suk during the battle.

On the evening of the 19th we

turned in for the night at Shinawari in the full belief that we were to remain quietly there for another two days, little expecting what the morrow held in store for us. At one o'clock our Commanding Officer, Colonel Dowse, was roused up by a Staff-officer who brought the order for us to parade at five, and accompany the Second Division to the Chagru Kotal for the day, returning to camp the same evening. This extremely short notice did not allow of any but the scantiest preparations in the way of food for a long day's work; but before they fell in most of the men got some hot tea, and each had some beef and biscuit served out to him to put in his haversack. Officers regaled themselves on biscuits and cocoa, and the mess-sergeant had provided substantial sandwiches to be taken with us. Half-past four in the morning is not an hour at which cold slabs of meat appeal to even the most robust appetite, and the light refreshment carried in our haversacks was practically all the food we had till noon on the following day.

It was still dark when we paraded and marched off to the corner of the camp where the road to the Kotal began. The advanced guard, composed of the 2nd Gurkhas, had started at half-past four; and these were followed by the two British regiments of the third (General Kempster's) brigade, two mountain-batteries, and then ourselves. A third mountain-battery overtook and passed us about half-way up the hill. The road up to the top of the Kotal was by that time fairly good, as for the last fortnight or more there had been large working-parties engaged upon it, and the men were able to march up most of the five miles to the summit four abreast. But there were constant

checks and delays, every few minutes almost, so that, although the gradients of the road were nowhere severe, it took us the best part of four hours to reach a square ruined tower that stood on the top of the Kotal, commanding a view down on both sides. By the time we got there, about ten o'clock, the Gurkhas and Dorsets had already been sent off to the left of the road in the direction of the Dargai heights, and the three batteries had taken up a position close below the tower, from which they had just begun to open a slow continuous fire at a range of eighteen hundred yards upon the crest. Later on the 9th mountain-battery on the Samana Suk joined their fire to that of the three on the Kotal from a distance of twenty-five hundred yards, right across the valley, but ceased fire very soon as their shells appeared to be falling short. The other three continued firing for upwards of four hours, expending over thirteen hundred rounds, but it is doubtful whether they produced much effect until the last moment before the final charge, when the eighteen guns concentrated a rapid fire for three minutes upon the particular spot upon which the assault was directed.

The word *kotal* appears to mean the summit of a pass leading from one valley into another over a gap or depression in a mountain ridge, or between two ranges. Thus the Chagru Kotal is at the top of the hill, five thousand five hundred and twenty-five feet high, between the plain on the southern or Shinawari side of the Samana range and the Khanki valley, but at the lowest point of the gap between the Samana Suk, or western extremity of that part of the Samana range on which stand Forts Gulistan, Saragheri, and Lockhart, and the heights above Dargai. These heights, continued to

the north beyond the village of Dargai, form what is called the Narik Suk, from which a rough track drops down into the Narik Darra a short distance above its junction with the Chagru defile, which again meets the Khanki river almost at right angles some two miles further on again. The road from Shinawari to the Khanki valley runs very nearly due north. At the Chagru Kotal it is overlooked on the east by the Samana Suk, a steep cliff rising precipitously to a height of some seven hundred feet above it at a distance of from seven to eight hundred yards. Opposite and nearly parallel to this, on the western side of the Kotal but a thousand yards further from it, are the Dargai heights, which attain an elevation of slightly over sixty-six hundred feet, eleven hundred feet above the Chagru Kotal. Although the range from the Kotal to the enemy's *sangars* on the top of the heights was only eighteen hundred yards, the distance to be traversed on foot was about a couple of miles. For the first mile or more the track followed a tolerably level course, until passing through the village of Mamu Khan, it took a sharp turn to the right and began to wind up a very steep watercourse, which became gradually narrower as it neared the top of a ridge running roughly parallel to the enemy's position and connected with it by a narrow *col* or saddle. This ridge was four hundred feet lower than the crest of the position, and some three hundred and fifty yards from the foot of it. The angle of descent from the enemy's position to the top of the ridge, or rather to the narrow gap at which alone it was possible to cross the ridge, was less steep than the slope from the gap downwards. Consequently, except at a point not far beyond the village of Mamu Khan,

which was too distant from the position to be of any consequence, the attacking force was not exposed to the enemy's fire until they reached the gap. The approach to the gap was, as has been already stated, up a watercourse which narrowed at the top until it formed a sort of funnel not wide enough to admit of the passage of more than two or three men abreast, who as they issued from it found themselves on the end of a narrow ledge, three hundred and fifty yards long to the foot of the position, exposed every inch of the way to a murderous fire from half a mile of fortified crest, thickly studded with an invisible enemy, who were deadly shots at eight hundred yards, and who at this short distance made every other shot tell. Such was the position that had to be captured from a numerous and powerful enemy equipped largely with modern rifles, and sheltered behind stone *sangars* which three mountain-batteries (and occasionally a fourth) pounded for nearly five hours with no appreciable effect. A more veritable death-trap it is impossible to conceive.

When General Biggs arrived at the Kotal and saw in what force the enemy were occupying the Dargai heights, he ordered a direct attack to be launched at them at once, the 2nd Gurkhas leading, supported by the Dorsets, with the Gordons in reserve, while the Derbys were to fire long-range volleys at twelve hundred yards from the village of Mamu Khan. This original order was subsequently so far modified that, on the representation of Colonel Mathias that his regiment were still somewhat fatigued after their severe fighting two days previously, we were detailed to take their place in the third line, and the Gordons were ordered to fire the long-range volleys from Mamu Khan. As the battalion

passed General Biggs at the Kotal, Colonel Dowse received orders from him that the Derbyshire were to form the third line, also that when the Dorsets advanced from the spot where those regiments were to concentrate, which the General pointed out, the Derbys were to cover their advance by fire. These dispositions were no doubt communicated to officers commanding corps at the head of the long drawn-out columns, but certainly could not penetrate very far back. The companies in rear could really do no more than play the game of Follow my Leader, without any notion as to the why or wherefore. The sight of groups of dingy figures clustered round standards on the top of a distant hill conveyed no certainty of any immediate fighting, until the welcome sound of guns booming from the Kotal stirred our pulses and quickened our footsteps, like a band striking up at the end of a weary march, with the hope that now at last we were to be engaged with this elusive enemy.

The path from the Kotal towards Dargai was only a narrow track along which it was impossible to advance except in single file, so that a battalion spread over a good half mile of it, and the Gurkhas and most of the Dorsets were already out of sight before the head of our battalion advanced upon it. After winding along this for about a mile, more or less on the level and fairly good going, we reached Mamu Khan, which had been set on fire on the 18th and was smoking still. The Gordons, whom we had passed on leaving the road at the Kotal, occupied the village after we had passed through. A short distance beyond it the path ran along a level bit exposed to the enemy's fire, but too distant to matter. An occasional bullet would kick up the dust near us, but the enemy

evidently did not think it worth while to waste their ammunition at so long a range. Then the track (which after passing Mamu Khan could scarcely be recognised as a path) took a sharp turn to the right directly towards the position, and a stiff climb of about half a mile began, winding up a watercourse to the top of the ridge immediately beneath the position so steeply that men were obliged to make constant halts to recover their breath. This very steepness, however, had the immense advantage of affording complete protection from the enemy's fire.

When within some two hundred yards of the top we were halted. Anything like regular formation on such ground was out of the question. Companies sat or lay down at slight intervals, the men of each section grouped round their section-commander. What was going on above we could not tell, or why we were halted. The slope of the ground lessened somewhat for the last fifty yards or so below the gap at the top of the ridge, so that from the spot where we lay nothing whatever could be seen, either of our own fighting-line or of the enemy's position, except the left end of it far away on our right. The sound of continuous heavy firing, however, told that there was warm work forward. It was now about eleven, and many of the men opened their haversacks, having eaten nothing but a mouthful or two at five. The sun was just hot enough to make the shade of a single large ilex, that grew close to where the rear company had halted, worth going a few yards out of the way to lie down under. We sat there for what seemed an interminable length of time, though it cannot have been much over an hour. All the while the rattle of volleys above us went on incessantly, sometimes with increased volume as

a charge across the deadly open space was attempted. Constantly too the enemy's bullets, aimed too high at the crest of the lower ridge, sang shrilly and harmlessly away a few yards over our heads; while some four hundred feet or more, right above us, the shells from the batteries at the Kotal soared through the air on their way to the enemy's *sangars*. From Mamu Khan on our right rear we could hear the crack of the Gordons' long-range volleys, varied occasionally by the burr of the 16th Lancers' maxim on their right. Presently wounded men, chiefly Gurkhas at first, began to come down past us, some supported by their comrades, some borne on blood-stained stretchers; then followed a *dhoolie* containing a dead Gurkha officer; and still we sat, waiting. Before long dead men were being dragged down the steep slope by the legs, with scant ceremony. After all it did not hurt them, and the path had to be cleared.

It was not for some days afterwards that we heard what had been going on above us all the time; how two companies of the Gurkhas first, under their Commanding Officer, Colonel Travers, had charged across the deadly space from the gap, losing sixty-seven men in ten minutes; how the survivors established themselves under scanty cover close beneath the cliff; how the second rush of the Gurkhas, led by their Major, was hurled back over the gap, with Major Judge shot dead and Captain Robinson mortally wounded; how Colonel Travers signalled back to the rest of his men to remain where they were till reinforced; how the Dorsets in their turn made gallant and repeated efforts to support the Gurkhas, and had section after section swept away as soon as they emerged from the gap, losing more men than any British regiment that day.

On the crest of the lower ridge to the right of the gap were occa-

sional spots where cover could be obtained for firing volleys at the position above, though the steep *khud* in front made any advance there impossible. Some companies of the Dorsets occupied these and kept up a heavy fire on the position, especially when a rush was made from the gap. While we sat below in reserve a cry came down of "More ammunition for the Dorsets." The message was flashed down accordingly, and soon three ammunition-mules appeared at the foot of the steep climb about half a mile below us, where the track skirted the side of a very precipitous hill. The leading mule came to a very bad bit of path, did not like the look of it, jibbed, backed, got his hind-legs over the edge, made frantic efforts to recover his footing, was dragged down by the weight of the ammunition-boxes, and rolled over and over down out of sight. The second mule promptly followed his example, deliberately and without any fuss, nearly dragging a driver down with him. Transport-officers, and others familiar with the ways of the mule, will tell you that instances are not uncommon when mules, weary of carrying heavy loads over frightful tracks, grow sick of life, and purposely commit suicide over the nearest precipice. This looked remarkably like an instance of it. The third beast (which, by the way, was not a mule but a long-legged weed of a pony) let itself be coaxed along a little further, then took fright, reared up close to the edge, fell backwards and went down head over heels after the mules, with the last of the Dorsets' reserve ammunition. Incredible as it may appear, both the mules were got up subsequently little the worse for their fall, nor was any of the ammunition on this occasion left as a present for the enemy.

Shortly after this A. company of the Derbys under Captain Menzies, and C. under Major Wylly, were ordered up to relieve the Dorsets in the firing-line, covering the advance or attempted advance through the gap. "They have our range all right," said the Dorset officer whom Captain Menzies relieved, as he showed him a bullet-hole through his helmet. Any man exposing himself for one moment there was immediately fired at, while the Afridis above had made so excellent a use of cover that not a man among them was visible, the smoke of their rifles offering the only guide for the direction of our fire. Next B., D., and E. companies were ordered up to the gap. B. had marched out of camp in the rear of the battalion, and E. immediately preceded them. This order had been maintained throughout, so that D. went up first, followed at intervals by E. and B. As these companies scrambled up to reach the point where the slope lessened, fifty yards or so beneath the gap, they came within view, for the first time at close quarters, of the enemy's position and of the state of things at the gap. Right opposite only three hundred and fifty yards away, rose a line of almost sheer cliff four hundred feet above us, lined for a length of some four hundred yards with an invisible enemy whose rifles and *jezails* (mostly rifles) were all levelled at the gap. Away to our right, out of sight from this spot, the cliff took a sharp turn backwards and became less precipitous, and it was round this turn that the track eventually followed led to the top. The gap itself, formed by the water-course narrowing to a funnel-end at the top, was bounded on the left by a large perpendicular piece of rock, and on the right by a jagged stony

crest with an impossible descent on the further side. But the most hopeless part of the whole thing was the frightful block in the gap. There must have been some three to four hundred men jammed together there, several wounded among them. Right in the mouth of the gap, and plastered against the rock on the left, squatted a number of Gurkhas, officerless, dogged, and sullen, thirsting to revenge the slaughter of their comrades. The heroism of Colonel Travers's gallant regiment, who bore the brunt of the first assault and suffered more heavily than any regiment engaged, has not been so generally recognised as it deserved. Immediately behind them, completing the block, were a mass of Dorsets. So densely packed were all these men, and so encumbered with wounded, that, until a line through them was cleared (as was done for the Gordons) it was only possible for any fresh troops to elbow a way through slowly one by one, and the continuous stream necessary to carry the place with a rush (the only chance of success) was then a physical impossibility. Nevertheless Captain Smith, who commanded D. company, the first of ours to come up, forced his way through the mass, and followed by his subaltern Pennell, and three or four more men of the company who managed to struggle through at short intervals, made a dash across the gap into the open under a murderous hail of bullets. Before he had gone more than a few yards he fell, shot through the head, and the men behind him were mown down, Private Dunn killed on the spot, and Private Pomerth mortally wounded. Pennell, not knowing his Captain was dead, won a Victoria Cross, by making gallant efforts to carry him back under

cover. He got him some way with difficulty, and seeing some men lying on the ground called to them to assist. No answer came at first, until a man of the Dorsets lifted his head and answered, "We're all wounded, Sir, except those that are dead." Then, seeing that it was hopeless, he placed poor Smith's helmet over his face, the enemy's bullets whizzing around him all the time, and made for the shelter of the gap again. Another small party with Lieutenant Way fared no better. Way escaped with a bullet through the edge of one of his putties. Keeling, the colour-sergeant, and Spick, a private of D. company, were both severely wounded almost as soon as they crossed the gap. Both the men were subsequently awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. Way, for unknown reasons, although his name, with those of other officers, was brought forward, never was even mentioned in despatches.

The crowd beneath the gap only grew deeper and denser as each successive company clambered up. Colonel Dowse told the officer in command of the Dorsets, who had now been engaged for a long time, that if they would make room he would charge across with the fresh troops of his regiment. This course, however, did not commend itself to the Dorset Colonel, who was the senior, and the block continued. Our men and the Dorsets became very much mixed up, and all being dressed alike it was difficult for officers to distinguish their own men. No very clear orders had been communicated as to how the attack was to be driven home, and most of the company commanders were under the impression that they were merely fighting a containing action in front, while other troops carried out a turning movement

to attack the enemy's flank. We had no knowledge at the time that the position had been stormed from this identical spot before, and all that could be seen of it tended to confirm a doubt whether the cliff in front of us could be scaled even if the foot of it were gained. The enemy's attention having been directed to the gap as the one means of approach by the first few rushes, a man had now but to show his helmet above the gap to draw down a torrent of bullets on the spot. Now and again small sections would still break away from the head of the crowd, and with magnificent courage attempt to run the gauntlet of that terrible fire ; but only to add to the dead and wounded that strewed the track beyond, a piteous spectacle of heroic but unavailing effort ; while the exultant enemy waved his standards and yelled defiance from the heights above.

Men grew disheartened. Such fire could be faced no more. There was a dreadful pause for a full half hour during which the attack stood still. A message was flashed down to General Biggs that the troops could not advance. The engagement had lasted now four hours and success seemed no nearer than at the beginning. The assault so far had failed, and failed completely. It was two o'clock ; none of the Second Division had advanced a step beyond the Kotal towards Khorappa, and things looked remarkably ugly.

But the time and the man were now at hand. More than an hour before the Gordons had been ordered up from Mamu Khan (where their long-range volleys can hardly have been very effective) to reinforce the attack, and the 3rd Sikhs not long after them. These fresh troops had now climbed up to within a few hundred yards of the gap, and a signaller brought a message to our

Colonel from the General to say : "The Gordons and 3rd Sikhs will attack ; Derbys and Gurkhas in support ; Dorsets in third line." Soon after the red tabs of a Staff-officer or two appeared (Staff-officers up to this point had been conspicuously absent) and we were ordered to withdraw our companies aside. Then arose a cheer from the spot below where Colonel Mathias, very much the right man in the right place, had halted and closed up his regiment, and addressed them in that famous speech which will ever be connected in history with the name of Dargai : "Highlanders, the General says the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordons will take it." If ever one man's cool assurance and unbounded confidence in his regiment helped to turn impending disaster into brilliant success it was done by Colonel Mathias's few strong words that afternoon. Roused to fierce enthusiasm by their leader's stirring speech and by the familiar skirl of the pipes, the Highlanders leaped to the assault. Up they came, a long thin string of men with stern, set faces, stumbling, scrambling up the steep, in a frenzy of courage not to be gainsaid, amid occasional spasmodic gasps from the pipes, and cheers from any who had breath to utter, a sight for those who witnessed it to remember all their lives.

But no longer was the attack to be attempted by the fruitless valour of small detachments and dribblets of men struggling out through a crowded mass. As the Gordons neared the gap the word was passed up and shouted along to "clear a line for the Gordons," and the mass above surged and swayed apart, leaving a narrow pathway clear.

The Gordons enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being to a certain extent familiar with the ground, from

having descended from Dargai two days before by the very path which they were now about to ascend. They therefore knew that, when once the dangerous space to the foot of the cliff was crossed, the heights could be scaled. The other troops, who had been hitherto engaged, laboured under a horrible uncertainty as to whether they would be in any better position to gain the heights after crossing this space. The Dorset officers said, after their first charge, that they could not find a path across, that they rushed forward only to find themselves on the brink of a precipice. Moreover shortly before the Gordons' advance General Kempster had asked for a rapid artillery fire to be concentrated on the enemy's *sangars*, and at this moment a perfect avalanche of shot and shell broke from the eighteen guns on the Kotal and swept over our heads upon the position. Under cover of this, combined with a torrent of independent fire from the Dorsets, Derbys, and Gurkhas, the Gordons streamed through the gap, one after another as fast as they could clamber up, and dashed across the open space beyond. Bullets whistled and spat all around them as thick as ever, but, though a large number were wounded, fortune so far favoured them that only one officer and two men were actually killed, a smaller number than that lost by any of the other regiments. Probably the enemy's fire grew wild and inaccurate under the storm of shrapnel that rained upon their *sangars*, aided by the sight of the now at last continuous stream of men pouring through the gap; for in quantity at least it had not abated one whit at first. In a momentary pause, after the first two groups of Gordons had passed, a company of

the Derbys started up and followed them, and then another, and then, as from a dam let loose, the long pent-up mass at the gap broke through, and an indiscriminate crowd of Gordons, Derbys, Dorsets, Sikhs and Gurkhas were rushing pell-mell across the open.

The day was won. Whether it was, as some think, that the enemy's supply of ammunition was running short after the five hours' fight, or whether they were cowed by their failure to stay the advance to the foot of their position, they broke and fled when the leading troops were still two hundred yards below them. The final storming of the steep track to the crest, which a few resolute men amply supplied with ammunition might still have made impossible, was accomplished unresisted. When, at three o'clock precisely, the heights were crowned, beyond some splashes of blood and heaps of empty cartridge-cases, no sign was visible of Afridi or Orakzai, alive or dead. This seems to preclude the belief that their losses can have been very heavy. Ours amounted all told to one hundred and ninety-nine, including three officers killed, ten wounded (one fatally), and thirty-three men killed. As the troops scrambled up on to the top of the cliff they rapidly formed up under their own company commanders ready for further orders; but for that day fighting was over. Colonel Mathias at once called for a signaller from the nearest company, which happened to be E. company of the Derbys, and Captain Bowman placed at his disposal the signaller by whom he sent a message down to the General at the Kotal to announce that the position was now in our hands.

A. K. SLESSOR, *Captain*
Derbyshire Regiment.

LADY LOUISA STUART.

1.—*LADY LOUISA STUART: Selections from her Manuscripts*; edited by the Hon. James H. Home. Edinburgh, 1899.

2.—*GLEANINGS FROM AN OLD PORTFOLIO*; edited by Mrs. Godfrey Clark. Three volumes, printed for private circulation, 1895.

THERE is a rage nowadays for the productions of the last century; no pictures sell so readily as those which represent ladies and gentlemen with their hair powdered, and we buy (all of us who can afford such luxuries) the furniture, the china, the prints, and the silver of the eighteenth century, —or at least colourable imitations of those things. But unhappily that which was most charming and most characteristic in the time of our great-grandfathers is not to be recovered by money; no curiosity shop can provide us with the people themselves. The best we can do is to study that racy and vigorous life of theirs as it survives, faintly indeed but authentically mirrored in the memoirs and the letters of the time. And of all the men and women who have left these records, whether as deliberate pieces of literary portraiture, or in the half-conscious art of letter-writing, very few indeed are better worth reading than Lord Bute's youngest daughter, Lady Louisa Stuart.

Lady Louisa was born in 1757, six years before her father became George the Third's Prime-Minister, and she lived on till 1851. Fortunate are those now living who can claim to have been acquainted with this most charming and least old-maidish of old maids in the days when she still lived at the house in Gloucester Place, which was her home for more than half a century before

she died,—breaking probably in her death the last link which bound the society painted by Sir Joshua to that which Millais has set on canvas. Happily, she has left much behind her. All her life through she wrote for her own pleasure, and all her life through she wrote for the pleasure of her friends; but it is only within the last few years that any of her writings have become accessible. Lockhart's *LIFE OF SCOTT* revealed the fact that she was for many years among the most favoured correspondents of Sir Walter, and several of his letters to her (some of the best he ever wrote) were printed in the great biography, but very few of hers to him. When the *FAMILIAR LETTERS* were issued in 1894 her share in the correspondence appeared at greater length; and in 1895 Mrs. Godfrey Clark, the inheritor of her manuscripts, edited, for private circulation, three large volumes of letters written by her and by her personal intimates. These letters begin in 1778 but they only go as far as 1813, a year marked by the deaths of Lady Louisa's favourite sister, and one of her chief friends, Lady Ailesbury. A supplement is now promised by Mr. Home, who has just edited a selection from her manuscripts and has published the volume for all the world to read and buy if they are wise. Out of these materials I propose to compile some account of this charming lady and her surroundings.

Lord Bute, Lady Louisa's father, is a historical figure too well known to need comment. After his brief and stormy tenure of office he settled down into a sullen retirement, and devoted himself to the ruling passion of an age in which every Englishman of fortune was as great a builder as Juvenal's Cetrionius. Luton Hoo, his great place in Bedfordshire, was designed by Adams and the grounds laid out by "Capability" Brown, the landscape-gardener, whose name and fame appear almost as often as Sir Joshua's in the memoirs of that period; and when Luton was finished he turned his energies to Highcliffe, his house at Christ Church. Lady Louisa was a young child when her father's name was detested everywhere except at Court, too young to be interested in his fortunes; and as she grew older, if she loved him, there is no trace of it in her writings.

At all events, whatever she may have felt towards her father, she frankly detested Luton. "The Luton influenza has seized me," she writes; "I am half in the vapours already what with the place itself and the politics I hear talked." That was written in 1778, when she was one-and-twenty and just returned from a visit, with her mother, to a cottage at Wharnccliffe which her mother owned. She loved Yorkshire, as indeed she always loved all wild and romantic scenery; and she loved her mother, who, as befitted the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was a woman of great personal charm. Lady Louisa was the youngest of a long family; she was only four when her eldest sister, Lady Lonsdale, married; and at one-and-twenty she was the only daughter left at home. Circumstances thus naturally threw her into close intimacy with her mother,

who was not only witty, but a kindly, gentle, and eminently lovable woman; and they also set her against her father. Lady Louisa was not likely to make a great match, for she was plain and, though brilliant, she was shy and retiring, at all events as a girl; and she was not an easy person to marry off respectably and conveniently, for she had the fastidiousness which goes with intelligence. She wanted to marry; but she wanted to marry a particular person, and he was a soldier with nothing but his profession, a cousin of her own, Mr. William Medows. Lord Bute refused to hear of the marriage; Medows went to India (where he became a very distinguished officer) and that, more than any other reason, is why Lady Louisa had the vapours at Luton. The first volume of her letters goes down to 1784 when she was seven-and-twenty, and they show a discontented moping young woman. If she was bored at Luton she was worse bored in London; "Really the *ennui* and melancholy of it is past conception, and when I think how long our winter is I could cry. It is certainly lucky no good, sober farmer comes in my way, for I might not resist the temptation." She was already exhorting a friend who was not contented to "lead apes in hell," to do as she did and "say not *I can't*, nor *I shan't*, but *I won't* marry." It was not that chances did not come her way. No less a person than Dundas (then Lord-Advocate of Scotland) intimated his intentions pretty plainly. Lady Portarlington, her favourite sister and chief correspondent, would have had her accept, "as you are better suited than most people to a man older than you." Lady Macartney, another sister, wrote to Lady Portarlington that the marriage was very desirable, for that Dundas was very passionate about

it, declaring it the greatest disgrace of the age that Lady Louisa should still be called by her maiden name. However Dundas was at this time divorced from his wife and had four or five children, two of them grown-up daughters. Moreover when he paid a call upon Lady Macartney, partly on affairs of State, partly to forward his suit, he thought it not amiss to make advances to Lady Macartney herself. She observes, very ingenuously, that his feeling for Lady Louisa must be sincere, "since at the time he meant to be very gracious to me he could not help making declaration of his passion for her." It is perhaps not to be wondered that Lady Louisa did not close with the opportunity; though she certainly thought twice about it, for "the bonny Dundas" (so her set spoke of him) was an enterprising wooer and taking her in to dinner one day "made a bold push" towards visiting her in the morning, this apparently being the accepted hour for a gentleman to pay his addresses. "Though the father of those great women he is so handsome and so gallant withal," she writes, "that it is dangerous to look upon him as *un homme sans conséquence*." Matters were never allowed to come to a point, and another suitor succeeded him—a Mr. Villiers,—and again all the relatives urged matrimony. Yet, though Lady Louisa was now turned of thirty, she could not conquer her aversion to "marriages in cold blood for esteem, good opinion, convenience, and anything else prudent people embellish indifference with," which seemed to her "an uncomfortable prospect to anybody who has known what it is to like heartily." The truth was that the old liking was not dead and done with; in 1793 her first love, now General Sir William Medows, came home from India, where he had

distinguished himself at the storming of Seringapatam and elsewhere, and he brought a wife with him. The connection between the families rendered it inevitable that they should meet, and they did so on the friendliest terms, but Lady Louisa wrote in very low spirits from Tunbridge Wells, when she and her mother went to stay with Sir William. After this there is no more talk of marrying. In 1794 Lady Bute died and her daughter became her own mistress at the age of thirty-seven, with no one to consider but herself, and from that time onward led a far more cheerful existence.

The pleasantness of life began late for her, as it does for a good many women of her temperament, and she was probably far more agreeable at thirty than at twenty, and at forty than at thirty. As a girl, whether from listlessness or delicacy, she does not seem to have had strength for enjoying herself, nor many opportunities of going into the world. Her early letters have not a girl's natural enthusiasm about dances and festivities; if she mentions any detail it is generally some *contre-temps* as when she went to Ranelagh with the very eccentric Lady Mary Coke.

I have nothing to tell you of it except that I was seized by a drunken beau and kindly invited to drink coffee—fairly picked up, in short—a thing I had no notion one could possibly be exposed to there. Lady Mary chose to be violently frightened and instead of walking quietly out of the man's way, would whisk backwards and forwards, and run about and stop everybody that we met to tell the story. I could not help muttering that we had better not make people think we were drunk ourselves.

Even when she was eight-and-twenty and beginning to take the world more philosophically she goes to a ball, dances, and being tired

next day rails at herself for "an old fool" who is "past having pleasure in hopping about." It was little solace to her that a Campbell cousin had danced two dances with her (to allow more was against her rule), and then stuck at her elbow all night, and finally proved his affection by throwing a plate of soup over her gown at supper. Her main impression of the evening is that she was heartily sick of being "so be-cousined." "The *comme il faut*, among the men," she notes, "disdained dancing above a dance or two." When was the period of energy in fashionable life? Each age reproaches itself with a falling off in this respect.

At thirty or thereabouts, if one may judge from the correspondence, Lady Louisa arrived at the happy period when people possessed of brains, but denied an exciting or wholly congenial part in life, find that there is still that of an amused spectator open to them, and from this period onward Lady Louisa's letters become much more entertaining. She still goes to balls, though, having two to get through on one night, she wishes she could divide them to two poor girls who would give their ears for them. But she goes, and she sees, and she amuses herself. Sometimes there was a good deal to be amused at; for instance at a magnificent ball given by Lord and Lady Hopetown, for which the Prince of Wales had named the day himself. "But lo! at twelve o'clock in *reeled* his R.H. pale as ashes, with glazed eyes set in his head and in short almost stupefied. The duchess of Cumberland made him sit down by her and kept him tolerably peaceable till they went down to supper." Then unhappily the trouble began. When the next relay of supper-seekers came

down they found the Heir-Apparent "posted in the doorway to the terror of all that went by." No wonder, for he embraced one duchess, and kissed her "with a great *smack*," threatened to pull off a nobleman's wig and knock out his false teeth, and in short afforded a most edifying spectacle till his friends hustled him away into his carriage.

With these outside comedies was mixed up the comedy of Lady Louisa's own love-affairs, a comedy that was not without a background of melancholy. Her suitor, Mr. Villiers, was a friend; she wanted to retain the friend by declining to be aware of the suitor. To pique her, he ostentatiously neglected her and devoted himself to other women; she laughed at the manœuvre, but cried to think how once before she had seen another man act in the same way; but then it was because she was hiding her feelings; now she had no feelings to hide. She was still too young to be contented with her part of spectator; but she was a spectator and a keen one. Witness her admirable description of the first Birthday Drawing-Room given in March, 1789, after the King's first recovery. The crowd was such that, many women were swooning, crying, and screaming: "I was so squeezed and demolished myself, I was very near crying, and trembled so when I was *thrown out* upon the Queen, I did not know what she said to me." Still more wonderful was the cost of loyalty in those days. There was to be a *fête* at Windsor, when all the men were to appear in the costume of the King's Hunt, the ladies in dresses of the same colour, deep blue trimmed with scarlet and gold. Each of these dresses was to cost £30, and all were to be made by one milliner. Then White's Club was to give a ball, at which all

ladies were to appear in a uniform costume of white and gold with a medal round their necks. "Add the expense of the Court dress for last Thursday, (which was made a birthday) and you will see that a good subject cannot be dressed for these three days under a hundred pounds." Lady Louisa comments sharply on the petty and feminine trait exhibited by the Queen in turning from all the melancholy scenes and political complications occasioned by George the Third's affliction to inventing new and fantastic fashions. Nearly everybody went to Court with some motto in their cap; two or three ladies even had stuck there a huge print on satin in a frame which showed Britannia kneeling to give thanks. After that, says Lady Louisa, what is left of the old expression about putting one's shoes upon one's head? "People put there so many stranger things than their shoes." She notes, too, the increase in petticoat politics after the King's illness. He gives way more than he used to do to the Queen, and, "I am sure he would no more have let all the ladies and governesses and chambermaids about the family prattle politics in the manner they do now, this time twelvemonth, than he would have let them sign papers for him."

Mother and daughter appear to have been inseparable. But in 1792 Lord Bute died, and two years later his wife followed him. The anxiety which most strongly manifests itself in the family letters at this time is for Lady Louisa, who was not of a nature to take such a separation lightly. Yet as a matter of fact, the impression is not to be resisted that from this time onward she became a much happier woman. She lived her own life, curtailed her attendances at Court, and was able to pursue her own friendships unreservedly. Chief of

these was her close alliance with the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Frances Scott, second wife of Lord Douglas. In 1799 she went for the first time to Dalkeith, and this became thenceforward an almost annual visit. It was at Dalkeith and at Bothwell, the home of Lord Douglas, that she formed the most famous of all her friendships with Walter Scott, the only man outside her own family with whom she maintained a correspondence, so far as we can judge from the selection published. Yet there must for a time have been a great silence and loneliness in her life, when she settled down with her old maid-servant to live in Gloucester Place. The first letter after her mother's death that is published dates from 1798, and in it she writes to the Duchess of Buccleuch an account of an entertainment given by Lord and Lady Dalkeith in the Duchess's town-house. It was a pretty crowd she said, for those who had real beauty were seen to advantage in those days.

I fear one must add, real youth, for if you did see the old brown faces in black wigs! the yellow necks set forth to view! and the transparent dresses that leave you certain there is no chemise beneath. The figures one meets walking in the street with footmen behind them are exactly what Crébillon would have painted lying on a sofa to receive a lover. And in a high wind! Men's clothes outright would be modesty in comparison. Don't imagine me an old maid growling at the young people, for some of the most remarkable statues in wet drapery are very fully my contemporaries at least.

One may add to that her commentary on the men, written in 1802.

I dare not, being an old maid, utter such a word, but I do wish young men were once more taught to dance and fence and made a little like *gentlemen*! and when they have very *thin, nasty, yellow* or *red* hair, or very *greasy* black [the case she had in view] I wish they would wear a little powder.

There are numberless things in her letters of this period that one would gladly quote. Was she really the inventor of a famous saying when she wrote of Lady Diana Le Fleming, "The bloom of her ugliness has gone off"? And how many people know where Lord Beaconsfield found his "extinct volcano"? Wilkes used the phrase of himself, and Lady Louisa quotes him. Her impressions of the Lakes (where she makes no mention of the Lake poets) in the first year of this century are worth reading, if only to find in them perhaps the earliest outcry against the invasion of tourists in search of the picturesque. Lady Louisa walked over the country boldly, unlike the heroine of that day in fiction. "Use legs and have them" is a proverb that she quotes with approbation. She liked the scenery and she liked the people, and she praises the North Country way of "speaking a kind blunt word to you as they pass, man, woman and child, 'Goodmorrow' or 'Goode'en,' 'a fine day' or 'a cold night.' There is something of ancient manners in it, one human being acknowledging another with benevolence that is much more agreeable to me than their being respectful." Aristocrat to her fingertips, she liked the dalesmen who loved to trace their occupation of the same farm from father to son through as many steps as "would make a proud pedigree for a peer." And, aristocrat that she was, she disliked and despised the ostentation of a Court which at that time was deeply tainted with vulgarity. In 1807 she went back to it after an absence of two years and wrote her keen comment on the squabbles between Prince and Princess. Her sympathies were rather with the woman, but especially she was averse to any kind of scandal and raking up of grievances. "Whatever tends to lower any one in the

public estimation must lower all, for they must all go together."

Her natural setting was among people who took their rank for granted and did not think that it needed display to distinguish them. The society in which she met Scott was probably the best that existed in those days, and some account must be given of that famous friendship. Lady Louisa had been given to literary composition from her childhood; indeed the first glimpse we get of her is a mention in Lady Mary Coke's journal of "Lady Bute's youngest daughter, a child of ten, who showed us the beginning of a French novel wrote by herself and informed us she was going to write a play; that the plan was fixed and was going to be taken from a Roman story." As she grew older, she contracted her ambitions and grew very much more reticent about them. Her older sisters, of whom indeed she never saw much, seem to have been wholly unaware that she wrote. But Mr. Home's book contains a half satirical apologue in verse called *THE FAIRIES' FROLIC* which was originally composed at seventeen, though Lady Louisa observes in her notes upon it (vastly more entertaining than the verse) that it had been many times rehandled. Its object at all events was to point the vanity of young ladies in seeking for exclusive triumphs, whether of beauty or of wit. There is also in the correspondence a pleasant story of a *jeu d'esprit* in which she took part. She was staying with Lady Douglas and her family at an inn in the Lakes and another party was in the house. Some one in this party scribbled on the window-shutter a copy of verses in praise of Lady Douglas's spaniel, Tiny, and these were read with delight. Presently Tiny was sent as an emissary bearing round his neck another set of rhymes

in reply, of which Lady Louisa was the author, and these attributed the authorship of the original copy to Mr. Morritt of Rokeby (then notable as a traveller in Greece), who was known to be one of the other party. Naturally all this interchange of wit led to an acquaintance from which sprang in the last resort the poem of *ROKEBY*; for it was in this way that Lady Louisa came to know Mr. Morritt and it was she who made Morritt known to Scott. Her actual correspondence with Scott began apparently in 1807, but the tenor of the first letter preserved proves sufficiently by its deference to her judgment that she had already given him reason to rate her critical faculty as highly and as justly as he did later when he wrote recommending Lady Louisa Stuart as the best possible critic for a budding author who had been commended to him.

I do not know a person who has half of her taste and talents, or could do a young author half so much good. Lady Louisa unites what are rarely found together—a perfect tact, such as few even in the higher classes attain, with an uncommon portion of that rare quality which is called genius. As a lady she has the art of communicating criticism without giving pain never having been a hackneyed author like some folks you know of.

He did not speak without warrant; the criticism which her letters contain was the best ever addressed to him, and she was not unworthy of her privileges. That is a large word: for she was one of those who heard him read at Buchanan House the newly written episode of the staghunt in the very days when he was personally experimenting upon the galloping exploits which in his *LADY OF THE LAKE* he ascribed to Fitzjames; she was in the secret when the *BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN* was being published anony-

mously; and she was among the very first to be officially let into the greater secret of the authorship of *TALES OF MY LANDLORD*. Not that it was a revelation. Lady Louisa wrote back that the possession of the secret would in no way encumber her for she was still "free to say what I believed since the first hour I read *WAVERLEY*, and should have gone on believing ever since, had you denied the charge with ever so good a grace." But the author's confidence revived in her the old delight which she, like many another shy woman (Mrs. Browning for instance) had known in going masked. There are pleasant references in her letters to this enjoyment and she recalls for Scott's benefit its peculiar fascination for her.

Hiding my face set my tongue at liberty, and as my habits were always retired I was precisely the last person in London whom my nearest friends could suspect of being the mark that teased them. Then came the enjoyment of their different accounts and conjectures for a week afterwards; and if I asked an innocent question "Pooh! it's a sort of thing *you* can't enter into." You see I have been in training for a conspirator.

And so she entered with delight into her harmless conspiracy and nothing else gives us so clearly as her letters the thrill of delight, the excitement, and the speculation which the early novels occasioned. Daily there were new reports; the *Tales* could not possibly be by the author of *WAVERLEY*; *WAVERLEY* was certainly Scott's; Scott could not write this, it is above him, and there is not his tiresome description of scenery. In Scotland other people were modestly confessing the authorship; in the houses of Buccleuch and Douglas there was knowledge, not conjecture. Scott's sister-in-law had "owned it a joint undertaking," and they were elaborately pointing out the palpable dif-

ference of hands,—“where the weaker pen was laid down and the stronger taken up.” And this delight to the lady in the mask was durable; even in 1818 writing to criticise ROB ROY, she tells how people still come to her “with a complacent delight in their own sagacity,” and give their reasons for discovering different authors,—no doubt with an acumen worthy of Homeric scholars in Germany.

WAVERLEY, her first love, was never entirely dethroned; but of those upon which we have her detailed verdict *THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN* most stirred her. True, she complained of the “lame huddled conclusion”; a complaint often repeated, for Scott did, as she says, “kick his books out of doors”; but she appreciated at its full value the marvellous achievement of making Jeanie Deans, “without youth, beauty, genius, warm passions, or any other novel perfection,” hold our sympathy and interest from beginning to end,—“enlisting the affections in the cause of virtue’ ten times more than ever Richardson did.” Her old family prejudices too were gratified by Scott’s portrait of John, Duke of Argyll, her great-uncle who had been like a father to her father, (for Lord Bute was left an orphan early) and who was a main subject of family tradition. All this tradition survives, for whoever cares to compare it with Scott’s novel, crystallised in the admirable memoir of the Duke and his family, which makes up about half Mr. Home’s book. The best that a reviewer can do in such a case is to recommend everybody to read for themselves; but it may add cogency to the recommendation to give some sketch of its contents.

The whole account of the Argyll circle is charged with the best spirit of comedy from the very outset, for there is no courtship on record more

curious than the Duke’s. He returned full of honours from Marlborough’s wars, handsome, witty, and married only in name to the daughter of a rich citizen, from whom he had long been separated. His experience of women had been such as to lead him to the belief that probably none was to be trusted, but certainly none that had brains. There was a maid-of-honour at Queen Anne’s Court, Mrs. Jenny Warburton, distinguished for nothing but her rusticity. This lady once owned in public with great simplicity her predilection for the Duke of Argyll, and was teased about it till she cried. Some one reported the matter to the Duke, and he decided to console her by his advances. But to his utter amazement neither his graces, nor his blandishments, nor his magnificent presents could win consent from this lady whom he believed to be suffering all the torments of love for himself. He thereupon conceived an opinion of her as the one paragon of female virtue, little suspecting that (as Lady Louisa points out) Mrs. Warburton had not an atom of romance in her composition, and had simply avowed in sheer *naïveté* a casual preference which any one else would probably have shared but not expressed. With the confidence of a perfectly cold temperament she continued for years to receive very equably the Duke’s visits every morning. This preference shown to her by so distinguished a person secured her retention among the maids-of-honour after Queen Anne’s death; and finally the Duke of Argyll’s wife died. Everybody was in a flutter, except Mrs. Warburton. The Duke wanted her to marry him out of hand, but she said “she would marry no man that had a wife above ground,” and insisted upon a full interval of six months before she

was joined to the most adoring of husbands. Time had no effect upon his devotion to this very plain and quite illiterate woman who repaid him with "a comfortable indifference." Portraits of her filled him with fury; but a miniature which purported to be his Duchess he carried proudly about, and would gaze upon the beautiful features and say, "There, that *is* my Jane." The fruits of this odd union were four daughters, who were brought up in a circle from which the Duchess rigorously excluded all "your clever women." Their father, whose opinion of female intellect has been stated, only interfered with their education so far as to forbid them learning French, "because one language was enough for a woman to talk in;" and their mother was mainly occupied with her troops of dogs and cats. Naturally the girls grew up as they pleased, and "became the most noisy hoydening girls in London." All married, and all developed a fine crop of eccentricities; but the youngest Lady Mary (habitually spoken of as Queen Mary in the family letters) threw the rest completely into the shade. She was a handsome woman, with plenty of brains and a taste, not for literature but, for records. "She heated her brains with history as others have done with romances," and dreamed of playing a great part on the world's stage till indeed she convinced herself that great princes courted, feared, or menaced her. If she was not famous she succeeded at least in being conspicuous. Her marriage was a comedy played for the town's diversion. It began with a betrothal in the ordinary business-like forms to Lord Coke the dissolute son of a dissolute father, Lord Leicester. Lady Mary at first smiled upon the suitor, but once he was accepted,

heaped upon him marks of a coyness approaching aversion. She was urged to break all off, but declared that "it would be time enough at the altar." Lady Louisa must keep the responsibility for the recital which follows; she wrote it, I may say, for the edification of the daughter of her dear friend Lady Douglas.

To the altar then she went (in April, 1747) and there, instead of an effectual "No," Catherine uttered the irrevocable "Yes," gave Petruchio her hand and submitted to be sacrificed. *But—but—* a circumstance awkward to hint at is, as you will find, the main hinge of the story. But rumour whispered that the sacrifice remained incomplete. To speak out, the bridegroom, who conceived he had a long score of insolence to pay off and was predetermined to mortify the fair bride by every means in his power, did not scruple entertaining his bottle-companions with a ludicrous detail of particulars. He found her ladyship, he said, in the mood of King Solomon's Egyptian captive—"Darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes"; prepared to become the wretched victim of abhorred compulsion. Therefore, coolly assuring her she was quite mistaken in apprehending any violence from him, he begged she would make herself easy and wished her a very good-night.

Her husband continued to neglect her and, though heaping endearments on her in company, devoted himself exclusively to his crop of wild oats, Lady Mary behaving with a meekness which leads her chronicler to observe that her "teeth and claws were not yet fully grown." Lord Leicester at first sided with his daughter-in-law, denounced his son, and laboured to bring about a reconciliation. But matters soon altered. Lord Leicester wanted an heir to his estates; but Lady Mary, having thus begun life with a really fine and notable grievance, was determined to make the most of it, and absolutely declined to accept of any atonement. Her husband carried her off to his own house at Holkham,

where she still resisted and began to give her case "a high historical colouring." She hinted, not obscurely, at suspicions of poisoning, and when her own maid was dismissed would not let the new one near her. Naturally all this paved the way for a lawsuit of the most imposing kind, and it was a great day for Lady Mary when she came forth from her supposed imprisonment, "feeble, squalid and in a wretched plight, dressed almost in tatters which (by the way) the Leicesters maintained that it was her good pleasure to wear, since her pin-money had never been withheld." Her husband played the comedy with spirit to the end. The mob pressed round to get a sight of her and broke the glass of her chair. "'Take care' said the tender husband as he handed her out of it, 'my dearest love, take care and do not hurt yourself.'" For the humours of her examination in court readers must be referred to Lady Louisa. The end was a separation, followed shortly by Lord Coke's death which left Lady Mary a free woman and a very eligible widow. However, such was her dignity of carriage that it deterred common mercenary adorers from approaching her with their proposals, and no suitable match presented itself. But the nobleman, who was then Lord March, and afterwards became at least notorious as Old Q., thought he could do no better than make love to her. Nobody in London, except Lady Mary, regarded Lord March as a person in the least likely to marry anybody; but she took another view. The result was an announcement, made by Lady Mary, of their approaching marriage. The happy couple when they met in public treated each other with remarkable coldness; and Lord March seized the occasion to parade his attachment to a very notorious lady

of the opera. His relations, who were overjoyed at the prospect of his settling down, remonstrated, but they got no satisfaction from him; they condoled with Lady Mary, but she expressed herself absolutely satisfied with her *fiancé's* conduct. Finally Lord March, whose quite unmatrimonial addresses had been construed into a proposal and accepted, hit upon a new method. "He paid her a morning visit; what passed never fully transpired; but he got what he wanted, an outrageous box o' the ear and a command never to approach her doors again." So ended Lady Mary's second betrothal, but, at least in her own view, she was destined for greater things. She attached herself closely to the Court, and more particularly to the person of Lady Yarmouth, George the Second's favourite; not that she was indifferent to morals, but that "by some revelation or inspiration granted to her alone among all the mortals subject to King George either in Britain, or Hanover, she had acquired a positive certitude that he and her spotless friend were privately married." Under this patronage she became a considerable person at Court, and she was now honoured with attentions which not even she despised. Edward, Duke of York, was then nearly twenty; Lady Mary, a handsome woman of thirty-two, with a reputation if not for wit at least for brains, treated him in a manner that flattered his vanity, and he was drawn into a correspondence with her on the most entirely abstract subjects. It is quite clear that the Duke had no designs of any sort, but that he probably had a liking for her as a virtuous and distinguished woman who was deeply attached to him; Lady Mary's designs were sufficiently evident to be the standing joke at Court. He no

doubt believed in her devotion to him ; she was certainly convinced of his passion for her, and her wonderful journal (which constitutes the most complete chronicle of a Court's small beer ever written) is full of passages which comment upon the obvious uneasiness shown by the King at the Duke's marked attentions to herself. Fate interposed after many years ; the Duke died at Modena in 1767, and Lady Mary was left in a lifelong bereavement which she took every pains to parade. Till the day of her death, apparently, she would allow no one to mention Westminster Abbey in her presence. *He* was buried there, and the associations aroused were too painful.

It is delightful that such a character as Lady Mary should have existed, still more delightful that it should have found a fitting recorder. Lady Louisa's chronicle follows her to Vienna in the days of Maria Theresa and, (as the letters show) the younger lady had ample opportunities of hearing the elder's adventures in that court. Lady Mary was received there with becoming honour, and for some months was happy, but could not be content with a mere honorific position. She attempted to make her influence felt in some court-intrigue, favour declined and Lady Mary left Vienna in dudgeon fully convinced that Maria Theresa "the last of the illustrious line of Austria, the Empress of Germany, the Queen of Hungary, the leading power of Europe was *her* enemy—HERS." Nothing disagreeable ever happened to her

afterwards that she did not attribute to the Empress's far-spreading machinations ; if bidding was run up against her at an auction, they had done it ; and the rest of her life was spent under a flattering shadow of assassination.

Yet witty as Lady Louisa was, no one can fairly charge her with a lack of charity. She does justice to the amiable as well as to the humorous side of every character that she touches ; and it must be remembered that she was writing not for publication but to give to younger friends some idea of their common fore-runners. She shrank from print and from every kind of publicity. Scott got into serious trouble with her because in his enthusiasm for a ballad, which she had written on the story of Ugly Meg, he recited it everywhere till a talk came round in London that Lady Louisa Stuart was going to publish a volume of verses. "It is really too hard upon a poor snail," she wrote, "to be dragged by the horns into the high road when it is eating nobody's cabbage." It was a misfortune, she held, for women to be rendered conspicuous even without their own consent, as in the case of transcendent personal beauty. It is without Lady Louisa's consent that her wit has become public property ; and if there be vitality in any memoirs, hers least of all seem likely to sink out of sight. Let us hope that wherever she is, she does not resent our intrusion. Perhaps behind a closer mask than ever she still laughs at the world.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE FLIGHT OF THE JUNGLE-FOLK.

KRETING, the old Sakai slave-woman, first told me this story, as I sat by her side on the banks of the Perak River, and watched her deft management of her long native fishing-rod, and listened to her guttural grunts of satisfaction when she succeeded in landing anything that weighed more than half an ounce. The Malays called her Kreting (woolly-head) in derision, because her hair was not so sleek and smooth as that of their own women-folk, and that was the only name by which she had been called for well nigh half a century. When I knew her she was repulsively ugly, lean, and bent with years and many burdens, with a loose skin that hung in pouches of dirty wrinkles, and a shock of grizzled hair which, as the village children were wont to cry after her, resembled the nest of a squirrel. Even then, after many years of captivity, she spoke Malay with a strong Sakai accent, splitting each word up into the individual syllables of which it was composed; and even when she told the history of her life's tragedy she was far from fluent or eloquent. By dint of making her tell me the story over and over again, however, by asking countless questions, by fitting what she said and what she hinted on to my own knowledge of her fellow-tribesmen and their surroundings, I contrived to piece her tale together into something like a connected whole. For the rest, the Sakai people of the upper Plus, into whose country duty often took me in those days, told me their version of the facts, not once but many times, as is the manner of

natives. Therefore I think it probable that in what follows I have not strayed far from the truth.

The Sakai camp was pitched far up among the little straying spurs of rising ground which wander off from the mountains of the main range, and straggle out into the valleys on either hand. In front of the camp a tiny nameless stream tumbled its hurried waters down the slope to the plain below. Across the slender rivulet, and on every side as far as the straitened eye could see, there rose forest, nothing but forest, crowding groups of giant trees, underwood twenty feet in height, a tangled network of vines and creepers, the whole as impenetrable as a quickset hedge. It had been raining heavily earlier in the day, and now that evening was closing in, each branch and twig and leaf dripped slow drops of moisture persistently with a melancholy sound as of Nature weeping furtively. The fires of the camp, smouldering sullenly above the damp fuel, crackled and hissed their discontent, sending wreaths of thick, blue smoke curling upwards into the still air in such dense volumes that the scarlet of the flames was hardly visible even in the gloom of gathering night. In the heavens, seen overhead through the interlacing boughs, the sunlight still lingered, but the sky looked wan and woebegone, pale and sickly.

There were a score and a half of squalid creatures occupying the little camp, men and women, and children of various ages, all members of the

down-trodden aboriginal tribes of the Peninsula, creatures melancholy and miserable, thoroughly in keeping with the sodden, dreary gloom of their comfortless resting place. All the children, and some of the younger women, were stark-naked, and the other inhabitants of the camp wore no garment save a narrow strip of bark-cloth twisted in a dirty wisp about their loins. Up here in the hills it was intensely cold, for the rain had chilled the forest lands with a dank rawness. The rude shelters of leaves and branches, under which the Sakai had sat huddled together while the pitiless sky poured its waters upon them, had afforded no real protection from the weather, and everything in the camp was drenched and clammy. The Sakai squatted on their heels, pressing closely one against the other, with their toes in the grey ashes, as they edged in nearer and nearer to the smoky fires. Every now and again the teeth of one or another of them would start chattering noisily, and several of the children whimpered and whined unceasingly. The women were silent, but the men kept up a constant flow of disjointed talk in queer, jerky monosyllables. Most of the Sakai were covered from head to foot with a leprous-looking skin-disease, bred by damp jungles and poor diet; and since the wet caused the irritation to be excruciating, they tore at their skin with relentless finger-nails, like apes. The men smoked a green shredded tobacco, soft and fragrant, rolled into rude cigarettes with live leaves for their outer coating. A few yams and jungle-roots were baking themselves black in the embers of the fires, and one or two fish, stuck in the cleft of a split stick, were roasting in the centre of the clouds of smoke.

Of a sudden the stealthy tones of the men ceased abruptly, and the

women fell a-quieting the complaining children with hurried maternal skill. All the folk in the camp were straining their ears to listen. Any one whose senses were less acute than those of the Sakai would have heard no sound of any kind, save only the tinkling babble of the little stream, and the melancholy drip of the wet branches in the forest; but, after a moment's silence, one of the elder men spoke.

"'Tis a man," he said, and a look of relief flitted over the sad, timorous faces of his companions. Even the Sakai, whose place is very near the bottom in the scale of humanity, has his own notions of self-esteem, and he only speaks of those of his own race as *men*; all other human beings are *gobs* (strangers).

Presently a shrill cry, half scream, half hoot, such as you might imagine to be the war-whoop of a Red Indian, sounded from the forest about a quarter of a mile down stream. Even a European could have heard this, so clear and penetrating was its note; and he would have added that it was the cry of the argus-pheasant. A Malay, well though he knows his jungles, would have given the sound a similar interpretation; but the Sakai knew better. Their acute perceptions could detect without difficulty the indefinable difference between the real cry of the bird and this ingenious imitation, precisely similar though they would have seemed to less sharpened senses; and a moment later an argus-pheasant sent back an answering whoop from the centre of the fire over which the old man who had spoken sat crouching. The yell was immediately answered from a hill-top a few hundred yards up-stream, and the old fellow clicked in his throat, like a demoralised clock-spring. It was his way of laughing, for a wild bird had answered his call. It had failed to

detect the deception which the Sakai could recognise so easily.

In about a quarter of an hour two young Sakai, with blow-pipes over their shoulders, rattan knapsacks on their backs, and bamboo spears in their hands passed into the camp in single file. They emerged from the forest like shadows cast upon a wall, flitting swiftly on noiseless feet, and squatted down by the fire without a word. They rolled cigarettes, lighted them from a flaming firebrand, and fell to smoking them in silence. Then the old man who had answered their signal spoke a question in jerky monosyllables without even glancing at them. The elder of the two new-comers grunted a response, with his eyes still fixed upon the smoky fire.

"The Gobs were at Legap, three, and three, and three, many Gobs," he said. The Sakai's knowledge of notation does not extend beyond the numeral three; a larger number than that must be expressed by *kerp*ⁿ, which means *many*.

"May they be devoured by a tiger!" snarled the old man. It is the worst curse of which the Sakai, who fears his house-mate the tiger more than anything on earth, has any conception.

"They are hunting," went on the youngster; "hunting men, and To' Pangku Muda and To' Stia are with them." The speaker split up these Malay names into monosyllables, suiting the sounds to the disjointed articulation of his own people.

The listening Sakai grunted in chorus, in token of their dissatisfaction at the presence of these men among their enemies. To' Pangku Muda was the Malay chief of the village of Lasak, the last of the civilised settlements on the banks of the Plus River. His title in Malay means the Junior Lap, because he is supposed to be in charge of the

Sakai tribes, and it is upon his knees that the childlike jungle-folk are said to repose as an infant lies in the lap of its mother. Malays have a fondness for notions of this kind, though their attitude towards the forest-dwellers has never been one of either gentleness or protection. Although To' Pangku Muda was a Mahomedan, he had, like most of the Malays of the Plus Valley, a strong strain of Sakai in his blood, and this made him formidable in the jungles when he led the annual raiding-party in person. Moreover, he was greatly feared, by Malays and Sakai alike, for the knowledge of magic and the occult powers which were attributed to him.

To' Stia, on the other hand, was a Sakai born and bred, but he belonged to the tame tribes, who, in order to save themselves and their women and children from suffering worse things than usual, were accustomed to throw in their lot with the Malays, and to aid them in their slave-raids. The presence of these two men with the party now upon the hunting-path boded ill for the cowering creatures in the camp, for the Sakai's only chance of escape on such occasions lies in his sensitive hearing and in his superior knowledge of wood-craft. But To' Pangku Muda and To' Stia, as the Sakai knew full well, could fight the jungle-dwellers with their own weapons.

The old Chief, Ka' (the Fish), who had taken the lead in the conversation since the arrival of the scouts, presently spoke again, still keeping his tired old eyes fixed upon the smouldering embers. "By what sign did ye learn that To' Pangku and To' Stia were at hand?" he asked. It was evident from his tone that he was seeking comfort for himself and his fellows in the hope that the young scouts might perhaps have been mis-

taken. Laish (the Ant), the younger of the two youths, who had until now sat by the fire in silence, answered him promptly.

"We saw the track of the foot of To' Stia on the little sand-bank below Legap, and knew it by the twisted toe," he said. "Also, as we turned to leave the place, seeking you others, the Familiar of To' Pangku called from the jungle thence," and he indicated the direction by pointing with the tip of his out-stretched chin, as is the manner of his people.

The poor crouching wretches shuddered in unison like a group of tree-tops when a puff of wind sets the branches rustling.

"The Grandfather of Many Stripes!" snarled Ka' under his breath in an awed whisper. Every man and woman present knew of the Familiar Spirit, which, in the form of a tiger, followed its master To' Pangku whithersoever he went, and even the little children had learned to whimper miserably when their elders spoke of the Grandfather of Many Stripes.

An old crone, shivering in her nakedness, beat her long, pendulous breasts with palsied hands, and whimpered plaintively "*E! ke-non yeh, E ke-non yeh!*" (Oh my child, my child!), and a young girl who squatted near her pressed softly up against her, seeking to comfort her. The hard tears of extreme old age oozed with difficulty from the eyes of the crone, as she rocked her body restlessly, but the girl did not weep; only her gaze sought that of Laish. She was a pretty girl, in spite of the dirt and squalor which disfigured her, with crisp wavy hair, and a shape lithe and slim and graceful; but her face, which should have been bright and laughing, wore the same frightened, hunted expression as that which was to be marked on the features of

all the inhabitants of this unhappy camp.

Laish seemed to swallow something hard in his throat, before he turned to Ka' and said, "What shall we do, Grandfather?"

"Wait till dawn; then shift camp, up-stream, always up-stream," grunted the Chief.

The Sakai pressed in more closely than ever about the fire, and the two scouts emptied the contents of their rattan knapsacks on to a couple of large banana leaves. Roots of many kinds were there, some sour jungle-fruits, and a miscellaneous collection of nastinesses, which Ka' divided among all the folk present with extreme nicety. Food is so important to the wild Sakai, who never in human memory have had sufficient to eat, that the right of every member of the tribe to have a proportionate share of his fellows' gleanings is recognised by all; and in time of stress, if a cob of maize has to be shared by a dozen, the starving creatures will eat the grain row by row, passing it from one to the other that each may have his portion.

As the night wore on the Sakai settled themselves to sleep in the warm, grey ashes of the fires, waking at intervals to warm themselves afresh, to talk disjointedly, and then once more to stretch themselves to rest. The younger men took it in turn to keep watch in the tree-tops on the down-river side; but no attempt to disturb them was made by their enemies, and at dawn they broke camp and once more started on their weary journey towards the interior. It was their object to throw the Malays off their track, so they walked up the bed of the little brawling torrent, swollen and muddy from the rain of the previous afternoon, and took care never once to set foot on the banks of the stream. It

was miserable work, for the water was cold as ice, and the rivulet's course was strewn with ragged rocks, and hampered with fallen timber, but the Sakai passed through all obstructions like flitting shadows. They crept through incredibly narrow places: they scrambled over piles of dry or rotten timber, without breaking a twig or apparently leaving a trace; and they kept strictly to the bed of the stream until it had nearly reached its source in the lower hills. The men carried their arms, and most of their few and poor possessions; and the women toiled along, their backs bowed beneath the burden of their rattan knapsacks, in which little babies and carved bamboo-boxes jostled rude cooking-pots and scraps of evil-looking food. Children of more than two years old fended for themselves, following deftly in the footsteps of their elders, many of them even helping to carry the property of the tribe. The oldest woman in the camp, Sem-pak, the Durian, who had cried out in her terror when To' Pangku's Familiar was named by the scouts, tottered along on palsied feet, her lips mumbling ceaselessly, her tired old head shaking from side to side, her eyes restless and wild. She alone carried no burden; it was all that she could do to keep up with her fellows unhampered by a load, but Te-U (Running Water) her grand-daughter, bore upon her strong young shoulders a pack heavy enough for them both, and on the march her hand was ever ready to help the feeble steps of the older woman. Te-U, had times been better, was to have been married to Laish a few days earlier; but the camp had been broken up hurriedly before the simple wedding-ceremonies could be completed, for the news of the slave-raiders had driven all thought of anything less urgent than

the saving of life and liberty from the minds of the harassed jungle-folk. In their own primitive way these two half-savage people loved one another. Laish was filled with fear for the girl more even than for himself, and she looked to him for protection if the worst came to the worst. Their attraction for one another was strong, but, for the moment, the girl's heart was really more occupied with her old grandmother than with her lover; and it never occurred to Laish to offer to carry any portion of Te-U's burden, nor did the girl expect him to make such a suggestion.

The long procession wound its way up the little sinuous stream until the midday sun showed clearly over their heads through the boughs and branches of the trees. They all walked in the same manner, each foot being placed exactly in front of its fellow, and each man treading almost precisely in the footsteps of the Sakai next in front of him. Experience must, in some remote and forgotten past, have taught the forest-dwellers that this is the best and quickest way of threading a path through the jungle, and experience has now crystallised into an instinct, so that to-day, even when walking in open country, the Sakai still adopts this peculiar gait. You may mark a similar peculiarity in the mode of progression of many wild beasts whose lives have been passed in dense forests.

At last old Ka' halted, and his followers stood still in their tracks while he grunted out his orders. A steep hill, some five hundred feet high, rose abruptly on their right. It was covered with jungle through which the eye could not penetrate for more than a few yards; but all the Sakai knew that its crest was a long spur, or hog's back, which if followed would enable them to pass into a river-basin separate from that up which they

had been toiling. By making their way up the stream that they would then strike, they would win to the borders of Pahang; and when the raiders, if they succeeded in picking up the carefully-veiled trail, found that the fugitives had gone so far, it was possible that they might be discouraged from further pursuit, and might turn their attention to some other band of wandering Sakai. The first thing, however, was to conceal all traces of the route which Ka's party had taken, and he therefore bade his people disperse, breaking up into little knots of two or three, so that no definite, well-defined trail might be left as a guide to the pursuers. The Sakai were well versed in all such tricks, and very few words, and no explanations were needed to make them understand what was required of them. In the space of a few seconds the little band of aborigines had broken up and melted away into the forest as swiftly and as silently as a bank of mist is dispersed by a puff of morning wind.

Laish attached himself to Te-U and old Sem-pak, and the three, passing up stream, presently began to scale the steep side of the hill. The earth was black, sodden, and slippery; the jungle was dense, and set with the cruel thorn thickets, which cover the slopes of the interior; the gradient was like that of a thatched roof; and the climb made even Laish pant and catch his breath with difficulty, while old Sem-pak sobbed painfully, with a noise like that made by a broken-winded horse. Up and up they scrambled, leaving hardly any trace of their ascent, and with that complete absence of sound which only the beasts of the forest and their fellows, the wild Sakai, can ever attain to. They never halted to take breath, but attacked the hill as though it were an enemy whom they

were bent upon vanquishing, and at last the summit showed clearly in front of them. Then Laish stopped dead in his tracks, gazed ahead of him with the rigidity of a pointer at work, and the next moment, uttering an indescribable sound, half yell half scream, he was tumbling down the slope, bearing the two women with him, rolling, falling, scrambling, heedless of rending thorns and the rude blows of branches, until they once more found themselves in the bed of the stream from which they had started to make the ascent. Old Sem-pak fell prone upon the ground, her chest heaving as though it contained some living thing which sought to make its escape, her eyes wild with fear. At that moment the long-drawn moaning howl of a tiger broke out upon the still air of the forest, seemingly just above their heads, and the three Sakai shuddered miserably, their teeth clattering with fear. Laish had caught a glimpse of the great striped body through the sparse jungle near the summit of the hill, and this had been sufficient to send him floundering down into the plain again. The three Sakai were silent, listening intently. Again the howl broke out, further to the left this time, and it was quickly followed by a scream that could only have been uttered by human lips; then again silence, it might be for a space of fifteen seconds,—silence dreary, desolate, miserable, during which the tap of a wood-pecker could be distinctly heard, while old Sem-pak's gasps, and the throbbing of the listeners' hearts seemed to make a noise like the rhythmical beat of a drum. Then in an instant the whole jungle seemed to have become filled by all the devils in Hell. Every member of the little band was sounding the danger-yell, a shrill, far-carrying cry, half hoot, half scream,

in which the despair of the miserable Jungle-Folk makes itself heard, calling to the silent heavens and to un pitying man and beast the tale of their thousand sorrows. Te-U and Laish joined in the cry, but above the tumult could be heard the angry, bestial growlings of the unseen tiger worrying his prey.

Presently the frightened Sakai, still screaming as though in the sound they sought protection from the dangers of their surroundings, began to force their way out of the forest, and to cluster together in a trembling, shuddering crowd in the bed of the stream. One of their number, Ple (the Fruit), and the two small children whom she had been carrying in the knapsack slung upon her back, were missing, and the man who had been her husband, staring frightfully with protruding eyes, was making strange clicking noises in his throat, which is the only way in which the male Sakai finds it possible to express deep emotion. Gradually the band was stilled into silence, and sat listening spell-bound to the growlings of the tiger. Then Ka' spoke.

"'Tis the cursed one," he said. "'Tis he that followeth ever at the heels of To' Pangku. I beheld his navel, yellow and round and swollen; it hath its place in his throat. Because I beheld it he dared not touch me, and he passed by and took Ple and the little ones, her children. Come, my brothers, let us cry aloud that we have beheld his navel, and he, being ashamed, will seek safety in flight."

The men rose to their feet, and taking their time from Ka', raised a cry in chorus imparting the anatomical information in question to the growling monster on the ridge. They made so goodly a noise that for the moment the snarling of the beast was

drowned by it; but when they paused to listen, it was heard as distinctly as before.

"'Tis the accursed beast of magic," cried Ka; "else, surely, had a great shame overcome him."

The unabashed tiger continued to snarl and growl over its victims high above the Sakai's heads on the brow of the hog's back.

"Come, let us cry to him once more," said Ka' to his fellows; and once again they raised a shrill shout that carried far and wide through the forest, repeating the curious information which they had already, though to no purpose, imparted to the beast. Malays and Sakai alike believe that the tiger is very sensitive upon this subject, and that he will fly before the face of any man who possesses the necessary knowledge of his anatomy. The native theory inclines to the belief that the tiger's navel is located in his neck, and you may search the body of one of these monsters most minutely without finding anything to disprove, or to prove, the notion.

A third time the Sakai raised their shout, and when they relapsed into silence, the tiger had ceased his angry growls; but another sound, faint and far, came from the direction of the lower reaches of the stream up which the tribe had been toiling. It was like the roar of a rapid, only broader, coarser, gruffer, and when they heard it the heartstrings of the Sakai tightened painfully, for it recalled to them the memory of a danger which for the moment had well-nigh passed out of their consciousness. It was the *sorak*, the war-cry of the Malays. The raiders were on their trail, and were pressing up the little stream in pursuit. The yells which the fugitives had been uttering would serve to guide them, and there would be no need for the slow tracking

which delays the hunter and gives the quarry his best chance of escape. In their flight from the Familiar of To' Pangku, for such they firmly believed the tiger to be, the Sakai had trampled down the thorn thickets recklessly, and even a European would have found no difficulty in reading the tale which the hasty footmarks told so plainly.

Ka' called to his people to follow him, and turning his back upon the ascent in front of him, for none dared again face the fury of the Familiar, he plunged into the jungle, worming a way through the packed tree-trunks and the dense undergrowths with incredible speed and deftness. Ka' went at a kind of jog-trot, steady, swift, but careful and unhurried, and his people, young and old, streamed along at his heels adopting the same nimble gait. They were travelling now far faster than any Malay could hope to do through virgin forest; but they were leaving a trail behind them that any child could follow, and in their passage they were practically clearing a path for the use of their enemies. All day they kept on steadily, only halting now and again for a brief breathing-space when old Sem-pak, overweighted with the load of her seventy years, could no longer keep the same pace as her fellows. At first the *śrāk* sounded once or twice, still indistinct and very distant, but after the first half hour all human sounds ceased, and nothing was to be heard save the beast-noises of the surrounding forest. The fugitives had thrown down most of their loads, and now travelled burdened by little save their babies and their weapons; when life is in danger, the value of property sinks into insignificance. Their faces all wore the same expression, tense, fearful, strained, and their eyes were wild, savage, hunted, and filled to their brims with a great

fear. Even their movements, and the light touch of their feet upon the ground, betokened that all their muscles were braced for instant flight at the first sign of danger.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon the heavens opened and the drenching tropical rain fell in sheets of glistening water. But still the Sakai continued their march, pressing resolutely forward, they knew not whither, into jungle-depths which even to them were untrodden lands. They had no objective in sight now; their one idea was to get away, away from the Malays, from captivity and death.

As dusk began to gather the rain ceased, and Ka' cried to his fellows that they must halt for the night. The moon was in its last quarter, and the blackness of the jungle was too absolute for even the Sakai to force a way through the thickets when darkness had fallen upon the land. Not daring to kindle a fire, lest the light should serve as a guide to their pursuers, they squatted in a draggled, woebegone group, seeking warmth and comfort by physical contact with one another. They were miserably cold; they had eaten nothing since the morning, and they had but a few blackened yams and roots between them with which to assuage their hunger; their mops of frowsy hair were soaked with rain-water, and their bodies itched distractingly. But all physical discomforts were forgotten in the desperate agony of the fear which wrung their hearts.

Shortly after midnight they all awoke suddenly. They had been sleeping in sitting attitudes, with their knees drawn up to their chins, and their heads nodding above them. They spoke no word, but they listened breathlessly. The yowling moan of a tiger was sounding about half a mile away to the south. Nearer and

nearer came the brute, moaning, howling, drawing out each blood-curdling note with a wanton delight in its own unmusical song. The Sakai cowered miserably, and drew nearer still to one another. For more than half an hour they sat thus in utter silence, while the tiger approached slowly, surely, till presently it appeared to be calling from the jungle within a few yards of the quaking wretches. Now it seemed to make a complete circle of the camp, yowling cruelly. Again and again it prowled about and about the shivering creatures, as though herding them; but they could see nothing through the intense darkness, and the complete loss of the sense of sight served to quicken even their rudimentary imaginations into the conception of a thousand nameless terrors. An hour later the tiger seemed to draw off a little, and then the Jungle-People, who had been too intent upon the beast to spare a thought for any other danger, became aware that human beings were in their vicinity. How they knew this it would be impossible to explain; the instinct of the wild tribes is as unerring as that of many animals, and they felt rather than heard or perceived through any of their ordinary senses, the proximity of their enemies.

Noiselessly then the Sakai, men and women alike, fell to drawing clear from the underwood the long lines of green rattan which grow in such profusion in all the jungles of the Peninsula. These they twisted into great coils the size of large cart-wheels, and the young men of the tribe, some seven or eight in all, with Laish among them, began swarming into the nearest trees. They had gathered and prepared the rattans in absolute darkness, guided only by their sense of touch, and the men now climbed unseeing into the impenetrable blackness of the night. Their instinct had told

the forest-people, not only that their enemies were at hand, but also that the camp had been surrounded by them. They knew that the Malays would not attack them until just before the dawn, therefore it was their object to escape, if they might do so, before daylight came to the earth.

The Sakai can walk up the bare trunk of a tree with as much ease as you walk up the door-steps of your house, and when once fairly among the branches they are thoroughly at home. The young men, accordingly, had no difficulty in ascending into the tree-tops, and then, swinging themselves lightly from bough to bough, they began to bridge the more difficult places with the lines of rattan, making them fast at each end. In this manner at the end of about three quarters of an hour they had constructed a path of tight-ropes some fifty yards in length, and had passed over the heads of the Malays who lay encamped all around. Then the men returned to the Sakai, and gave the word for the start. Old Ka' leading, the long line of jungle-folk climbed slowly into the tree-tops, all treading lightly without making a sound, the anxious mothers striving to still the babies which they bore in their bosoms. Deftly they picked their way through the pitchy darkness, treading shrewdly on the slender lines of rattan, and for some twenty yards all went well with them. Then one of the babies whimpered plaintively, and at the sound the jungle in front and below them broke into a tumult of familiar yells, and they knew that those of the raiders who belonged to their own race had discovered their attempt at escape, and were doing their best to head the fugitives back and to warn the sleepy Malays.

Presently old Ka' saw the mop heads of half-a-dozen tame Sakai

spring into prominence against the dim sky. His enemies had swarmed up into a tree-top not twenty feet away from him, and were in possession of the other end of the rattan-line upon which his feet were treading. A voice which he knew to belong to To' Stia of the twisted toe, cried hurriedly "*Ok i-odz* (give me a knife) ;" and someone in the darkness grunted "*K'od* (take it)." At this Ka', screaming a warning to his fellows, turned deftly in mid-air and headed back for the tree from which he had set out. Involuntarily he looked down into the abyss of impenetrable darkness at his feet, into the fathomless obscurity on either hand, and even his eyes, gifted with the marvellous sight of the Jungle-Folk, could see nothing. A man and two women, the latter bearing little children in their bosoms, had turned to fly when Ka' gave the warning cry, but they were feeling their way along the rattan by the aid of no other sense save that of touch, and even in their panic their movements were slow and cautious. All this happened in the space of a few seconds, and then the rattan jerked sickeningly under the blow of a heavy wood-knife. Another blow, and the brawny creeper groaned like a sentient thing in pain ; a third, and it parted with an awful suddenness, and Ka' and the two women were precipitated from a height of nearly eighty feet into the unseen forest below, the man who had been immediately in front of them having just had time to save himself by clutching the branches of the tree to which the nearer end of the rattan was made fast. Old Ka' gave an awful yell into which was compressed all the passionate despair of his long lifetime, and of his down-trodden unhappy race. Each of the women, as she felt her foot-hold give way beneath her, screamed shrilly sudden abrupt cries

which ceased with a jerk as of the breath caught sharply. For the space of a second or so there was silence, and then the crashing sound of heavy bodies falling headlong through leaves and branches and three thudding sounds, distinct but almost simultaneous, were succeeded by a few low groans far below in the dim darkness. The tame Sakai yelled their triumph to the Malays, and the latter answered with the *sōrak*. Ka's people, sick with the horror of what they had heard and trembling with fear, made their way back to the spot where they had sat encamped all night, and huddled up against one another quaking miserably, waiting in dumb despair for the dawn and for death.

So soon as the slow daylight began to make itself felt in the obscurity of the forest, investing the watchers, as it seemed, with a new and wonderful gift of sight, the hunting-party began to close in around its quarry. One or two of the younger Malays who carried muskets, fired a few shots into the thick of their victims, with the object of frightening the last atom of fight out of them, and old Sem-pak rolled over on her back, with her thin knees drawn up against her breast jerking spasmodically. With a cry of pain and despair Te-U threw herself across the old woman's body, calling to her frantically by name, and seemingly trying to pet and coax her back into life by tender words and gentle caresses. Then the raiders rushed into the camp, and for a moment or two all was noise and confusion. The Sakai broke like a herd of frightened deer ; a goodly number made their escape, but Laish was killed with his spear in his hand as he sought to shelter Te-U, who saw him fling away his life in a vain attempt to save her, and felt the cup of her bitterness to be filled to overflowing. In all, the raiders captured

Te-U and four other young women, half-a-dozen children, and two young men. It was an unexpectedly successful expedition, and the hunting-party returned to Lasak in great spirits, for slave-chasing was not much to their taste, and with so large a crowd of captives in hand they would not, they knew, find it necessary to make another raid for at least a couple of years to come.

To' Pangku's oath of fealty to the Sultan of Perak bound him in those days (some five and twenty years ago) to bring a raft, loaded with jungle-produce, as an offering to his king once every year; and one of the items of his tribute was a Sakai man and woman, or, failing that, two elephant-tusks of approved weight. The latter were not always easy to procure, and it was more usual to sacrifice the life-long happiness of a couple of human beings. Te-U and a youth named Gaur (the Pig) were selected for the first year's offering, and accordingly they presently found themselves lying on the great raft, bound hand and foot, floating slowly into a land of

which they had not dreamed, in company with the jungle-produce and the stores of rice and food which have won for the Plus Valley the name of the Rice-pot of the King.

The remainder of their days was spent in captivity among the people of an alien race, who despised them heartily; but, perhaps, the fullest measure of their sufferings was the aching longing for the jungle, for the wild freedom of the forest-dwellers' life, the life that they were destined never to live again.

Such was the tale that Kreting, the old Sakai slave-woman, told to me that afternoon as she sat angling for tiny fish on the banks of the Perak River near Sayong. Her kinsmen of the Sakai country all remembered the incidents of her capture and still spoke to me of her as Te-U (Running Water), a name which made the sad-eyed old woman weep most pitifully when, after the lapse of many years, she heard it spoken by my lips together with some broken phrases of her mother-tongue.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

THE BLOCKADE OF BREST.

DESPATCHES AND LETTERS RELATING TO THE BLOCKADE OF BREST, 1803-1804; *edited by John Leyland.* Printed for the Navy Records Society, London, 1899.

WHEN the history of the folly of Napoleon comes to be written, the transactions which led to the renewal of the war in 1803 will supply the materials for at least one long and instructive chapter. It was he who by insolently refusing to fulfil the terms of the Peace of Amiens, by intrigues which he did not succeed in hiding, and by menaces which he displayed with stupid arrogance, forced England to draw the sword. Gibbon, though not superstitious, as he justly said, was of opinion that there are strong indications of retribution in human affairs; and he might have found one in the fact that Napoleon was directly responsible for the renewal of the naval war which was to be the chief cause of his ruin. The judicial folly of his action lay in this that he provoked the most formidable enemy he could have chosen at the very moment when that enemy was both powerful and ready, and just when and where he himself was weak. All was not as it ought to have been with us, yet the British navy was numerous, hardened to war, confident in itself and its chiefs. The French navy was weakened even in mere numbers, and was far more feeble in the moral strength which Napoleon himself ranked as infinitely more important than the material. That its ships were comparatively few, that an important part even of those it had was cut off from home, isolated, and reduced to run to cover at the first mention of war, and that its dockyards

were empty, would in any case have put the navy of the First Consul, as he still was, at a disadvantage. But there was worse than want of vessels and stores. The French fleet was depressed in spirit by repeated disasters, and awkward from want of practice. It had no confidence in itself, and a deep fear of its opponent. Five years of assiduous drill and preparation in peace would not have been too much to restore its nerve and its skill. Yet Napoleon drove on the renewal of war, misjudging the problem as he had done in Egypt, and as he was to do in Spain and Russia. Thereby he condemned his fleet to solve the most hopeless of riddles, which was this,—how to reconstruct itself and regain its confidence, when its supply of stores was cut off, when its squadrons could not venture to sea because an enemy was waiting at its very door, when its crews could only be practised in harbour, when it could only collect its forces by stealth, by desperate rushes in the dark, and by movements which had to be performed under the eye of a far more powerful and a very vigilant foe. France, in short, had to meet the war, which began again by her master's fault, crouching under the menace of blockade. More signal un wisdom cannot be charged against any ruler.

The struggle which ended only when Napoleon gave himself up to the captain of the *Bellerophon*, began then with the French fleet lurking in

harbour, weak, spiritless, destitute of confidence, and with the English fleet on the sea keeping its sleepless and threatening watch. After a time, and after infinite toil under the perpetual driving of the Emperor, his navy was hurried out to sea to try by evasion, and with the help of luck, to do what could only have been done successfully by open force. The venture ended when it went down at Trafalgar dragging the Spanish navy with it. But Trafalgar was the direct result of the preliminary blockade, and cannot be understood unless we look at the period of preparation.

It is the purpose of the two volumes which Mr. Leyland is editing for the Navy Records Society, to give the history of these months, and to give it in the words of the men who did the work. Nominally his subject is limited, and he deals only with Cornwallis and the Blockade of Brest. But the subject cannot be so limited. The Blockade of Brest meant the watching of the French fleet everywhere. Cornwallis's colleague, Lord Keith, was doing the same work in the Channel, while his subordinates, Pellew and Cochrane (not Dundonald but his uncle), were similarly engaged off Ferrol where the squadron of M. Bedout had taken refuge. A long line of cruisers connected Cornwallis with Nelson off Toulon. Sir William Napier, in one of his fine images, compares the war in the Peninsula to a net covering the surface of the country, and says that a strong pull at one place altered the position of all the meshes. So our blockade was a net drawn round the boar in his flank. If he made a rush at one point he strained it all. If there was anywhere a solution of continuity, and he broke through, it was all useless. Mr. Leyland has dealt excellently with the work in his introduction to these papers. He

has also given a biographical sketch of Cornwallis which is all it should be. Indeed it would be most welcome if it contained nothing but a reprint of the admirable doggerel in which Cornwallis worked off his indignation at the lame and impotent conclusion of the Battle of Dominica, April 12th, 1782. That Rodney was accused by some of his subordinates of not doing enough we know from the savage letters of Hood. Here we have the voice of one of his captains rising, as Carlyle might have put it, "into alt" and bursting the trammels of prose. The pedigree of this poetical piece is above suspicion. It is in the handwriting of Cornwallis, and though Mr. Leyland says that we cannot feel quite certain that it was his own composition, there is surely no reason to doubt that it was. The editor is not friendly to the verse, and even calls it halting. But surely these lines do not halt more than doggerel fairly may.

On April the twelfth, by the dawn of
the day
The French fleet was discovered to
have bore away,
The loss of a foremast to one of their
fleet
Gave cause to us Britons our prospect
to greet.
We formed our line, boys, in haste to
be sure,
For a sudden attack is the dread of
Monsieur.

This is good capstan-song melody, and we have known laureate bards who halted very much worse. It is the verse of Marryat's Dick Har-ness :

Now the signal it was made for the
grand fleet to anchor ;

or :

We'll rant and we'll roar, like true
British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the
salt seas.

The masterpiece of the kind is "The Captain stood on the Carronade."

There is a great deal of Hanbury Williams, who yet is far from the worst of verse-writers, which is no better than these lines of Billy Blue, as the sailors called Cornwallis.

Our chief he lay quiet, with good ships
around him,

Some willing to move, but the devil
confound him!

He made no signal to chase, nor would
let others go—

Those who were willing to follow the
foe.

This, however, is not the Blockade of Brest. That did not begin with "light fiddling," but with one of the grimmest things in our history which is the press. A writer in *THE TIMES* undertook not long ago the rather desperate task of proving that the part played by the pressgang in our naval history has been much exaggerated, and that it was even insignificant. He overlooked certain ways in which this, the rudest and most unjust of all possible forms of conscription, worked. The general impress of seamen on land, which was the first measure taken on the renewal of the war, was only a part. It made the most noise, and worked the greatest immediate disturbance, but it was not the worst. The first papers Mr. Leyland prints give us an example of the general impress in the western ports. On April 25th, 1803, George Campbell, Esq., Rear-Admiral of the Blue, sends a secret order to his captains from Torbay, directing them "to select from the crew of his Majesty's ship under your command, a sufficient number of trusty and well disposed men to man three boats, with as many marines and petty officers as you may judge necessary to send in each, under the orders of a lieutenant, to whom you will deliver a press-warrant accordingly; and you are likewise to select sixteen steady

marines that may be trusted to go on shore to stop the avenues leading up to the country." Here we have the pounce on a sea-port town which was the first movement in the general impress. It was commonly more noisy than effectual. Plymouth, for instance, might be greatly disturbed while the trusty and well disposed boats-crews were hunting the seamen in taverns and houses, while the steady marines were stopping the avenues, and a captain's picket of fifty men was patrolling the streets to keep order. Yet at the end of much turmoil and a good deal of cudgel-play, bloody noses, and cracked crowns, the haul was frequently poor, and consisted largely of fish which ought not to have been in that net. Among the men "pressed at Brixham and discharged as unfit were shipwrights, a sailmaker, fishmonger, coal-factor, grocer, cooper, watchmaker, ostler, waggoner, labourer, shoemaker, constable, basket-maker, and others." These men were all exempt from the press, which applied to sailors and vagabonds only. The vagabonds were not wanted. As for the regular bred sailors, they were old hawks at this game, wary, alert, quick to scent danger, and exceeding expert in taking cover. Besides, every shipowner and broker in the place was in a league to conceal them, because they were wanted to man the out-going merchant-ships. The first effect of a war was to raise the rate of wages, and vessels leaving England were not subject to severe press since it was absolutely necessary that the commerce of the country should be carried on. Thus with the sailors eager to be concealed and the owners ready to conceal them, it is easy to understand that the lieutenants, with their impress-warrants, were often in the position of men who are shooting in a covert already stripped bare by poachers. There was nothing to bag; all the

taverns and shops of Dartmouth could be made to yield only two seamen by a hot press. Meanwhile the others had taken refuge in the country, where nothing but an adequate military force could secure them.

It is not then surprising to find that Rear-Admiral Campbell reporting that the ships at Torbay are badly manned, much wanting in real seamen, and that their "men of all descriptions are likewise very weak, young, and of low stature." In estimating the merits of our officers at that time we must never forget that the worst battle they had to fight was against the poor quality of their crews, which were almost always short of their due proportion of real seamen (a third of the total number) and filled up with the weak, the young, and the small. Time, constant cruising, and a discipline which was often savage did wonders with these unpromising materials; but the navy had another resource. The press did not work only, or even chiefly, by raids on sea-port towns. It got the larger number, and the best of its men, by stopping the home-coming merchant-ships, and taking the prime seamen out of them at sea. The story of the Honourable East India Company's ship *Cullands Grove* as told in these papers shows this quiet but effectual process at work. In August, 1803, Evan Nepean, the Secretary of the Admiralty, writes to Cornwallis forwarding a copy of a resolution of the Committee of Directors who complain that their ship, the *Cullands Grove*, was taken on her passage from Bencoolen by a French privateer, and then give what they think was the explanation of her capture. It seems that "having reached the latitude of 50° 20' north and the longitude of 17° W.," on a level in fact with the Lands End, but still far out to the west just over the present submarine

cable to Nova Scotia, "an officer of His Majesty's ship *Endymion*, notwithstanding the strong representation made to him by Captain Anderson and the second mate, that the said ship was weakly manned, and had a very valuable cargo on board, pressed twelve of the stoutest men belonging to her." Captain Paget's explanation was that he thought the men he took were "surplus company, and that he was authorised to press men out of homeward-bound ships." A case of this kind did not assuredly stand alone. Captain Paget, who was a very able officer, did not take the stoutest men only out of the *Cullands Grove*, we may be sure, nor was it the only occasion on which he used his own judgment to decide what part of a merchant-ship's crew was surplus company. If the ship had reached home safely, or if she had belonged to a less powerful corporation than the East India Company, nothing would have been heard of the impressment. As it was, Captain Paget and other officers were only told to remember that they were "to protect and assist the trade of His Majesty's subjects." The question, however, was just whether protection and assistance were not best given by keeping His Majesty's ships well manned for the general defence of trade. In the long run we had recourse to a thorough system of compulsory convoy. The merchant-ships were manned by a very few grown Englishmen, by foreigners, and by boy apprentices, who were swept into the navy as fast as their time was up. Meanwhile the men-of-war sailed with them to beat off privateers. There were exceptions, but this became the rule.

It was fortunate for us that while the navy captains were licking into shape (the phrase is no figure of speech here) their deficient crews, and were improving their quality by

impressing the stoutest men out of the home-coming merchant-ships, our enemy, who had provoked the war, was prostrate. Mr. Leyland has had the happy idea of completing his picture by drawing on French sources. He has had the help of the late M. Alfred Spont of the French Record Office, who has supplied some extracts from the Archives of the Navy. On May 31st, 1803, Caffarelli the Naval Prefect writes to Decrès, the Minister, describing the condition of the port of Brest, the naval headquarters of France on the ocean. It is a long letter, but it may be summed up in a sentence which the Duke of Wellington had occasion to use about the Spanish armies. They were apt, said the Duke, to be wanting in everything at the critical moment. Brest was wanting in everything at the critical moment, timber, masts, yards, iron, copper, cordage, even muskets, cutlasses, and pistols. In June he was crying that all his resources were exhausted. The arsenal had been emptied to fit out the expedition which endeavoured to reconquer San Domingo from the insurgent blacks during the peace. The coast-defences were truly, wrote Caffarelli a little later, in a deplorable state. Guns were not mounted, or were mounted on carriages too small for them. There was little spirit in the defenders, and the Prefect could not understand why we did not land, and make a clean sweep of batteries and signal stations. He could only suppose that the English navy did not know how weak the coast-defences were, or that it wanted enterprise. Yet he himself tells a story which proves how coolly our men made themselves at home within sight of Brest. The English, he wrote to Decrès, are always on the coast. Some line-of-battle ships are off Ushant, four or five anchor

every day at the Black Rocks, while a corvette and a cutter come to the very entry of the Goulet (the narrow channel leading into the land-locked harbour of Brest) and cruise there. One English party landed at the island of Béniquet, and made inquiries after a convoy which they believed was at Conquet. The Béniquet man who told the story, declares that he said he did not know, but the English officer said he had looked in and did know, and he even made a bet with the wife of the man from Béniquet that within a few days he would have some of them. It was ten louis against her cow. The war was no bad thing for the people of these little islands round Finistère, who found the English blockading-ships good customers for fish, fresh meat, and vegetables.

Yet for all the weakness of our enemy the blockade of Brest was no easy work. If the French navy was prostrate the storms were no less terrible than of old. The station at the Black Rocks was known to our naval men as Siberia, wet, cold, and very dangerous in thick weather and high wind. "Tides and rocks," said Collingwood, "have more of danger in them than a battle once a week." In the first volume of Ross's *LIFE OF SAUMAREZ* there is a lively description of the life led in this station of peril and unending anxiety. Saumarez had been active in the blockade before the Peace of Amiens. To him belongs the credit of having first discovered the anchorage in Douarnenez Bay, south of Brest, where the inshore squadron (the light ships which were always close up to the French coast) could ride just out of range of the enemy's guns during the westerly and south-westerly gales. Meanwhile the great ships bore up for Torbay. For them the return home was no great luxury.

Cornwallis gained his name of Billy Blue by always hoisting the Blue Peter, the order to make ready for sea, the moment he anchored. St. Vincent would not allow even the captains to land (though, by the way, he lived on shore himself), for which their wives drank to the reverse of his health in this world and the next. The moment the wind shifted out of the west the fleet was on its way back to Ushant. Yet Torbay and the sight of the pleasant South Devon country was something. For the inshore squadron there was not even that. Its luxury was to have a safe anchorage, just out of the reach of the French artillery, where it could roll, perhaps for weeks together, with only the strength of much-tryed cables between it and utter destruction. There is a sentence of one of the letters of Cornwallis which, by a plain statement of fact, brings the hardship of the life vividly before the reader. He asks for another schooner to take part of the work of the Pickle which was always close into the shore at night, to prevent the French coasters from slipping along in the dark. Her captain, said Cornwallis simply, can never go to bed. Let anyone try to realise a life in which he never went to bed, and was never out of peril. It is not wonderful that those who were not of iron broke down, and that those who could endure it hardened into the strange and violent characters of the old navy. The fact that so few vessels were lost is an astonishing proof of the seamanship of our men. One wreck only is mentioned in this volume, that of the Magnificent, which was lost on a rock not marked on her chart. And by the way, this event showed how completely we were masters up to high-water-mark, for we sent a surveying party and charted the Frenchman's coast under his nose.

Meanwhile there were sunny days when parties could land on the islands and make jocose bets, or stretch their legs on quiet reaches of sand. There were also dashes of adventure, cuttings out of French privateers from under batteries, and the destruction of the said batteries and their signal stations. Lieutenant Ussher, afterwards Rear-Admiral and the officer who carried Napoleon to Elba, must have enjoyed one night's work in 1804 extremely. Cornwallis was not sure whether or not the French fleet had slipped out of Brest. Ussher put the question at rest by standing in after dark with his brig, the Colpoys, and hoisting out his gig. He then entered the harbour, rowed along the French line, counted it accurately, and though sighted and chased got back safe. But the most daring feat of the kind was done by one Hamon, described as a Frenchman but perhaps a Channel Islander, who was serving with the fleet as a pilot. In August he volunteered to land near Brest in disguise and return at the end of three days with a report on the condition of the enemy's fleet. He was put ashore at a quiet place on the understanding that a boat was to wait for him, and bring him off. It did not keep touch,—

By reason of which, after walking some time on the beach, and being fired at, at random in the dark, I suppose by the patrols, I was obliged to return again to the town of Brest, where I remained till about two o'clock on Sunday, the fifth day of my being on shore, when I hired a boat in the harbour with two boys in it, to take me on board a certain vessel there, which I pointed out. But it blowing rather fresh after getting a little way, the boys found it too great an undertaking for them, and wished to return. I agreed, re-landed, and paid them each half-a-crown, and with their boat sculled out of the harbour towards the ships at the anchorage of the Brest Roads. About four o'clock the next morning they saw me from the Culloden, and sent a cutter, which picked me up about two miles from

the ship; and I verily believe but for this fortunate circumstance I should have died of thirst and fatigue, for the boat, being leaky, had occasionally to be baled out with one of my boots, and what with that, my anxiety, and sculling upwards of fourteen hours without so much as a drop of water to refresh me, I dare say my being exhausted will not surprise you.

Hamon had £50 for this feat, which deserves to figure honourably in the still unwritten history of the heroism of spies. His report removed all fear that the French would come to sea yet awhile.

All the work of the blockade was not done close in shore. There was cruising to be done which was better than anchoring by the Black Rocks, or even in Douarnenez Bay. A captain might be sent on a round of visits to the ships off Lorient, Rochefort, Bordeaux, and Ferrol, where Pellew was watching the French, and corresponding in a firm polite fashion with the still neutral Spanish authorities. "You are then to stretch to the northward across the Bay (of Biscay) until you are nearly in the stream of the Channel, and in that direction you are to make your westing from twenty to twenty-four degrees, and latitude from forty-eight to fifty north, and continuing on that station, most diligently look out for, and afford protection to the homeward-bound trade; continuing upon that service for the space of two months from your arrival upon that station." When a captain was engaged in this way he might have some such pleasant experience as this, which happened to Bedford of the *Thunderer*, one of the vessels which Rear-Admiral Campbell had found poorly manned by the press at Torbay. Here it is as told in the bald style of the log.

A ship in sight to leeward apparently in chase of us. At eight shortened sail for the chase to close. At eleven tacked and stood towards the stranger; hailed him, repeated and ordered him to shorten sail, and told him that we were a ship of war of seventy-four guns, on which he asked if we were English. On my answering "yes" he gave us his broadside, which cut away a few ropes. We fired at him, without effect, both great guns and small arms. [The *Thunderers* had not yet been licked into shape clearly]. He hauled his wind to the northward and made all sail; at half-past three commenced firing our bow guns, which the ship returned; at half-past four close up with the chase, and orders given to fire a broadside at the moment he struck his colours. She proved to be the *Venus* of Bordeaux, pierced for twenty-eight guns, carrying sixteen long six-pounders, and two eight-pound carronades, 150 men, commanded by Mons. Lempérière; sailed on the evening of the 21st instant in company with *La Bellone*, *La Muse*, a ship of fourteen guns, a ketch and a brig. Quite a new vessel, sails remarkably fast and is well found in everything.

The impudence of M. Lempérière must have been colossal, or else it was his stupidity, which led him to mistake a seventy-four for an Indiaman. One of the Company's ships though, with their thirty-six carronades, ought to have been more than a match for the *Venus*. The poor gunnery of the *Thunderer*, which, since no mention is made of killed and wounded in the French crew, would appear not to have hit her opponent at all though within hailing-distance, is a reminder that things were not altogether as they ought to have been with the British fleet, and that it was most fortunate for us that Napoleon's insane greed, and infernal temper, hurried him into war when he had absolutely nothing ready.

DAVID HANNAY.

THE FUTURE OF THE TRANSVAAL.

THE South African Debate in the Lords and Commons has come and gone; and if the French newspapers, which have hinted that, if England is not disposed to fulfil the responsibility of her position as Paramount Power in South Africa, she had better entrust the suzerainty to someone else, are still a little dubious as to how far French interests have been bettered by Parliamentary discussion, South Africa seems to have been cheered at the attitude of the Imperial Assembly. It is quite true that Sir Henry Bannerman threw away a noble chance of approving himself something better than a mere party-man; but at all events those patriots must be morally smarting who hoped that the Imperial Ministry would be discovered before a delighted Transvaal as a House divided against itself. Even Sir Henry made haste to devour his own pronouncement that it was an iniquitous thing for this country to prepare herself for the demands of war, if war must come. We may surmise now that if there is war in South Africa the Ministry will not hesitate to see it through, and that we are not likely in that case to have much trouble from the Opposition. Mr. Chamberlain has intimated the appointment of a Commission to ascertain exactly how far Mr. Kruger's proposed concessions would benefit the Uitlander, and there the matter rests. It must be plain even to the Liberal Forwards, whose public meeting was distinguished by "three cheers for Majuba Hill," that the onus now rests on Mr. Kruger. It is admitted that the Uitlanders have grievances, and

that these grievances must be substantially redressed, and if Mr. Kruger's concessions are seen to hold out no appreciable remedy, the House of Commons will not annihilate a Colonial Secretary who asks for a little more.

The idea of a petition to Her Majesty was the very last resource of the people of Johannesburg. If they had not exhausted every means open to them within the Transvaal there would be something to say for those who compare the petitioners to the schoolboy who writes home instead of going straight to the house-master of whom he has complained. As a matter of fact the Uitlanders seem to have eaten more dirt (there is no other word for it), in the shape of appeals to Mr. Kruger, than any British community in the history of our people. Thus, the National Union being founded at Johannesburg in 1892, a statement of the grievances was drawn up in Dutch and sent out to every burgher. The answer was a series of quasi-official pamphlets which were spread through the country, conceived in the bitterest spirit of hostility. Constant deputations went to the Executive and got more or less fair promises; but there was no further result. The first public meeting held on August 22nd of that year conveyed a civil resolution to the President. The President was ready for the deputation. "Cease holding public meetings and be satisfied," he said to them. "Go back and tell your people I shall never give them anything. I shall never change my policy; now let the storm burst." Meetings continued to be held be-

tween 1892 and 1894, and a petition to the Raad for the franchise, bearing thirteen thousand signatures, was sent to the President in March of 1894 and rejected with ridicule.

The Netherlands Railway is an exceeding source of offence. A petition in favour of its expropriation was signed by burghers and Uitlanders in 1895 and considered by the Raad. The President (who figures in recent Blue-Books as the partner of an iron Mr. Jorkins) told the Raad to reject the petition because, "We can do many things through the Railway Company that we could not do ourselves by reason of the London Convention." In 1895 upwards of thirty-eight thousand Uitlanders petitioned for the franchise; there was a debate and the usual result, one legislator observing that if the petitioners wanted their rights they might fight for them. After three years of the most exemplary patience, not appreciably the happier, as we shall see, for the reform and raid of 1895, or for the promises which Mr. Chamberlain and his own nervousness extorted from the President, the Uitlanders turned in their extremity to the Suzerain Power.

Meanwhile, now that Parliament has left the matter to be dealt with by the proper authorities, and that the bugles of the daily papers are singing a truce to their disputations, a still small voice, as of the Man in the Street, is heard enquiring for a brief summary of the whole situation. He has been busy with his own interests while the experts in this matter have been shouting, and is only ready, now that his holiday has left him breathing-space, to lend an ear to anyone who will quietly give him the rights of the matter. What exactly are the Uitlanders' grievances? What is the case for British intervention? What will happen to us and to South

Africa if we do intervene, and what if we do not? What, in short, must a man and a voter do to fulfil his little share as a citizen, not of the United Kingdom only but, of the Empire? These are the questions of the average man not versed in South African topics, and these I now propose to try to answer. They may seem rather obvious questions, involving some repetition in the answers and not a little tedium. But those Afrikanders who were present at the debate on July 28th, confessed themselves appalled by the prevailing ignorance and, as they think, wrong-headedness of the various *ex-parte* statements which met their ears. Let us not mind then if we are dull therefore rather than superficial; let us emulate the example of "that dull sane Christian gentleman," the editor of the OCCIDENTAL IN THE WRECKERS, and be "singly desirous of communicating information," rather than of his more brilliant colleagues with their headlines and "swaggering misquotations." And first for the grievances of the Uitlanders.

It has been said fairly enough that their appeal was precipitated by the murder of Edgar, and as Mr. Dillon has thought it worth his valuable time to mislead the House of Commons upon this case, it may be as well to state the facts. There is not a word of truth in the statement that Edgar also killed his man. Edgar thought himself insulted by a drunkard in the street and knocked him down; he then went to his own house and locked the door. The police came up and broke open the door of Edgar's house. It is quite untrue, as Mr. Dillon stated, that Edgar was seen preparing a weapon; on the other hand it is quite true that Jones the policeman shot him in cold blood. Mr. Courtney stated in the House of Commons that the man whom Edgar

struck has since died. That is true also; but Mr. Courtney (who contrives to be pretty cynical for a man of his virtuous reputation) omits to state one important feature; the man was a dipsomaniac. He died the other day of drink, as the medical certificate is there to prove, while he was so little affected by the punishment he received from Edgar, that he was walking about the streets as usual next day. He was not even called as a witness at the trial of Edgar's policeman. Edgar's murder was at least the final cause of the Uitlanders' petition. It was bad enough when the police could not, or would not, make any attempt to arrest the murderers of Mrs. Appelbe, the Wesleyan clergyman's wife, struck down on her way to church; but when they took to killing on their own account, the Uitlanders turned to the Queen's advisers. An attempt has been made to prove that the petition was in some way engineered by the great capitalists of the Rand. Fortunately the Secretary of the Transvaal Branch of the South African League is now in England, and he is able to disprove that imputation. The President, as Mr. Dodd reminds us, "has never been a bad friend to the Johannesburg millionaires" who are able to pay their way and have no reason to wish to see the end of the present *régime*; consequently they had no share in the petition and looked at it askance. The League set to work as its Secretary informs us "with a very bankrupt exchequer." The same type of men which started the South African League itself contrived the Petition, men of business, to wit, very far from affluent, merchants, traders, professional men and artisans. As Mr. Dodd has said, "a great industry is not carried on," as some people in England seem to imagine, "by millionaires and bar-lookers." The

people who carry on the industry drew up the petition which was signed by twenty-one thousand British subjects. No more than Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons need we bind ourselves to guarantee the correctness of each individual signature; but we have the authority of the High Commissioner and his representative, the British Agent at Pretoria, for an entire confidence in its substantial authenticity. "I have been connected" said Mr. Dodd, himself a stalwart Liberal, whose voice is familiar on Liberal platforms in the North of England, "I have been connected with many petitions in my time, but never one where so much care was taken to be sure that everything was straight." Thus before we come to the matter of the grievances which it set forth, we need not hesitate to believe that over twenty thousand British subjects did of their own mere movement combine to ask the Imperial Government, as the last Court of Appeal, to intervene to redress the state of things which Mr. Kruger and his Government had for years point blank refused to modify, or promised to redress with no serious intention of keeping their word. Now the grievances set forth in the petition are familiar enough, but as some of them have at various times been called in question by the Liberal Forwards and their friends in the Home Press, it is perhaps not lost time to state them once again beyond any fear of contradiction.

A good deal has been made of the franchise, and as it is agreed that this is the key of the situation we may take the franchise first. Much bewilderment seems quite superfluously to surround this question. Originally every white man settling in the Transvaal was entitled to vote at once. In 1855, for revenue purposes only, a payment of £25 was demanded from persons not born in South Africa.

In 1874 it was enacted that strangers, not possessed of real estate, should reside one year to obtain the franchise ; if they owned real estate they received all rights at once. This was the provision of the Grondvet, the written constitution of the Transvaal on which those who made the London Convention depended when they made the Transvaal autonomous. In 1882 the conditions were increased to five years' residence, registry on the Field-Cornet's books for that period, and a payment of £25. In 1890 the Second Raad was established with qualifications for a vote of two years' residence which did not begin to count until, in terms of an obscure law, the candidate had been registered on the Field-Cornet's books, had paid £5, and had taken the oath of allegiance. Having held this vote for two years the naturalised voter became eligible for membership, but it was stipulated that no person should vote for a member of, or become eligible for a seat in the first Volksraad until the lapse of ten years after he had become eligible for a seat in the second Raad. As no person could be a member of the second Raad before he was thirty, so by this law no alien could acquire the franchise for the first Raad until after he was forty years of age. Even this right was made subject to the first Volksraad resolving to admit the particular alien, and was to be enjoyed only in pursuance of regulations to be framed. The upshot is that the burghers in the particular candidate's district are free to blackball him at the last moment. Again, naturalisation in the Transvaal does not mean incorporation in the State. Uitlanders being excluded from the vote for the President or Commander-in-Chief, and these are for ever out of a candidate's reach. Yet immediately he is naturalised he is liable to all the burdens of citizenship including military service. In 1894

it was enacted that the children of aliens born in the Transvaal should receive the full franchise only after making claim and waiting the full fourteen years, and that even the children of persons naturalised should only have the vote, though born in the country, provided they claimed the right at the age of sixteen. This was the state of things in the country which Mr. Gladstone had given back to the Boers on the direct understanding, emphasised by himself in a letter to certain Uitlanders, that the subjects of the Suzerain Power should be on an equality with the burghers. In Blue-book C. 3114, the curious will find reported the famous interview between the Boer leaders and Sir Evelyn Wood and others :—*Sir Evelyn* : "Before annexation were British subjects on the same footing as citizens of the Transvaal?" *Mr. Kruger* : "They were on the same footing ; there was not the slightest difference." *Sir E.* : "I presume you will not object to that continuing?" *Mr. K.* : "No ; there will be equal protection for everybody." *Sir E.* : "And equal privileges?" *Mr. K.* : "We make no difference so far as burgher rights are concerned." Mr. Kruger himself guaranteed a similar equality, which was of course secured to all the inhabitants of the Transvaal by *Grondvet*, not then set at nought. In a proclamation issued on August 8th, 1881, Mr. Kruger further declares that "to all inhabitants without any distinction we promise the protection of the law and all the privileges connected therewith." After referring to Act 28 of the Convention the proclamation ends : "But let everyone know that for all inhabitants, burgher or not, all the ordinary rights of property, trade, and traffic are the same." This was signed by Mr. Kruger and the two other members of the triumvirate.

The rest of the Uitlanders' grievances will be found officially stated in a whole lumber-room of contemporary Blue-Books. The Man in the Street, whom I have in mind, may be directed in particular to Mr. Conyngham Greene's despatch to Lord Rosmead (C. 8423) and Mr. Chamberlain's despatches (C. 7933). He will rise from that survey a sadder and a wiser man, and will, I hope, take notice that the worst of the grievances have arisen from the day when, as Mr. Chamberlain's despatch has put it, "The people of Johannesburg laid down their arms in the belief that reasonable concessions would be arranged by your (Sir Hercules Robinson's) intervention. Until these are granted," it goes on, "or are definitely promised by the President the root-cause of the recent trouble will remain." Sir Hercules made answer (C. 7933) and (C. 8043, p. 40): "I intend, if I find that the Johannesburg people have substantially complied with the ultimatum, to insist on the fulfilment of promises and consideration of grievances." The plain truth was of course that the reform movement, and the intervening raid which rendered it abortive, were not causes but consequences of Mr. Kruger's régime. There was a moment after the discomfiture of Dr. Jameson when the representative of Great Britain might have settled the whole thing at one beneficent swoop. Mr. Chamberlain, Great Britain's representative in South Africa and, for that matter, the most hostile German critics, were equally impressed with the belief that the High Commissioner would create a "budding morrow in midnight;" but Sir Hercules's day was over. He had gone out to South Africa for the last time against his will, and in obedience to a demand which was calculated to kill him and did indirectly kill him. It is enough to say that the opportunity was lost,

and Sir Hercules, content with Mr. Kruger's promises, returned to Cape Town.

After three years we are able to note how Mr. Kruger has kept his promises. During that time, while the Uitlanders have staid perfectly quiet, the worst of their sufferings have grown from the hour of Mr. Kruger's promise to forgive and forget. The Man in the Street may be left to himself to tabulate the effect of his researches. If he does so accurately he will find: (1) That the Chief Justice of the State has been dismissed for refusing to accept the subordination of the High Court to the Volksraad. (2) That an Act has been passed enabling the President to expel any one he may wish. (3) That a law forcing Englishmen to carry passes like Kaffirs was enacted, though afterwards withdrawn upon the expostulation of the High Commissioner. (4) That the liberty of the Press has been destroyed. (5) That the right of public meetings has been suppressed. (6) That municipal government has been taken out of British hands. (7) That vast sums have been spent on forts and armaments designed merely to terrorise the British population, so that the Uitlander's child plays in its parent's garden under the mouth of cannon. (8) That money has been squandered in a bad system of bonuses to idle burghers. (9) That the report of the Industrial Commission appointed by the Government consisting of burghers has been ignored. (10) That educational grants have been withheld from the British population. (11) That the drink-traffic among the natives has been suffered to continue, and that an English missionary having denounced the system, his wife was murdered and the Government did not even pretend to try to arrest the murderer until the British Agent had

complained. The Man in the Street will probably conclude that things with the Uitlander are as bad as bad can be. He will note with satisfaction the words of Sir Henry Bannerman: "The Uitlanders have not municipal government, nor have they police protection, nor the organised maintenance of order, nor the even-handed administration of justice, things which are usually held in civilised countries to be the first necessity of free and civilised communities." He will note, in a word, that we are all pretty much agreed that the Uitlanders' grievances exist and are intolerable.

But how is all this to be put a stop to? For that is where the only real difference comes in. May we intervene, and if so in what degree? Everyone agrees with Sir Henry Bannerman that war should be the last resource of civilised people. If we have the right to intervene at all and the present state of things be confessedly intolerable, shall we be justified in reinforcing moral pressure with something stronger? It is plain that the answer must turn in part on the weight of testimony which is forthcoming from the territories principally concerned. We have a very bad name in South Africa for our time-honoured system of directing our colonies from the Home point of view. It is the regular fate of the pro-consul to be reviled during his time of office and canonised ever after. "Your Lordship in England and I upon the spot," wrote Sir Benjamin D'Urban in 1834 to Lord Glenelg, "have seen all these African matters under different views." It is impossible to put the history of the Imperial Government in its relations with South Africa more concisely. D'Urban's policy was over-ruled by a Ministry which did not care to study local conditions, and was there to carry

out a theory. In 1848 Sir Harry Smith proclaimed British Sovereignty between the Vaal and Orange Rivers. The Boers flew to arms. There was a fairly bloodless battle at Boomplatz, and the annexation was carried out. However it is to be explained, the Dutch survivors of Boomplatz still reverence the name of the man who beat them, and I can recall the emotion with which an old Free State Boer described to me, after fifty years, his impressions of the man of Aliwal. It was possible to reconcile the most discontented Boers by "straightforward policy"; their race is wonderfully akin to the old Egyptian Pacha in Sir Alfred Milner's book on Egypt who rebelled at a *suggestion* which he welcomed as an *order*. But in 1854 wise Downing Street found that it knew better. Sir Harry Smith's work was undone, and the Free State, most unwillingly, compelled to constitute itself a Republic. The same old Boer who was at Boomplatz told me of the despair with which the Free Staters found themselves cast off. "And who," he said, "my uncle asked them, who shall protect us now from the Kaffirs?" The Commissioner who arranged the withdrawal was a facetious person and answered, "Oh, the lions." "We were like children cast out of doors," said the Boer. From Sir Harry Smith we turn to Sir George Grey with his experiences. Sir George was of course recalled, and has been worshipped ever since. Presently it was the turn of Sir Bartle Frere. What he thought of his treatment survives in a memorable sentence: "Any puppy dog in Fleet Street or Downing Street was stronger than the Government in Cape Colony." Sir Bartle annexed the South African Republic because he found it, in the words of Mr. Bryce, "bankrupt and helpless, distracted by internal quarrels, unable

to collect any taxes, apparently unable to defend itself against its Kaffir enemies, and likely to be the cause of native troubles which might spread till they affected all Europeans in South Africa." Given a free hand Frere must have succeeded in the daunting problem he was set to face. It was he who induced Kruger and Joubert to lend their experience to Lord Chelmsford in the Zulu War. It is an irony that, had the British Commander followed his advice and acted on their counsel, there would have been no national disaster at Isandhlwana, no outcry in the opposition Press, no need to make a Jonah of Sir Bartle Frere; and it is not too much to say that, instead of all these things, South Africa would have been consolidated into a dominion under the British flag. The sequel was Majuba Hill and the convention of Pretoria.

Once more this country has been given the view of a qualified consul. Sir Alfred Milner was sent out to the Cape as a man above all prejudice, impartial, admirable in coolness and temper, and drawn from the very class which hitherto had governed South Africa against the direction of his predecessors on the spot. Any English Afrikaner could have foretold the consequence. For two years and more he has kept silent, being busy studying the local difficulties. At length he speaks, and he tells us that the case for intervention in the affairs of the Transvaal is overwhelming. He has no ambition to recover the Transvaal as a British Colony and avenge Majuba. Not the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN* itself is less warlike, with this distinction that Sir Alfred's policy makes for peace; but he tells us that the Uitlanders' grievances are real, are intolerable, and that if we wish to remain the Paramount Power

in South Africa we must intervene. We find that the High Commissioner has with him all the intelligent unbiassed opinion of Cape Colony. Mr. Rose-Innes is by general admission the most judicial of African statesmen. Nominally of the progressive or English Liberal party in Cape politics he is rather apt to embarrass his own side by his uncompromising adherence to his own view of any question, and his own view inclines, if anything, to the side of his opponents. He is no politician, since politics are essentially a game of compromise in which one must aim not at the best indeed but at the best practicable. We find Mr. Rose-Innes at one with the High Commissioner. The testimony of Sir Gordon Sprigg and others of his party may be discounted in comparison. Happening to be English, Sir Gordon and others have the common and reprehensible trick of espousing the English side. But Mr. Innes is of another order. Of all the men on the spot at one upon the Uitlander question, the High Commissioner from England, chosen in a large measure for his judicial quality of mind, and the judicially-minded statesman of Cape Colony bear the most significant testimony to the goodness of the Uitlanders' cause and the necessity for intervention. In a word the men on the spot tell us that there is no other course open to the British Government but to intervene.

But how shall we intervene? We have had the conference at Bloemfontein with its nugatory issue. Sir Alfred Milner has pointed out why he based his solitary demand for the franchise, to give the Uitlanders a basis on which "to work out their own salvation." "Who wants the franchise?" a youthful Uitlander wrote to me the other day. The answer is, of course, no one, or very

few, save on the ground that it is the key to redressing the whole list of grievances. Sir Alfred asked for five years' franchise to act retrospectively. Mr. Kruger scouted the idea. The special-service officers went out to the Cape: Australia and Canada strongly threw themselves upon the Uitlanders' side; and Mr. Kruger suddenly perceived that "justice and liberality" demanded the reduction of his original proposal to one of a seven years' franchise with certain limitations. Five years' franchise was Mr. Schreiner's (the Cape Premier's) own idea expressed before the British South Africa Committee of 1897; but five or seven years are neither here nor there so that the Uitlanders receive, in Mr. Chamberlain's words, substantial and immediate enfranchisement. Experts must be set to tell us precisely how far Mr. Kruger proposes to grant our demand. If his concessions are consistent with what the High Commissioner advises us that we are justified in accepting the crisis is over, and the Uitlanders can sit down to work out their own salvation; the best of them tell us they may hope to have their grievances effectually redressed within ten years. On the other hand, if it be that these concessions are not genuine, the onus lies on Mr. Kruger, who will have himself to tell us, through the report of the joint Commission, exactly how we stand. And supposing his franchise proves empty? In that case we shall have reached the most acute stage of the crisis, for we shall have to determine whether or no our intervention shall go further than mere moral pressure. The contention of Mr. Kruger's advocates of course is that under the Convention of 1884 we have no ground for meddling with the domestic legislation of the Republic. It is curious that these

advocates should profess so greatly to reverence the name of Mr. Gladstone, for surely none ever said a harder thing of him. Mr. Gladstone, as we know, gave back independence to the Transvaal. Who could ever have supposed him contemplating that the Boers should be free to destroy the right of franchise and the independence of the Supreme Court, to arrange taxation so that the unfranchised bear nine-tenths of it, to muzzle the Press and the right of public meeting, to make men liable to arbitrary expulsion without trial and make only burghers jurors? The shade of Mr. Gladstone, if his voice could reach us from Elysium, would protest against any such travesty of the spirit of his convention.

The point is that not the spirit only, but the letter also of the Convention has been openly infringed. Let us pass by certain more elderly breaches of the different articles in the Conventions of London and Pretoria, the several *treks* into Bechuanaland and Zululand, although the former cost us all the expense of Sir Charles Warren's expedition. But what of the dynamite monopoly with its violation of Article 14? What of the ill-treatment of the Cape boys and other British subjects of colour? The entire franchise legislation since the Convention, the press law of 1896, the Alien Expulsion Law, and Law 1 of 1897, which lays down that the Court has no power to refuse to apply a resolution of the Volksraad because it is in their opinion invalid, and instructs the President to dismiss any judge who, in Mr. Kruger's opinion, returns an unsatisfactory answer to any question put to him on the subject, are all breaches of the Convention of London. And finally as Article 14 gives right of entry and domicile, and exemption from exceptional taxation to all persons, other than natives, conforming

themselves to the laws of the Republic, the Man in the Street need only refer to his tables to see how many are the separate infringements of the letter of the Convention.

The preamble of the Convention of London was the basis of the Convention of Pretoria, and grants the Transvaal its independence on the distinct understanding that the children of the Suzerain shall be on an equality in all things with the Boers whom Great Britain had made into a free nation. The right of self-government is conferred upon the inhabitants, not on a section of them. Thus the same instrument which secured the Uitlanders the rights denied them is the Transvaal's sole claim to independence. Mr. Kruger faces a dilemma, and has his choice of one of two unpleasant horns.

Of course you may say, like the Bishop who had rather see England free than sober, that you would sooner see South Africa in flames than any smaller Power coerced by a greater one; but that is probably an exceptional view. It is not a view of any one who desires the peace of South Africa or the supremacy of the Paramount Power. We have seen that, whether it was in 1881 on the eve of receiving his country's independence, or after the Jameson Raid, or only the other day after the Bloemfontein Conference when the special-service officers began to go out, the President has never conceded save under the apprehension of active measures. Even before the Uitlanders were able to reduce him in 1895 they had played their game of bluff with no little success, and to the last deputation that visited him before the raid Mr. Kruger was almost tearful in his promises of amendment. He will give way now only so far as he is convinced that we mean business, and if he is convinced of that he will not fight.

He has no belief in the intervention of the Cape Dutch. If Joubert or Cronji (who is a likelier commander nowadays) should win him a considerable engagement at the outset of a campaign, he might no doubt count on some volunteers from Cape Colony and the Orange Free State; but whoever may dream of such a victory, President Kruger is not the man. And if we do not mean business, if we accept a franchise which will bring neither an appreciable nor any immediate prospect of relief to the British population in the Transvaal, what then? The Uitlanders will no doubt make some abortive rising, but they will not fight much or long. They will turn presently to their old taskmaster, the President, and they will find that an alien population which has lost its old loyalty for England will have a very different reception from an alien population which turned to Great Britain as the final Court of Appeal. Then will be the opportunity of the young Afrikaner Party. There are Dutchmen and Dutchmen in South Africa,—bond and free. Some of the old Dutch families in the Colony, such as the Cloetes and the Vanderyls, are virtually English. They go home to be educated, and home is understood to mean an English University. They have a sort of æsthetic interest in their ancient identity with the country of Rembrandt, but they neither dream of Dutch supremacy nor dabble much in Cape politics. You meet them on the great marble stoep of Grootshur, and save when you are struck by some passing reminiscence of the features on an old canvas, it never occurs to you that your acquaintances are not English. Of the Dutch politicians there are a few like Sir Pieter Faure who will have nothing to say to the Bond. Their tie is to South Africa, but to South Africa as part of the British Empire.

If you asked them about race they would probably remind you that it takes English, Scotch, and Irish, to say nothing of Jews and naturalised Germans, to make up the population of the British Isles, and that, in point of fact, it is a small difference that one man lives in Stellenbosch and is called Van der Hum, while another, Mr. Jones, abides with Mrs. Jones at Peckham Rye; we are all equally sons of the Empire and love one great Imperial idea in common. Thus, in practical form, we may conceive Sir Pieter Faure and a few others to state their case. But these are in a minority, and of that minority they are few who like Sir Pieter have resolutely stayed without the network of the Bond; willing or unwilling, the majority both of Dutch politicians and Dutch voters are vassals of the Afrikaner Bond, and may not hesitate dislike of any of its tenets.

And not in the worst days of the Land League has a country lain in the grip of a political organisation so tyrannical. The town of — offers an example. There is a central office with a provincial council. At one time the provincial council might elect their own Parliamentary candidates. Their names were in form submitted to the *Toeziht*, or Central Board of Supervision, and were invariably approved. This was not enough for the leader of the Bond. At length at the provincial *Bestuur*, or Congress of candidates, a resolution was passed by Mr. Hofmeyr, which ordained that the names of all candidates should be submitted anew to the *Toeziht*, with this difference that henceforth that Body should be empowered to refuse to declare a candidate the approved of the Bond. This had the effect designed for it, the *Toeziht*, or Mr. Hofmeyr, may now annul the decision of any electoral division where the Bondsmen have

chosen to bring forward any candidate favourable to Mr. Rhodes or unpleasing to the eye of Mr. Hofmeyr. Mr. — was of this last category. He was a good Bondsman in that he sympathised with most of the Bond tenets and was prepared to go far with the Stalwarts of his party on their way to that Eldorado of their dreams. The day of his election came on; it was a small point from Mr. Hofmeyr to seek another constituency, but one night Mr. — was awakened from his slumbers. Three members of the Bond were at his bedside, with a paper which they required him to sign. The poor man sat up to read; the paper contained a promise that, if elected, he would neither directly or indirectly vote for Mr. Rhodes. If he refused he would lose his seat, and as he knew very well he would be more or less ostracised by his friends and relatives, Mr. — signed the paper and was elected.

An association which takes so much care of its men is not easy to evade, and if you take into account the influence of the Dutch reformed pulpit, as potent as the Catholic priesthood in Ireland, not good to defy!

This is the organisation which is violently working to create a separate Afrikaner nationality as its written constitution ordains. In the Transvaal the Bond sees the basis of the "nebulous and far-off Republic" which is its great objection. The Transvaal is rich, and in the Transvaal the Dutch are supreme. Now, the old Dopper Boers in the Colony have no desire to recruit among the British in the Transvaal or anywhere else. They desire to secure the legislation in the Cape Colony for their own class and, being farmers, to maintain the present extravagant system of Protection, and beyond the Cape Colony their tie is to the Boers across the Vaal.

If they go further they applaud the sentiments of the Dutch clergyman who informed his congregation last December that not Queen Victoria but the Queen of Holland was their proper sovereign. But among the Uitlanders they do not seek to proselytise. Not so Mr. Schreiner. If the Uitlander population is to remain, Mr. Schreiner thinks that they must be an integral part of the great South African Republic of which he aspires to be the first President. And as it is only the old Afrikanders who are unintelligent enough to oppose the vote to the British fleet, so the intelligent perceive that the business of undermining Great Britain in South Africa is gradual, in which British protection without and British recruits within are equally valuable. No one who knows South Africa believes that, if Sir Alfred Milner is properly supported, Mr. Kruger will remain obdurate. Consequently we disbelieve that there will be war, that if war must come, it will bring its compensa-

tions. They exaggerate who tell you that a great garrison must be kept in the Transvaal after a war. They do not exaggerate who tell you that, so soon as it is seen that Britain is still capable of asserting her authority in South Africa, there will be a great revulsion of feeling in Cape Colony. No white people have quite such a regard for strength as the Cape Dutch, and when it was seen that victory was followed by equitable, intelligent rule,—the rule of men who understand the country and its requirements under a High Commissioner whom already many Dutch Colonists begin to compare with Sir George Grey—bitterness would inevitably pass and a new epoch begin. But we may entertain no such hope if Great Britain is now to falter. Nations, like individuals, are not forgiven their follies unto seventy times seven, and this is, perhaps, the last chance which will be given to Great Britain of setting her South African house in order.

C. W. BOYD.

SAVROLA.

(A MILITARY AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER XII.

SAVROLA had scarcely time to smoke a cigarette before the Revolutionary leaders began to arrive. Moret was the first; he rang the bell violently, stamping about on the doorstep till it was answered, ran up-stairs three steps at a time, and burst impetuously into the room, quivering with excitement. "Ah," he cried, "the hour has come,—not words but deeds now! We draw the sword in a good cause; for my part I shall fling away the scabbard. Fortune is on our side."

"Yes," said Savrola; "have some whisky and soda-water,—on the side-board there. It is a good drink to draw the sword on,—the best, in fact."

Moret, somewhat abashed, turned and walking to the table began opening a soda-water bottle. As he poured out the spirit the clinking of glass and bottle betrayed his agitation. Savrola laughed softly. Turning swiftly, his impetuous follower sought to hide his agitation by a fresh outburst. "I have told you throughout," he said, holding his glass on high, "that force was the only solution. It has come, as I predicted. I drink to it,—war, civil war, battle, murder, and sudden death,—by these means liberty will be regained!"

"Wonderful soothing effect these cigarettes have. There's no opium in them either,—soft, fresh Egyptians. I get them every week from Cairo. A little, old man I met there three

years ago makes them, — Abdullah Rachouan."

He held out the box. Moret took one; the business of lighting it steadied him; he sat down and began to smoke furiously. Savrola watched him in dreamy calmness, looking often at the smoke-wreaths that rose about him. Presently he spoke. "So you are glad there is to be war and that people are to be killed?"

"I am glad that this tyranny is to be ended."

"Remember that we pay for every pleasure and every triumph we have in this world."

"I will take my chance."

"I trust, I would be glad if I could say with conviction, I pray that the lot may not fall on you. But it is true nevertheless that we must pay, and for all the good things in life men pay in advance. The principles of sound finance apply."

"How do you mean?" asked Moret.

"Would you rise in the world? You must work while others amuse themselves. Are you desirous of a reputation for courage? You must risk your life. Would you be strong morally or physically? You must resist temptations. All this is paying in advance; that is prospective finance. Observe the other side of the picture; the bad things are paid for afterwards."

"Not always."

"Yes, as surely as the head-ache of Sunday morning follows the debauch

of Saturday night, as an idle youth is requited by a barren age, as a gluttonous appetite promotes an ungainly paunch."

"And you think I shall have to pay for this excitement and enthusiasm? You think I have paid nothing so far?"

"You will have to take risks, that is paying. Fate will often throw double or quits. But on these hazards men should not embark with levity; the gentleman will always think of settling-day."

Moret was silent. Brave and impetuous as he was, the conversation chilled him. His was not the courage of the Stoic; he had not schooled himself to contemplate the shock of dissolution. He fixed his thoughts on the struggles and hopes of the world, as one might look at the flowers and grasses growing on the edge of a precipice towards which he was being impelled.

They remained for a few moments without speaking, till Godoy and Renos entered, having arrived simultaneously.

Each man of the four had taken the news, which meant so much to them, according to their natures. Savrola had put on the armour of his philosophy, and gazed on the world as from a distance. Moret had been convulsed with excitement. The other two, neither composed nor elated by the proximity and the approach of danger, showed that they were not the men for stirring times.

Savrola greeted them amiably, and all sat down. Renos was crushed. The heavy hammer of action had fallen on the delicate structures of precedent and technicality in which he had always trusted, and smashed them flat. Now that the crisis had arrived, the law, his shield and buckler, was first of all to be thrown away. "Why has he done this?" he

asked. "What right had he to come without authorisation? He has committed us all. What can we do?"

Godoy too was shocked and frightened. He was one of those men who fear danger, who shrink from it, but yet embark deliberately on courses which they know must lead to it. He had long foreseen the moment of revolt, but had persisted in going on. Now it was upon him, and he trembled; still, his dignity strengthened him.

"What is to be done, Savrola?" he asked turning instinctively to the greater soul and stronger mind.

"Well," said the leader, "they had no business to come without my orders; they have, as Renos has observed, committed us, while our plans are in some respects incomplete. Strelitz has disobeyed me flatly; I will settle with him later. For the present, recriminations are futile; we have to deal with the situation. The President will know of the invasion in the morning; some of the troops here will, I take it, be ordered to strengthen the Government forces in the field. Perhaps the Guard will be sent. I think the others would refuse to march; they are thoroughly in sympathy with the Cause. If so we must strike, much as we have arranged. You, Moret, will call the people to arms. The proclamation must be printed, the rifles served out, the Revolution proclaimed. All the Delegates must be notified. If the soldiers fraternise, all will be well; if not, you will have to fight—I don't think there will be much opposition—storm the palace and make Molara prisoner."

"It shall be done," said Moret.

"Meanwhile," continued Savrola, "we will proclaim the Provisional Government at the Mayoralty. Thence I shall send you orders; thither you must send me reports.

All this will happen the day after to-morrow."

Godoy shivered, but assented. "Yes," he said; "it is the only course, except flight and ruin."

"Very well; now we will go into details. First of all, the proclamation. I will write that to-night. Moret, you must get it printed; you shall have it at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Then prepare the arrangements we had devised for assembling and arming the people; wait till you get a written order from me to put them into action. You, Renos, must see the members of the Provisional Government. Have the constitution of the Council of Public Safety printed, and be ready to circulate it to-morrow night; yet again, wait till I give the word. Much depends on the attitude of the troops; but everything is really ready. I do not think we need fear the result."

The intricate details of the plot, for plot it was, were well known to the leaders of the revolt. For several months they had looked to force as the only means of ending the government they detested. Savrola was not the man to commit himself to such an enterprise without taking every precaution. Nothing had been forgotten; the machinery of revolution only needed setting in motion. Yet in spite of the elaborate nature of the conspiracy and its great scale, the President and his police had been able to learn nothing definite. They feared that a rising was imminent: they had realised the danger for some months; but it was impossible to know where the political agitation ended, and the open sedition began. The great social position and almost European reputation of the principal leaders had rendered their arrest without certain proof a matter of extreme difficulty. The President, believing that the people would not

rise unless spurred thereto by some act of power on the part of the Executive, feared to rouse them. But for this Savrola, Moret, and the others would have already filled cells in the State prison; indeed they would have had much to be thankful for had their lives been spared.

But Savrola understood his position, and had played his game with consummate tact and skill. The great parade he made of the political agitation had prevented the President from observing the conspiracy to deliberate violence which lay beneath. At length the preparations were approaching completion. It had become only a matter of days; Strelitz's impetuous act had but precipitated the course of events. One corner of the great firework had caught light too soon; it was necessary to fire the rest lest the effect should be spoiled.

He continued to go over the details of the scheme for nearly an hour, to make sure that there should be no mistakes. At last all was finished, and the members of the embryo Council of Public Safety took their departure. Savrola let them out himself, not wishing to wake the old nurse. Poor soul, why should she feel the force of the struggles of ambitious men?

Moret went off full of enthusiasm; the others were gloomy and preoccupied. Their great leader shut the door, and once more that night climbed the stairs to his chamber.

As he reached it, the first streaks of morning came in through the parted curtains of the windows. The room, in the grey light with its half empty glasses and full ash-trays, looked like a woman, no longer young, surprised by an unsympathetic dawn in the meretricious paints and pomps of the previous night. It was too late to go to bed; yet he was tired, weary

with that dry kind of fatigue which a man feels when all desire of sleep has passed away. He experienced a sensation of annoyance and depression. Life seemed unsatisfactory; something was lacking. When all deductions had been made on the scores of ambition, duty, excitement, or fame, there remained an unabSORBED residuum of pure emptiness. What was the good of it all? He thought of the silent streets; in a few hours they would echo with the crackle of musketry. Poor broken creatures would be carried bleeding to the houses, whose doors terrified women would close in the uncharitable haste of fear. Others, flicked out of human ken from solid concrete earth to unknown, unformulated abstractions, would lie limp and reproachful on the senseless stones. And for what? He could not find an answer to the question. The apology for his own actions was merged in the much greater apology Nature would have to make for the existence of the human species. Well, he might be killed himself; and as the thought occurred to him he looked forward with a strange curiosity to that sudden change, with perhaps its great revelation. The reflection made him less dissatisfied with the shallow ends of human ambition. When the notes of life ring false, men should correct them by referring to the tuning-fork of death. It is when that clear menacing tone is heard that the love of life grows keenest in the human heart.

All men, from such moods and reflections, are recalled to earth by hard matters of fact. He remembered the proclamation he had to write, and rising plunged into the numerous details of the business of living, and thus forgot the barrenness of life. So he sat and wrote, while the pale glimmer of the dawn

glowed into the clear light of sunrise and the warm tints of broad day.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE private breakfast-room of the Presidential palace was a small but lofty apartment. The walls were hung with tapestries; over the doors weapons of ancient type and history were arranged in elaborate patterns. The great French windows were deeply set in the wall, and the bright light of the morning was softened by heavy crimson curtains. Like the rest of the house it wore an official aspect. The windows opened on to the stone terrace, and those who passed through them experienced a feeling of relief in exchanging the severe splendours of the palace for the beautiful confusion of the garden, where between the spreading trees and slender palms stretched the sparkling waters of the harbour.

The table, which was set for two, was comfortably small and well arranged. The generous revenue which it had long been the principle of the Lauranian Republic to bestow on her First Magistrate enabled the President to live in a style of elegance and luxury, and to enjoy the attractions of good silver, fresh-cut flowers, and an excellent cook. But it was with a clouded brow that Molara met his wife at breakfast on the morning after the events which have just been chronicled.

"Bad news,—tiresome news again, dear," he said as, sitting down and depositing a handful of papers on the table, he signed to the servants to leave the room.

Lucile experienced a feeling of intense relief. After all she would not have to tell him the secret she had learned. "Has he started?" she asked incautiously.

"Yes, last night; but he will be stopped."

"Thank heaven for that!"

Molara looked at her in amazement. "What do you mean? Why are you glad that the Admiral and the fleet are prevented from carrying out my orders?"

"The fleet!"

"Good gracious! What did you think I meant?" he asked impatiently.

A loophole of escape presented itself. She ignored his question. "I am glad the fleet is stopped because I think they will be wanted here, now that the city is so unsettled."

"Oh," said the President shortly, —suspiciously, she thought. To cover her retreat she asked a question. "Why are they stopped?"

Molara pulled out a Press telegram slip from among his papers.

"Port Said, September 9th, 6.0. a.m.," he said, reading; "*British steam-collier Maude, 1,400 tons, grounded this morning in canal, which is in consequence blocked for traffic. Every effort is being made to clear the fairway. Accident is believed to be due to the silting up of channel caused by extreme draught of H.B.M.S. Aggressor which passed through last night.*" He added: "They know their business these English pigs."

"You think they have done it on purpose?"

"Of course."

"But the fleet is not there yet?"

"It will be there to-morrow night."

"But why should they block the channel now,—why not wait?"

"Characteristic dislike of *coups de théâtre*, I suppose. Now the French would have waited till we were at the entrance of the channel, and then shut the door in our faces neatly. But British Diplomacy does not aim at effects; besides this looks more natural."

"How abominable!"

"And listen to this," said the President, as giving way to keen irritation he snatched another paper from his bundle and began to read. "From the Ambassador," he said: "*Her Majesty's Government have instructed the Officers commanding the various British coaling-stations south of the Red Sea, to render every assistance to the Lauranian fleet and to supply them with coal at the local market-rate.*"

"It is an insult," she said.

"It is a cat playing with a mouse," he rejoined bitterly.

"What will you do?"

"Do? Sulk, protest,—but give in. What else can we do? Their ships are on the spot; ours are cut off."

There was a pause. Molara read his papers and continued his breakfast. Lucile came back to her resolution. She would tell him; but she would make terms. Savrola must be protected at all costs. "Antonio," she said nervously.

The President, who was in a thoroughly bad temper, went on reading for a moment and then looked up abruptly. "Yes?"

"I must tell you something."

"Well, what is it?"

"A great danger is threatening us."

"I know that," he said shortly.

"Savrola——" She paused uncertain and undecided.

"What of him?" said Molara, suddenly becoming interested.

"If you were to find him guilty of conspiracy, of plotting revolution, what would you do?"

"I should shoot him with the greatest pleasure in the world."

"What, without a trial?"

"Oh no! He should have a trial and welcome. What of him?"

It was a bad moment. She looked round for another loophole.

"He—he made a speech last night," she said.

"He did," said the President impatiently.

"Well, I think it must have been very inflammatory, because I heard the crowds cheering in the streets all night."

Molara looked at her in deep disgust. "My dear, how silly you are this morning," he said and returned to his paper.

The long silence that followed was broken by the hurried entrance of Miguel with an opened telegram. He walked straight up to the President and handed it to him without speaking; but Lucile could see that he was trembling with haste, excitement, or terror.

Molara opened the folded paper leisurely, smoothed it on the table and then jumped out of his chair as he read it. "Good God! when did this come?"

"This moment."

"The fleet," he cried, "the fleet, Miguel,—not an instant must be lost! Recall the Admiral! They must return at once. I will write the telegram myself." Crumpling the message in his hand he hurried out of the room, Miguel at his heels. At the door he found a waiting servant. "Send for Colonel Sorrento,—to come here immediately. Go! be off! Run!" he cried as the man departed with ceremonious slowness.

Lucile heard them bustle down the corridor and the slam of a distant door; then all was silent again. She knew what that telegram contained. The tragedy had burst upon them all, that tragedy whose climax must strike her so nearly; but she felt glad she had meant to tell her husband,—and yet more glad that she had not told him. A cynic might have observed that Savrola's confidence in the safety of his secret was well founded.

She returned to her sitting-room.

The uncertainty of the immediate future terrified her. If the revolt succeeded, she and her husband would have to fly for their lives; if it were suppressed the consequences seemed more appalling. One thing was clear; the President would send her out of the Capital at once to some place of safety. Whither? Amid all these doubts and conflicting emotions one desire predominated,—to see Savrola again, to bid him good-bye, to tell him she had not betrayed him. It was impossible. A prey to many apprehensions she walked aimlessly about the room awaiting the developments she feared.

Meanwhile the President and his secretary had reached the private office. Miguel shut the door. Both looked at each other.

"It has come," said Molara with a long breath.

"In an evil hour," replied the Secretary.

"I shall win, Miguel. Trust to my star, my luck,—I will see this thing through. We shall crush them; but much is to be done. Now write this telegram to our agent at Port Said; send it in cipher and clear the line: *Charter at once fast despatch-boat and go personally to meet Admiral de Mello, who with fleet left Laurania midnight 8th instant for Port Said. Stop. Order him in my name return here urgent. Stop. Spare no expense.* Now send that off. With good luck the ships should be here to-morrow night."

Miguel sat down and began to put the message into code. The President paced the room excitedly; then he rang the bell; a servant entered.

"Has Colonel Sorrento come yet?"

"No, your Excellency."

"Send and tell him to come at once."

"He has been sent for, your Excellency."

"Send again."

The man disappeared.

Molara rang the bell once more. He met the servant in the doorway.

"Is there a mounted orderly?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Finished, Miguel?"

"Here," said the Secretary, getting up and handing the message to the startled attendant,— "at speed."

"Go on," shouted the President, striking the table with his open hand and the man fled from the room. The sound of the galloping horse somewhat allayed Molara's impatience.

"He crossed the frontier last night at nine o'clock, Miguel; he should have been at Turga at daybreak. We have a garrison there, a small one, but enough to delay the advance. Why is there no news? This telegram comes from Paris, from the Foreign Minister. We should have heard from—who is it commands the post?"

"I don't know, your Excellency. The Colonel will be here directly; but the silence is ugly."

The President set his teeth. "I cannot trust the army; they are all disaffected. It is a terrible game; but I shall win, I shall win!" He repeated the sentence to himself several times with more energy than conviction, as if to fortify his heart.

The door opened. "Colonel Sorrento," announced the usher.

"Look here, old man" said Molara familiarly, — he felt he wanted a friend rather than a subordinate—"Strelitz has invaded us. He crossed the frontier last night with two thousand men and several Maxim guns, marching here by Turga and Lorenzo. We have no news from the Commandant at Turga; who is he?"

Sorrento was one of those soldiers, not an uncommon type, who fear little but independent responsibility. He had served under the President for many years in the field and in the

Government. Had he been alone when the news arrived, he would have been thunderstruck; now that he had a leader he followed and obeyed with military precision. Without any appearance of surprise he thought for a moment and then replied: "Major de Roc; he has four companies,—a good officer,—you can trust him, Sir."

"But the troops?"

"That's another matter altogether. The whole army, as I have several times informed you, Sir, is disturbed. Only the Guard can be relied on, and, of course, the officers."

"Well, we shall see," said the President stoutly. "Miguel, get the map. You know the country, Sorrento. Between Turga and Lorenzo the Black Gorge must be held. Here," he pointed on the map, which the Secretary unrolled, "here they must be stopped, or at any rate delayed till the fleet comes back. What is there at Lorenzo?"

"A battalion and two machine-guns," replied the War-Minister.

The President took a turn up and down the room. He was used to deciding quickly. "A brigade would do it for certain," he said. He took another turn. "Rail both battalions of the Guard at once to Lorenzo." Sorrento, who had produced his notebook, began to write. "Two field-batteries," said the President. "Which two are fit, Colonel?"

"The first and second will do," answered Sorrento.

"And the Lancers of the Guard."

"All?"

"Yes, all, except details for orderly-work."

"That leaves you nothing trustworthy."

"I know," said the President. "It is a bold course, but the only one. Now what about the Line regiments in the city? Which are the worst?"

"The third, fifth, and eleventh have caused us most uneasiness."

"Very well; we will get them out of the way. Let them march to-day towards Lorenzo and halt anywhere ten miles out of the city as a supporting brigade. Now, who is to command?"

"Rollo is senior, Sir."

"A fool, a fossil, and out of date," cried the President.

"Stupid, but steady," said Sorrento.

"You can rely upon his attempting nothing brilliant; he will do what he is told, and nothing more."

Molara reflected on this tremendous military virtue. "Very well; give him the supporting brigade; they will have no fighting. But the other business; that is different. Brienz should have it."

"Why not Drogan?" suggested the War-Minister.

"I can't stand his wife," said the President.

"He is a good musician, Sir," interposed Miguel.

"Guitar,—very melodious." He shook his head appreciatively.

"And has a capital cook," added Sorrento.

"No," said Molara; "this is a matter of life and death. I cannot indulge my prejudices, nor yours; he is not a good man."

"A good Staff would run him all right, Sir; he is very placid and easily led. And he is a great friend of mine; many's the good dinner —"

"No, Colonel, it's no good; I cannot. Is it likely that when so much is at stake, when my reputation, my chances in life, indeed life itself, are on the hazard, that I or any one would give a great command on such grounds? If claims were equally balanced, I would oblige you; but Brienz is a better man and must have it. Besides," he added, "he has not got a horrid wife." Sorrento

looked terribly disappointed but said no more. "Well, that is all settled. I leave all details to you. The Staff, everything, you may appoint; but the troops must start by noon. I will speak to them myself at the station."

The War-Minister bowed and departed, solaced by the minor appointments which the President had left to his decision.

Molara looked at his secretary dubiously. "Is there anything else to do? None of the revolutionaries in the city have moved, have they?"

"They have given no sign, Sir; there is nothing to incriminate them."

"It is possible this has surprised them; their plans are not ready. At the first overt act of violence or sedition, I will arrest them. But I must have proofs, not for my own satisfaction, but for the country."

"This is a critical moment," said the Secretary. "If the leaders of the sedition could be discredited, if they could be made to appear ridiculous or insincere, it would have a great effect on public opinion."

"I had thought," replied Molara, "that we might hope to learn something of their plans."

"You have informed me that her Excellency has consented to ask Señor Savrola for information on this point?"

"I dislike the idea of any intimacy between them; it might be dangerous."

"It might be made most dangerous for him."

"In what way?"

"In the way I have already indicated to you, General."

"Do you mean in the way I forbade you to suggest, Sir?"

"Certainly."

"And this is the moment?"

"Now or never."

There was a silence, after which

they resumed the morning's business. For an hour and a half both worked busily. Then Molara spoke. "I hate doing it ; it's a dirty job."

"What is necessary, is necessary," said the Secretary sententiously. The President was about to make a reply when a clerk entered the room with a deciphered telegram. Miguel took it from him, read it, and passed it to his chief, saying grimly as he did so : "Perhaps this will decide you."

The President read the message, and as he read his face grew hard and cruel. It was from the Police-Commissary at Turga, brief but terrible ; the soldiers had deserted to the invaders, having first shot their officers.

"Very well," said Molara at last, "I shall require you to accompany me to-night on a mission of importance. I will take an aide-de-camp as well."

"Yes," said the Secretary ; "witnesses are necessary."

"I shall be armed."

"That is desirable, but only as a threat, only as a threat," said the Secretary earnestly. "He is too strong for violence ; the people would be up in a moment."

"I know that," curtly replied the President and then with savage bitterness he added : "but for that there would be no difficulty."

"None whatever," said Miguel, and went on writing.

Molara rose and went in search of Lucile, choking down the disgust and repugnance he felt. He was determined now ; it might just make the difference to him in the struggle for power, and besides, it contained the element of revenge. He would like to see the proud Savrola grovel and beg for mercy at his feet. All mere politicians, he said to himself, were physical cowards ; the fear of death would paralyse his rival.

Lucile was still in her sitting-room

when her husband entered. She met him with an anxious look. "What has happened, Antonio ?"

"We have been invaded, dearest, by a large force of revolutionaries. The garrison of Turga have deserted to the enemy, and killed their officers. The end is now in sight."

"It is terrible," she said.

"Lucile," he said with unwonted tenderness, "one chance remains. If you could find out what the leaders of the agitation in this city intend to do, if you can get Savrola to show his hand, we might maintain our position and overcome our enemies. Can you, —will you do this ?"

Lucile's heart bounded. It was, as he said, a chance. She might defeat the plot, and at the same time make terms for Savrola ; she might still rule in Laurania, and, though this thought she repressed, save the man she loved. Her course was clear ; to obtain the information and sell it to her husband for Savrola's life and liberty. "I will try," she said.

"I knew you would not fail me, dearest," said Molara. "But the time is short ; go and see him to-night at his rooms. He will surely tell you. You have power over men, and will succeed."

Lucile reflected. To herself she said, "I shall save the State and serve my husband ;" and herself rejoined, "You will see him again." Then she spoke aloud. "I will go to-night."

"My dear, I always trusted you," said the President ; "I will never forget your devotion."

Then he hurried away, convulsed with remorse,—and shame. He had indeed stooped to conquer.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE military force of the Lauranian Republic was proportioned to the duties of protecting its territories

from invasion and of maintaining law and order within them, but was by the wisdom of former days restricted to limits which did not encourage great schemes of foreign conquest nor any aggressive meddling in the affairs of the neighbouring principalities. Four regiments of cavalry, twenty battalions of foot, and eight field-batteries comprised the Army of the Line. Besides these there was the Republican Guard, which consisted of a regiment of Lancers and two strong battalions of veteran infantry, and supported by their discipline the authority, and by their magnificence the dignity of the State.

The great capital city, which exceeded in wealth, population, and turbulence the aggregate of the provincial towns, had for its garrison the Guard and half of the entire army. The remaining troops were scattered in small country stations and on the frontiers.

All the pains that the President had taken to maintain the good-will of the soldiery had proved vain. The revolutionary movement had grown apace in the ranks of the army, till they were now thoroughly disaffected, and the officers felt that their orders would be obeyed only so far as they were agreeable. With the Guard it was different. All, or nearly all, had borne their part in the late war, and had marched to victory under the generalship of the President. They honoured and trusted their former commander, and were in turn honoured and trusted by him; indeed the favour he had shewn them may have been among the causes which had alienated the rest.

It was this Guard that Molara, in his heavy need, was about to send against the invaders. He well knew the danger of depriving himself of the only troops he could rely on, should the city itself rise; but the

advancing forces must be stopped at all hazards, and the Guard alone were able and willing to do the work. He would be left alone amid the populace who detested him, in the city he had ruled so sternly, with mutinous soldiers as his only defenders. It was not an inviting prospect, yet it presented some chances of success. It displayed a confidence which, though assumed, might decide the waverers and disgust his foes; and it dealt with the most pressing emergency, which was after all the first duty of the Executive. He did not doubt the ability of the troops he had despatched to disperse, if not to destroy, the rabble that had crossed the frontier. That danger at least was removed by his action. In two days the fleet would return, and under its guns his Government might still continue, feared and respected. The intervening period was the crisis, a crisis which he hoped to pass safely through, partly by the force of his personality, and partly by the ridicule and contempt in which he intended to plunge his terrible rival.

Punctually at eleven o'clock he left his private office to attire himself in his full uniform as a general of the army, in order that at the parade the troops might be reminded that he too was a soldier and one who had seen much war.

At the door Lieutenant Tiro presented himself, in a great state of perturbation. "Sir," he said, "you will allow me to go with my squadron to the front? There will be nothing for me to do here."

"On the contrary," replied the President, "there will be a great deal for you to do here. You must stay."

Tiro turned pale. "I do beg you, Sir, to allow me to go," he said earnestly.

"Impossible,—I want you here."

"But, Sir——"

"Oh, I know," said Molara impatiently; "you want to get shot at. Stay here, and I promise you shall hear bullets in plenty before you have done." He turned away, but the look of bitter disappointment on the young officer's face induced him to pause. "Besides," he added, assuming that charm of manner of which few great men are destitute, "I require you for a service of difficulty and extreme danger. You have been specially selected."

The Subaltern said no more, but he was only half consoled. He thought ruefully of the green country, the glinting lances, the crack of the rifles, and all the interest and joy of war. He would miss everything; his friends would be there, but he would not share their perils. They would talk of their adventures in after days and he would have no part in their discussions; they would even laugh at him as a "tame cat" of the palace, an aide-de-camp for ornamental purposes only. And as he mourned, a distant trumpet-call stung him like the cut of a whip. It was *Boots and Saddles*,—the Lancers of the Guard were turning out. The President hurried off to array himself, and Tiro descended the stairs to order the horses.

Molara was soon ready, and joined his aide-de-camp on the steps of the palace. Attended by a small escort they rode to the railway-station, passing, on the way, through groups of sullen citizens who stared insolently, and even spat on the ground in hatred and anger.

The artillery had already been despatched, but the entraining of the rest of the troops had not commenced when the President arrived, and they were drawn up (the cavalry in mass, the infantry in line of quarter-columns), in the open space in front of the terminus. Colonel Brienz, who commanded

the force, was mounted at their head. He advanced and saluted; the band struck up the Republican Hymn, and the infantry presented arms with a clash of precision. The President acknowledged these compliments with punctilious care; and then, as the rifles were shouldered, he rode towards the ranks.

"You have a splendid force, Colonel Brienz," he said addressing the Colonel, but speaking loud enough to be heard by the troops. "To your skill and to their courage the Republic entrusts its safety, and entrusts it with confidence." He then turned to the troops: "Soldiers, some of you will remember the day I asked you to make a great effort for your country and your honour; Sorato is the name that history has given to the victory which was your answer to my appeal. Since then we have rested in peace and security, protected by the laurels that have crowned your bayonets. Now, as the years have passed, those trophies are challenged, challenged by the rabble whose backs you have seen so often. Take off the old laurels, soldiers of the Guard, and with the bare steel win new ones. Once again I ask you to do great things, and when I look along your ranks, I cannot doubt that you will do them. Farewell, my heart goes with you; would to God I were your leader!"

He shook hands with Brienz and with the senior officers amid loud cheers from the troops, some of whom broke from the ranks to press around him, while others raised their helmets on their bayonets in warlike enthusiasm. But as the shouting ceased a long discordant howl of derision, till then drowned by the noise, was heard from the watching crowds,—a sinister comment!

Meanwhile the mobilisation of the Reserve Brigade revealed extreme

contrast between the loyalty and discipline of the Guard and the disaffection of the regiments of the Line.

An ominous silence reigned throughout the barracks. The soldiers walked about moodily and sullenly, making little attempt to pack their kits for the impending march. Some loitered in groups about the parade-ground and under the colonnade which ran round their quarters; others sat sulking on their cots. The habit of discipline is hard to break, but here were men steeling themselves to break it.

These signs did not pass unnoticed by the officers who awaited in anxious suspense the hour of parade.

"Don't push them," Sorrento had said to the colonels, "take them very gently;" and the colonels had severally replied that they would answer with their lives for the loyalty of their men. It was nevertheless thought advisable to try the effect of the order upon a single battalion, and the 11th Regiment was the first to receive the command to turn out.

The bugles blew briskly and cheerily, and the officers, hitching up their swords and pulling on their gloves, hurried to their respective companies. Would the men obey the summons? It was touch and go. Anxiously they waited. Then by twos and threes the soldiers shuffled out and began to form up in their ranks. At length the companies were complete, sufficiently complete, that is to say, for there were many absentees. The officers inspected their units. It was a dirty parade; the accoutrements were uncleaned, the uniforms carelessly put on, and the general appearance of the men was slovenly to a degree. But of these things no notice was taken, and as they walked along the ranks the subalterns found something to say in friendly chaff to many of their soldiers. They were greeted however with a forbidding silence,

a silence not produced by discipline or by respect. Presently *Markers* sounded, the companies moved to the general parade-ground, and soon the whole battalion was drawn up in the middle of the barrack-square.

The Colonel was on his horse, faultlessly attired, and attended by his Adjutant. He looked calmly at the solid ranks before him, and nothing in his bearing revealed the terrible suspense which filled his mind and gripped his nerve. The Adjutant cantered along the column collecting the reports. "All present, Sir," said the company commanders, but there were several whose voices quavered. Then he returned to the Colonel, and fell in his place. The Colonel looked at his regiment, and the regiment at their Colonel.

"Battalion,—attention!" he cried, and the soldiers sprang up with a clatter and a click. "Form,—fours."

The word of command was loud and clear. About a dozen soldiers moved at the call of instinct,—moved a little—looked about them, and shuffled back to their places again. The rest budged not an inch. A long and horrid silence followed. The Colonel's face turned grey.

"Soldiers," he said, "I have given you an order; remember the honour of the regiment. Form,—fours." This time not a man moved. "As you were," he shouted desperately, though it was an unnecessary command. "The battalion will advance in quarter-column. Quick march!"

The battalion remained motionless.

"Captain Lecomte," said the Colonel, "what is the name of the right-hand man of your company?"

"Sergeant Balfe, Sir," replied the officer.

"Sergeant Balfe, I order you to advance. Quick—march!"

The sergeant quivered with excitement; but he held his ground.

The Colonel opened his pouch and

produced his revolver with much deliberation. He looked carefully at it, as if to see that it was well cleaned; then he raised the hammer and rode up close to the mutineer. At ten yards he stopped and took aim. "Quick—march!" he said in a low menacing voice.

It was evident that a climax had been reached, but at this instant Sorrento, who, concealed in the archway of the barrack-gate, had watched the proceedings ride into the square and trotted towards the soldiers. The Colonel lowered his pistol.

"Good-morning," said the War-Minister.

The officer replaced his weapon and saluted.

"Is the regiment ready to move off?" and then before a reply could be given he added: "A very smart parade, but after all it will not be necessary to march to-day. The President is anxious that the men should have a good night's rest before starting and," raising his voice, "that they should drink a bumper to the Republic and confusion to her enemies. You may dismiss them, Colonel."

"Fall out," said the Colonel, not even caring to risk going through the correct procedure for dismissing.

The parade broke up. The ordered ranks dissolved in a crowd, and the soldiers streamed off towards their barracks. The officers alone remained.

"I should have shot him, Sir, in another instant," said the Colonel.

"No good," said Sorrento, "to shoot one man; it would only infuriate them. I will have a couple of machine-guns down here to-morrow morning, and we shall see then what will happen."

He turned suddenly, interrupted by a storm of broken and confused cheering. The soldiers had almost reached their barracks; one man was raised on the shoulders of others, and surrounded by the rest of the regiment, waving their helmets, brandishing their rifles, and cheering wildly.

"It is the sergeant," said the Colonel.

"So I perceive," replied Sorrento bitterly. "A popular man I suppose. Have you many non-commissioned officers like that?" The Colonel made no reply. "Gentlemen," said the War-Minister to the officers who loitered on the square, "I would recommend you to go to your quarters. You are rather tempting targets here, and I believe your regiment is a particularly good shooting regiment. Is it not, Colonel?"

With which taunt he turned and rode away, sick at heart with anger and anxiety, while the officers of the 11th Regiment of Lauranian Infantry retired to their quarters to hide their shame and face their danger.

(To be continued.)

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SAVROLA.

(A MILITARY AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER XV.

IT had been a busy and exciting day for Savrola. He had seen his followers, had issued orders, restrained the impetuous, stimulated the weak, encouraged the timid. All day long messages and reports had reached him about the behaviour of the soldiers. The departure of the Guard, and the refusal of the supporting brigade to march, were equally pleasing events. The conspiracy had now been made known to so many persons that he doubted the possibility of keeping it much longer secret from the Government agents. From every consideration he felt that the hour had come. The whole of the elaborate plan that he had devised had been put into execution. The strain had been severe, but at length all the preparations were completed, and the whole strength of the revolutionary party was concentrated for the final struggle. Godoy, Renos, and the others were collected at the Mayoralty, whence at dawn the Provisional Government was to be proclaimed. Moret, to whom the actual duty of calling the people to arms had been assigned, instructed his agents at his own house and made arrangements for the posting of the proclamation. All was ready. The leader on whom every-

thing depended, whose brain had conceived, whose heart had inspired the great conspiracy, lay back in his chair. He needed and desired a few moments' rest and quiet reflection to review his schemes, to look for omissions, to brace his nerves.

A small bright fire sparkled in the grate, and all around were the ashes of burnt papers. For an hour he had been feeding the flames. One phase of his life was over; there might be another, but it was well to have done with this one first. Letters from friends, dead now or alienated; letters of congratulation, of praise that had inspired his younger ambitions; letters from brilliant men and some from beautiful women,—all had met a common fate. Why should these records be preserved for the curious eye of unsympathetic posterity? If he perished, the world might forget him, and welcome; if he lived, his life would henceforth be within the province of the historian. A single note, preserved from the general destruction, lay on the table beside him. It was the one with which Lucile had accompanied her invitation to the state-ball, the only one he had ever received from her.

As he balanced it in his fingers, his thoughts drifted away from the busy hard realities of life to that kindred

soul and lovely face. That episode too was over. A barrier stood between them. Whatever the result of the revolt, she was lost to him, unless,—and that terrible *unless* was pregnant with suggestions of such awful wickedness that his mind recoiled from it as a man's hand starts from some filthy thing he has inadvertently touched. There were sins, sins against the commonwealth of mankind, against the phenomenon of life itself, the stigma of which would cling through death, and for which there was pardon only in annihilation. Yet he hated Molara with a fierce hatred; nor did he care any longer to hide from himself the reason. And with the recollection of the reason his mind reverted to a softer mood. Would he ever see her again? Even the sound of her name pleased him; "Lucile," he whispered sadly.

There was a quick step outside; the door opened, and she stood before him. He sprang up in mute astonishment.

Lucile looked greatly embarrassed. Her mission was a delicate one. Indeed she did not know her own mind, or did not care to know it. It was for her husband's sake, she said to herself; but the words she spoke belied her. "I have come to tell you that I did not betray your secret."

"I know,—I never feared," replied Savrola.

"How do you know?"

"I have not yet been arrested."

"No, but he suspects."

"Suspects what?"

"That you are conspiring against the Republic."

"Oh!" said Savrola, greatly relieved; "he has no proofs."

"To-morrow he may have."

"To-morrow will be too late."

"Too late?"

"Yes," said Savrola; "the game begins to-night." He took out his

watch; it was a quarter to eleven. "At twelve o'clock you will hear the alarm-bells. Sit down, and let us talk."

Lucile sat down mechanically.

"You love me," he said in an even voice looking at her dispassionately, and as if the whole subject of their relations was but a psychological problem, "and I love you." There was no answer; he continued: "But we must part. In this world we are divided, nor do I see how the barrier can be removed. All my life I shall think of you; no other woman can ever fill the empty space. Ambitions I still have: I always had them; but love I am not to know, or to know it only to my vexation and despair. I will put it away from me, and henceforth my affections will be as lifeless as those burnt papers. And you,—will you forget? In the next few hours I may be killed; if so, do not allow yourself to mourn. I do not care to be remembered for what I was. If I have done anything that may make the world more happy, more cheerful, more comfortable, let them recall the action. If I have spoken a thought which, rising above the vicissitudes of our existence, may make life brighter or death less gloomy, then let them say, 'He said this or he did that.' Forget the man; remember, perhaps, his work. Remember too that you have known a soul, somewhere amid the puzzles of the universe, the complement of your own; and then forget. Summon your religion to your aid; anticipate the moment of forgetting; live, and leave the past alone. Can you do this?"

"Never!" she answered passionately. "I will never forget you!"

"We are but poor philosophers," he said. "Pain and love make sport of us and all our theories. We cannot conquer ourselves or rise above our state."

"Why should we try?" she whispered, looking at him with wild eyes.

He saw and trembled. Then, with the surge of impulse, he cried, "My God how I love you!" and before she could frame a resolution or even choose her mind, they had kissed each other.

The handle of the door turned quickly. Both started back. The door swung open and the President appeared. He was in plain clothes, his right hand concealed behind his back. Miguel followed from out of the darkness of the passage.

For a moment there was silence. Then Molara in a furious voice broke out: "So, Sir, you attack me in this way also,—coward and scoundrel!" He raised his hand and pointed the revolver it held full at his enemy.

Lucile, feeling that the world had broken up, fell back against the sofa, stunned with terror. Savrola rose and faced the President. Then she saw what a brave man he was, for as he did so he contrived to stand between the weapon and herself. "Put down your pistol," he said in a firm voice, "and you shall have an explanation."

"I will put it down," said Molara, "when I have killed you."

Savrola measured the distance between them with his eye. Could he spring in under the shot? Again he looked at the table where his own revolver lay. He shielded her, and he decided to stand still.

"Down on your knees and beg for mercy, you hound; down, or I will blow your brains out!"

"I have always tried to despise death, and have always succeeded in despising you. I shall bow to neither."

"We shall see," said Molara grinding his teeth. "I shall count five,—one!"

There was a pause. Savrola looked at the pistol-barrel, a black spot encircled by a ring of bright steel; all the rest of the picture was a blank.

"Two!" counted the President.

So he was to die,—flash off this earth when that black spot burst into flame. He anticipated the blow full in his face; and beyond he saw nothing,—annihilation,—black, black night.

"Three!"

He could just see the rifling of the barrel; that was a wonderful invention, which made the bullet spin as it travelled. He imagined it churning his brain with hideous energy. He tried to think, to take one grip of his philosophy or faith before the plunge; but his physical sensations were too violent. To the tips of his fingers he tingled, as the blood surged through his veins; the palms of his hands felt hot.

"Four!"

Lucile sprang up, and with a cry threw herself in front of the President. "Wait, wait!" she cried. "Have mercy!"

Molara met her look, and in those eyes read more than terror. Then at last he understood; he started as though he had caught hold of red-hot iron. "My God, it's true!" he gasped. "Strumpet!" he cried, as he pushed her from him, striking her with the back of his left hand in the mouth. She shrank into the far corner of the room. He saw it all now. Hoist with his own petard he had lost everything. Wild fury took hold of him and shook him till his throat rattled and ached. She had deserted him; power was slipping from his grasp; his rival, his enemy, the man he hated with all his soul was everywhere triumphant. He had walked into the trap only to steal the bait; but he should not escape. There was a limit to prudence and to

the love of life. His plans, his hopes, the roar of an avenging crowd, all faded from his mind. Death should wipe out the long score that stood between them, death which settled all,—now on the instant. But he had been a soldier, and was ever a practical man in the detail of life. He lowered the pistol and deliberately cocked it; single action would make certainty more sure; then he took good aim.

Savrola, seeing that the moment was upon him, lowered his head and sprang forward.

The President fired.

But Miguel's quick intelligence had appreciated the changed situation, and he remembered that there were consequences. He saw that the trick had become deadly earnest, and he did not forget the mob. He struck the pistol up, and the bullet, by a very little, flew high.

In the smoke and the flash Savrola closed with his adversary and bore him to the ground. Molara fell underneath and with the concussion dropped the revolver. The other seized it, wrenched himself clear, and sprang back and away from the prostrate figure. For a moment he stood there and watched, while the hungry lust of killing rose in his heart and made his trigger-finger itch. Then very slowly the President rose. The fall had dazed him; he leaned against the book-case and groaned.

Below there was a beating at the front-door. Molara turned towards Lucile, who still cowered in the corner of the room, and began to revile her. The common, ugly material of his character showed through the veneer and polish that varied intercourse and the conduct of great affairs had superimposed. His words were not fit to hear, nor worth remembering; but they stung her to the quick

and she rejoined defiantly: "You knew I was here; you told me to come! You have laid a trap; the fault is yours!" Molara replied by a filthy taunt. "I am innocent," she cried; "though I love him I am innocent! Why did you tell me to come here?"

Savrola began to perceive dimly. "I do not know," he said, "what villainy you have contrived. I have wronged you too much to care to have your blood on my head; but go, and go quickly; I will not endure your foulness. Go!"

The President was now recovering his calmness. "I should have shot you myself," he said, "but I will have it done by a platoon of soldiers,—five soldiers and a corporal."

"The murder will be avenged in either case."

"Why did you stop me, Miguel?"

"It is as he says, your Excellency," replied the Secretary. "It would have been a tactical error."

The official manner, the style of address, the man's composure, restored the President to his senses. He walked towards the door and, stopping at the sideboard, helped himself to a glass of brandy with ostentation. "Confiscated," he said and held it up to the light, "by order of the Government." He swallowed it. "I will see you shot to-morrow," he added, heedless that the other held the pistol.

"I shall be at the Mayoralty," said Savrola; "you may come and fetch me if you dare."

"Revolt!" said the President. "Pooh! I will stamp it out, and you too, before the sun has gone down."

"Perhaps there may be another ending to the tale."

"One or the other," said the President. "You have robbed me of my honour; you are plotting to rob me of my power. There is not room for both of us in the world."

You may take your mistress with you to hell."

There was a noise of hasty footsteps on the stairs; Lieutenant Tiro flung open the door, but stopped abruptly in astonishment at the occupants of the room. "I heard a shot," he said.

"Yes," answered the President; "there has been an accident, but luckily no harm was done. Will you please accompany me to the palace? Miguel, come."

"You had better be quick, Sir," said the Subaltern. "There are many strange folk about to-night, and they are building a barricade at the end of the street."

"Indeed?" said the President. "It is time we took steps to stop them. Good-night, Sir," he added, turning to Savrola; "we shall meet to-morrow and finish our discussion."

But Savrola, revolver in hand, looked at him steadily and let him go in silence, a silence that for a space Lucile's sobs alone disturbed. At length, when the retreating footsteps had died away and the street door had closed, she spoke. "I cannot stop here."

"You cannot go back to the palace."

"What am I to do then?"

Savrola reflected. "You had better stay here for the present. The house is at your disposal, and you will be alone. I must go at once to the Mayoralty; already I am late,—it is close on twelve,—the moment approaches. Besides, Molara will send policemen, and I have duties to discharge which I cannot avoid. To-night the streets are too dangerous. Perhaps I shall return in the morning."

The tragedy had stunned them both. A bitter remorse filled Savrola's heart. Her life was ruined,—was he the cause? He could not say how far he was guilty or innocent; but the sadness of it all was unaltered, no matter who might be at fault.

"Good-bye," he said rising. "I must go, though I leave my heart behind. Much depends on me,—the lives of friends, the liberties of a nation."

And so he departed to play a great game in the face of all the world, to struggle for all those ambitions which form the greater part of man's interest in life; while she, a woman, miserable and now alone, had no resource but to wait and weep.

And then suddenly the bells began to ring all over the city with quick impatient strokes. There was the sound of a far-off bugle-call and a dull report,—the boom of an alarm-gun. The tumult grew; the roll of a drum beating the *assembly* was heard at the end of the street; confused shoutings and cries rose from many quarters. At length one sound was heard which put an end to all doubts,—*tap, tap, tap*, like the subdued slamming of many wooden boxes—the noise of distant musketry.

The Revolution had begun.

CHAPTER XVI.

MEANWHILE the President and his two followers pursued their way through the city. Many people were moving about the streets, and here and there dark figures gathered in groups. The impression that great events were impending grew; the very air was sultry and surcharged with whisperings. The barricade, which was being built outside Savrola's house, had convinced Molara that a rising was imminent; half a mile from the palace the way was blocked by another. Three carts had been stopped and drawn across the street, and about fifty men were working silently to strengthen the obstruction: some pulled up the flat paving-stones; others were carrying mattresses and boxes filled with earth from the adjacent houses; but they paid little

attention to the President's party. He turned up his collar and pressing his felt hat well down on his face clambered over the barrier, — the significance of what he saw filling his mind; the Subaltern indeed in his undress uniform drew some curious looks, but no attempt was made to stop his progress. These men waited for the signal.

All this time Molara said not a word. With the approach of danger he made great efforts to regain his calmness, that he might have a clear head to meet it; but for all his strength of will, his hatred of Savrola filled his mind to the exclusion of everything else. As he reached the palace the revolt broke out all over the city. Messenger after messenger hurried up with evil news. Some of the regiments had refused to fire on the people; others were fraternising with them; everywhere barricades grew, and the approaches to the palace were on all sides being closed. The Revolutionary leaders had gathered at the Mayoralty. The streets were placarded with the proclamation of the Provisional Government. Officers from various parts of the town hastened to the palace; some were wounded, many agitated. Among them was Sorrento who brought the terrible news that an entire battery of artillery had surrendered their guns to the rebels. By half-past three it was evident, from the reports which were received by telegram and messenger, that the greater part of the city had passed into the hands of the Revolutionaries with very little actual fighting.

The President bore all with a calmness which revealed the full strength of his hard, stern character. He had, in truth, a terrible stimulant. Beyond the barricades, and the rebels who lined them, were the Mayoralty and Savrola. The face and figure of

his enemy were before his eyes; everything else seemed of little importance. Yet he found in the blinding emergency an outlet for his fury, a counter-irritant for his grief; to crush the revolt, but above all to kill Savrola was his heart's desire.

"We must wait for daylight," he said.

"And what then, Sir?" asked the War-Minister.

"We will then proceed to the Mayoralty and arrest the leaders of this disturbance."

The rest of the night was spent in organising a force with which to move at dawn. A few hundred faithful soldiers (men who had served with Molara in the former war), seventy officers of the regular army, whose loyalty was unquestionable, half an infantry battalion, which had remained faithful, and the depot-companies of the Guard with a detachment of armed police, were alone available. This band of devoted men, under fourteen hundred in number, collected in the open space in front of the palace-gates, and guarded the approaches while they waited for sunrise.

They were not attacked. "Secure the city," had been Savrola's order, and the rebels were busily at work on the barricades, which in a regular system rose on all sides. Messages of varied import continued to reach the President. Louvet, in a hurried note, expressed his horror at the revolt, and explained how much he regretted being unable to join the President at the palace. He had to leave the city in great haste, he said; a relative was dangerously ill. He adjured Molara to trust in Providence; for his part he was confident that the Revolutionaries would be suppressed.

The President in his room read this with a dry, hard laugh. He had never put the slightest faith

in Louvet's courage, having always realised that in a crisis he would be useless and a coward. He did not blame him; the man had his good points, and as a public official in the Home-Office he was admirable; but war was not his province.

He passed the letter to Miguel. The Secretary read it and reflected. He also was no soldier. It was evident that the game was up, and there was no need for him to throw his life away, merely out of sentiment as he said to himself. He thought of the part he had played in the drama of the night. That surely gave him some claims; it would be possible at least to hedge. He took a fresh sheet of paper and began to write. Molara paced the room. "What are you writing?" he asked.

"An order to the Commandant of the harbour-forts," replied Miguel promptly, "to acquaint him with the situation and tell him to hold his posts in your name at all hazards."

"It is needless," said Molara; "either his men are traitors or they are not."

"I have told him," said Miguel quickly, "to make a demonstration towards the palace at dawn, if he can trust his men. It will create a diversion."

"Very well," said Molara wearily; "but I doubt it ever reaching him, and he has so few men that could be spared after the forts are held adequately."

An orderly entered with a telegram. The clerk at the office, a loyalist, an unknown man of honour, had brought it himself, passing the line of barricades with extraordinary good-fortune and courage. While the President tore the envelope open, Miguel rose and left the room. Outside in the brilliantly lighted passage he found a servant, terrified but not incapable. He spoke to the man

quickly and in a low voice; *twenty pounds, the Mayoralty, at all costs*, were the essentials of his instructions. Then he re-entered the office.

"Look here," said Molara; "it is not all over yet." The telegram was from Brienz, near Lorenzo: *Clear the line. Strelitz and force two thousand rebels advanced on the Black Gorge this afternoon. I have repulsed them with heavy loss. Strelitz is prisoner. Am pursuing remainder. I await instructions at Turga.* "This must be published at once," he said. "Get a thousand copies printed, and have them circulated among the loyalists and, as far as possible, in the city."

The news of the victory was received with cheers by the troops gathered in the palace-square, and they waited with impatience for morning. At length the light of day began to grow in the sky and other lights, the glow of distant conflagrations, paled. The President, followed by Sorrento, a few officers of high rank, and his aide-de-camp Tiro, descended the steps, traversed the courtyard and, passing through the great gates of the palace, entered the square where the last reserves of his power were assembled. He walked about and shook hands right and left with these faithful friends and supporters. Presently his eye caught sight of the rebel proclamation which some daring hand had placed on the wall under cover of the darkness. He walked up and read it by the light of a lantern. Savrola's style was not easy to mistake. The short crisp sentences of the appeal to the people to take up arms rang like a trumpet-call. Across the placard a small red slip, such as are used on theatrical advertisements to show the time of the performance, had been posted at a later hour. It purported to be the *facsimile* of a telegram and

ran thus: *Forced Black George this morning. Dictator's troops in full retreat. Am marching on Lorenzo. Strelitz.*

Molara quivered with fury. Savrola did not neglect details, and threw few chances away. "Infamous liar!" was the President's comment; but he realised the power of the man he sought to crush, and for a moment despair welled in his heart and seemed to chill his veins. He shook the sensation off with a great effort.

The officers were already in possession of the details of the plan, whose boldness was its main recommendation. The rebels had succeeded in launching their enterprise; the Government would reply by a *coup d'état*. In any case the stroke was aimed at the heart of the revolt, and if it went home the results would be decisive. "The octopus of Rebellion, gentlemen," said the President to those around him, and pointing to the revolutionary proclamation, "has long arms. It will be necessary to cut off his head." And though all felt the venture to be desperate, they were brave men and knew their minds.

The distance from the palace to the Mayoralty was nearly a mile and a half along a broad but winding avenue; by this avenue, and by the narrower streets on either side, the force advanced silently in three divisions. The President marched on foot with the centre column; Sorrento took command of the left, which was the threatened flank. Slowly, and with frequent halts to keep up communication with each other, the troops marched along the silent streets. Not a soul was to be seen: all the shutters of the houses were closed, all the doors fastened; and though the sky grew gradually brighter in the east, the city was still plunged in gloom.

The advanced files pressed forward

up the avenue, running from tree to tree and pausing cautiously at each to peer through the darkness. Suddenly as they rounded a bend, a shot rang out in front. "Forward!" cried the President. The bugles sounded the charge and the drums beat. In the dim light the outline of a barricade was visible two hundred yards off, a dark obstruction across the roadway. The soldiers shouted and broke into a run. The defenders of the barricade, surprised, opened an ineffective fire and then, seeing that the attack was in earnest and doubtful of its strength, beat a hasty retreat. The barricade was captured in a moment, and the assailants pressed on elated by success. Behind the barricade was a cross street, right and left. Firing broke out everywhere, and the loud noise of the rifles echoed from the walls of the houses. The flanking columns had been sharply checked at their barricades, but the capture of the centre position turned both of these, and their defenders, fearing to be cut off, fled in disorder.

It was now daylight, and the scene in the streets was a strange one. The skirmishers darted between the trees, and the little grey puffs of smoke spotted the whole picture. The retreating rebels left their wounded on the ground, and these the soldiers bayoneted savagely. Shots were fired from the windows of the houses and from any shelter that offered,—a lamp-post, a pillar-box, a wounded man, an overturned cab. The rifle-fire was searching, and the streets were very bare. In their desire to get cover, to get behind something, both sides broke into the houses and dragged out chairs, tables, and piles of bedding; and though these were but little protection from the bullets, men felt less naked behind them.

All this time the troops were steadily advancing, though suffering

continual loss ; but gradually the fire of the rebels grew hotter. More men were hurried to the scene each moment ; the pressure on the flanks became severe ; the enveloping enemy pressed in down the side streets, to hold which the scanty force at the President's disposal had to be further weakened. At length the rebels ceased to retreat ; they had reached their guns, four of which were arranged in a row across the avenue.

The Mayoralty was now but a quarter of a mile away, and Molara called on his soldiers for a supreme effort. A dashing attempt to carry the guns with the bayonet was defeated with a loss of thirty killed and wounded, and the Government troops took shelter in a side street at right angles to the main avenue. This in turn was enfiladed by the enemy, who swept round the columns and began to cut in on their line of retreat. Firing was now general along a wide half-circle.

In the hope of driving the improvised artillery-men from their places, the troops forced their way into the houses on either side of the avenue, and climbing along the roofs began to fire down on their adversaries. But the rebels, repeating the manœuvre, met them and the attempt dwindled into desperate but indiscriminate fighting among the chimney-pots and the skylights.

The President exposed himself manfully. Moving from one part of the force to another, he animated his followers by his example. Tiro, who kept close to him, had seen enough war to realise that the check was fatal to their chances. Every moment was precious ; time was slipping away, and the little force was already almost completely encircled. He had taken a rifle and was assisting to burst in the door of a house, when to his astonishment he saw Miguel.

The Secretary was armed. He had hitherto remained carefully in the rear, and had avoided the danger in the air by hiding behind the trees of the avenue ; but now he advanced boldly to the doorway and began to help in battering it down. No sooner was this done than he darted in and ran up the stairs, crying out, "We are all soldiers to-day !" Several infantrymen followed him to fire from the lowest windows, but Tiro could not leave the President ; he felt, however, as much surprised as pleased by Miguel's gallantry.

It soon became evident to all that the attempt had failed. The numbers against them were too great. A third of the force had been killed or wounded, when the order to cut their way back to the palace was given. On all sides the exulting enemy pressed fiercely. Isolated parties of soldiers, cut off from the retiring column, defended themselves desperately in the houses and on the roofs. They were nearly all killed eventually, for every one's blood was up, and it was a waste of time to ask for quarter. Others set fire to the houses and tried to escape under cover of the smoke ; but very few succeeded. Others again, and among them Miguel, lay hid in closets and cellars, from which they emerged when men's tempers were again human and *surrender* was not an unknown word. The right column were completely surrounded, and laid down their arms on the promise of a rebel general that their lives should be spared. The promise was kept, and it appeared that the superior officers among the Revolutionists were making great efforts to restrain the fury of their followers.

The main body of the Government troops, massed in a single column, struggled on towards the palace losing men at every step. But in spite of their losses, they were dangerous

people to stop. One party of rebels, who intercepted their line of retreat, was swept away in a savage charge, and some attempt was made to reform; but the rifle-fire was pitiless and incessant, and eventually the retreat became a rout. A bloody pursuit followed in which only some eighty men escaped capture or death, and with the President and Sorrento regained the palace alive. The great gates were closed, and the slender garrison prepared to defend themselves to the last.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THAT," said Lieutenant Tiro to a Captain of Artillery, as they got inside the gate, "is about the best I've seen so far."

"I thought it was a bad business all through," replied the other; "and when they brought the guns up it was a certainty."

"It wasn't the guns that did us," said the Lancer, who had no exaggerated idea of the value of artillery; "we wanted some cavalry."

"We wanted more men," said the Gunner, not anxious at that moment to argue the relative values of the different arms. "These rear-guard actions are the devil."

"There was a damned sight more action than there was rear-guard about that last bit," said Tiro. "Do you suppose they cut up the wounded?"

"Every one of them, I should think; they were like wolves at the end."

"What's going to happen now?"

"They're going to come in here and finish us off."

"We'll see about that," said Tiro, whose cheery courage could stand a prolonged test. "The fleet will be back soon; we shall hold this place till then."

The palace was indeed not unsuited to defence. It was solidly built of stone. The windows were at some distance from the ground and the lower strongly barred, except on the garden-side, where the terrace and its steps gave access to the long French windows. But it was evident that a few good rifles could command the bare and narrow approaches in that quarter. Indeed it seemed as though the architect must have contemplated the occasion that had now arrived, for he had almost built a stronghold disguised as a palace. The side which faced the square seemed to afford the best prospects to an assault; yet the great gate was protected by two small towers containing guard-rooms, and the wall of the courtyard was high and thick. As it seemed, however, that on this front the enemy would be able to use their numbers to the greatest effect, the majority of the little garrison were concentrated there.

The rebels were wisely and cautiously led. They did not at once push on to the attack of the palace; sure of their prey they could afford to wait. Meanwhile the surviving adherents of the Government endeavoured to make their last foothold secure. Rough-hewn cobblestones from the pavements of the courtyard were prized up, and the windows were with these converted into loopholes through which the garrison might fire without much exposure. The gates were closed and barred, and preparations made to strut them with baulks of timber. Ammunition was distributed. The duty and responsibility of each section of the defence was apportioned to the various officers. The defenders recognised that they had entered on a quarrel which must be carried to a definite conclusion.

But Molara's mood had changed.

The fury of the night had cooled into the hard, savage courage of the morning. He had led the desperate attempt to capture the Mayoralty, and had exposed himself freely, recklessly, in the tumult of the fight that followed; but now that he had come through unhurt, had regained the palace, and realised that his last chance of killing Savrola had passed, death appeared very ugly. All the excitement which had supported him had died away; he had had enough. His mind searched for some way of escape, and searched vainly. The torture of the moment was keen. A few hours might bring help: the fleet would surely come; but it would be too late. The great guns might take vengeance for his death; they could not save his life. A feeling of vexation shook him, and behind it grew the realisation of the approaching darkness. Terror began to touch his heart; his nerve flickered; he had more to fear than the others. The hatred of the multitude was centred in him; after all it was his blood they wanted,—his above all others'. It was a dreadful distinction. He retired in deep despondency to his own room, and took no part in the defence.

At about eleven o'clock the sharpshooters of the enemy began to make their way into the houses which surrounded the front of the palace. Presently from an upper window a shot was fired; others followed, and soon a regular fusilade began. The defenders, sheltered by their walls, replied carefully. Lieutenant Tiro and an ex-sergeant of the Guards, an old war-time comrade of Molara, were holding the window of the guard-room on the left of the great gate. Both were good shots. The Subaltern had filled his pockets with cartridges; the Sergeant arranged his on the sill in neat little rows of

five. From their position they could shoot right down the street which led into the square and towards the gate. Outside the guard-room a dozen officers and men were still engaged in making the entrance more secure. They tried to wedge a great plank between the ground and the second crosspiece; should the rebels try to carry the gateway, it would thus be strong enough to resist them.

The fire from the surrounding houses was annoying rather than dangerous, but several bullets struck the stones of the improvised loopholes. The garrison fired carefully and slowly, anxious not to expend their ammunition, or to expose themselves without a result. Suddenly, about three hundred yards away, a number of men turned into the street which led to the gate, and began rapidly pushing and pulling something forward.

"Look out," cried Tiro to the working-party; "they're bringing up a gun;" and taking good aim he fired at the approaching enemy. The Sergeant, and all the other defenders of this side of the palace, fired too with strange energy. The advancing crowd slackened speed. Among them men began to drop. Several in front threw up their hands; others began carrying these away. The attack dwindled. Then two or three men ran back alone. At that all the rest turned tail and scurried for the cover of the side street, leaving the gun (one of the captured twelve-pounders) standing deserted in the middle of the roadway, with about a dozen shapeless black objects lying round it.

The garrison raised a cheer, which was answered from the surrounding houses by an increase of musketry.

A quarter of an hour passed and then the rebels debouched from the side streets into the main approach

and began pushing up four carts filled with sacks of flour. Again the defenders fired rapidly. Their bullets, striking the sacks, raised strange creamy white clouds; but the assailants, sheltered by their movable cover, continued to advance steadily. They reached the gun, and began emptying the carts by pushing the sacks out from behind, until a regular breastwork was formed, behind which they knelt down. Some began firing; others devoted their efforts to discharging the gun, on which the aim of the garrison was now directed. With a loss of two men they succeeded in loading it and pointing it at the gate. A third man advanced to fix the friction-tube by which it was fired.

Tiro took steady aim and the distant figure collapsed to the shot.

"Bull's eye," said the Sergeant appreciatively, and leaned forward to fire at another, who had advanced with desperate bravery to discharge the piece. He paused long on his aim, wishing to make certain; holding his breath he began gently to squeeze the trigger, as the musketry-books enjoin. Suddenly there was a strange sound, half thud, half smash. Tiro, shrinking swiftly to the left, just avoided being splashed with blood and other physical details. The Sergeant had been killed by a bullet which had entered through his loophole. The distant man had fixed his tube, and, catching up the lanyard, stood back and aside to fire.

"Stand from the gate," shouted Tiro to the working-party; "I can't hold 'em!" He raised his rifle and fired on the chance. At the same instant a great cloud of smoke burst from the gun and another sprang up at the palace-gate. The wood-work was smashed to pieces and, with the splinters of the shell, flew on, overtaking with death and wounds the

working-party as they scampered to cover.

A long loud burst of cheering arose on all sides from the surrounding houses and streets, and was taken up by the thousands who were waiting behind and heard the explosion of the gun. At first the rebel fire increased, but very soon a bugler began to sound perseveringly and after about twenty minutes the musketry ceased altogether. Then from over the barricade a man with a white flag advanced, followed by two others. The truce was acknowledged from the palace by the waving of a handkerchief. The deputation walked straight up to the shattered gateway and their leader, stepping through, entered the courtyard. Many of the defenders left their stations to look at him and hear what terms were offered. It was Moret.

"I call upon you all to surrender," he said. "Your lives will be spared until you have been fairly tried."

"Address yourself to me, Sir," said Sorrento stepping forward; "I am in command here."

"I call upon you all to surrender in the name of the Republic," repeated Moret loudly.

"I forbid you to address these soldiers," said Sorrento. "If you do so again, your flag shall not protect you."

Moret turned to him. "Resistance is useless," he said. "Why will you cause further loss of life? Surrender, and your lives shall be safe."

Sorrento reflected. Perhaps the rebels knew that the fleet was approaching; otherwise, he thought they would not offer terms. It was necessary to gain time. "We shall require two hours to consider the terms," he said.

"No," answered Moret decidedly. "You must surrender at once, here and now."

"We shall do no such thing," replied the War-Minister. "The palace is defensible. We shall hold it until the return of the fleet and of the victorious field-army."

"You refuse all terms?"

"We refuse all you have offered."

"Soldiers," said Moret turning again to the men, "I implore you not to throw away your lives. I offer fair terms; do not reject them."

"Young man," said Sorrento with rising anger, "I have a somewhat lengthy score to settle with you already. You are a civilian and are ignorant of the customs of war. It is my duty to warn you that, if you continue to attempt to seduce the loyalty of the Government troops, I shall fire at you." He drew his revolver.

Moret should have heeded; but tactless, brave, and impulsive as he was, he recked little. His warm heart generously hoped to save further loss of life. Besides, he did not believe that Sorrento would shoot him in cold blood; it would be too merciless. "I offer you all life," he cried; "do not choose death."

Sorrento raised his pistol and fired. Moret fell to the ground, and his blood began to trickle over the white flag. For a moment he twisted and quivered, and then lay still. There were horrified murmurs from the bystanders, who had not expected to see the threat carried out. But it is not well to count on the mercy of such men as this War-Minister; they live their lives too much by rule and regulation.

The two men outside the gate, hearing the shot, looked in, saw, and ran swiftly back to their comrades, while the garrison, feeling that they must now abandon all hope, returned to their posts slowly and sullenly. The report of a truce had drawn the President from his room, with a fresh

prospect of life, and perhaps of vengeance, opening on his imagination. As he came down the steps into the courtyard, the shot, in such close proximity, startled him; when he saw the condition of the bearer of terms, he staggered. "Good God!" he said to Sorrento, "what have you done?"

"I have shot a rebel, Sir," replied the War-Minister, his heart full of misgivings, but trying to brazen it out, "for inciting the troops to mutiny and desertion, after due warning that his flag would no longer protect him."

Molara quivered from head to foot; he felt the last retreat cut off. "You have condemned us all to death," he said. Then he stooped and drew a paper which protruded from the dead man's coat. It ran as follows: *I authorise you to accept the surrender of Antonio Molara, ex-President of the Republic, and of such officers, soldiers, and adherents as may be holding the Presidential Palace. Their lives are to be spared, and they shall be protected pending the decision of the Government. For the Council of Public Safety, — SAVROLA.* And Sorrento had killed him,—the only man who could save them from the fury of the crowd. Too sick at heart to speak Molara turned away, and as he did so the firing from the houses of the square recommenced with savage vigour. The besiegers knew now how their messenger had fared.

And all the while Moret lay very still out there in the courtyard. All his ambitions, his enthusiasms, his hopes had come to a full stop; his share in the world's affairs was over; he had sunk into the ocean of the past leaving scarcely a bubble to mark where he had gone down. In all the contriving of the plot against the Lauranian Government Savrola's personality had dwarfed his. Yet

this was a man of heart and brain and nerve, one who might have accomplished much; and he had a mother and two young sisters who loved the soil he trod on, and thought him the finest fellow in the world.

Sorrento stood viewing his handiwork for a long time, with a growing sense of dissatisfaction at his deed. His sour, hard nature was incapable of genuine remorse, but he had known Molara for many years and was shocked to see his pain, and annoyed to think that he was the cause. He had not realised that the President wished to surrender; otherwise, he said to himself, he might have been more lenient. Was there no possible way of repairing the harm? The man who had authorised Moret to accept their surrender had power with the crowd; he would be at the Mayoralty,—he must be sent for,—but how?

Lieutenant Tiro approached with a coat in his hands. Disgusted at his superior's brutality he was determined to express his feelings, clearly if not verbally. He bent over the body and composed the limbs; then he laid the coat over the white expressionless face, and rising said insolently to the Colonel: "I wonder if they'll do that for you in a couple of hours' time, Sir."

Sorrento looked at him, and laughed harshly. "Pooh! What do I care? When you have seen as much fighting as I have, you will not be so squeamish."

"I am not likely to see much more, now that you have killed the only man who could accept our surrender."

"There is another," said the War-Minister, "Savrola. If you want to live, go and bring him to call off his hounds."

Sorrento spoke bitterly, but his words set the Subaltern's mind working. Savrola,—he knew him, liked

him, and felt they had something in common. Such a one would come if he were summoned; but to leave the palace seemed impossible. Although the attacks of the rebels had been directed against the side of the main entrance only, a close investment and a dropping musketry were maintained throughout the complete circle. To pass the line of besiegers by the roads was out of the question. Tiro thought of the remaining alternatives: a tunnel, that did not exist; a balloon, there was not one. Shaking his head at the hopeless problem he gazed contemplatively into the clear air, thinking to himself: "It would take a bird to do it."

The palace was connected with the Senate-House and with the principal Public Offices by telephone, and it happened that the main line of wires from the eastern end of the great city passed across its roof. Tiro, looking up, saw the slender threads overhead; there seemed to be nearly twenty of them. The War-Minister followed his gaze. "Could you get along the wires?" he asked eagerly.

"I will try," answered the Subaltern, thrilled with the idea.

Sorrento would have shaken his hand, but the boy stepped backward and saluting turned away. He entered the palace, and ascended the stairs which led to the flat roof. The attempt was daring and dangerous. What if the rebels should see him in mid air? He had often shot with a pea-rifle at rooks, black spots against the sky and among the branches. The thought seemed strangely disagreeable; but he consoled himself with the reflection that men who look through loopholes at the peril of their lives have little leisure for aught but aiming, and rarely let their eyes wander idly. He stepped out on to the roof and walked to the telegraph-post. There was no doubt as to its

strength; nevertheless he paused, for the chances against him were great, and death seemed near and terrible. His religion, like that of many soldiers, was of little help; it was merely a jumble of formulas, seldom repeated, hardly understood, never investigated, and a hopeful, but unauthorised, belief that it would be well with him if he did his duty like a gentleman. He had no philosophy; he felt only that he was risking all that he had, and for what he was uncertain. Still, though there were gaps in his reasoning, he thought it might be done and he would have a dash for it. He said to himself, "It will score off those swine," and with this inspiring reflection he dismissed his fears.

He swarmed up the pole to the lowest wire; then he pulled himself higher until he could get his foot on the insulators. The wires ran on both sides of the pole in two sets. He stood on the two lowest, took the top ones under his arms, and, reaching down over, caught one more in each hand. Then he started, shuffling awkwardly along. The span was about seventy yards. As he cleared the parapet he saw the street beneath him,—very far beneath him, it seemed. Shots were continually exchanged from the windows of the houses and the palace. Sixty feet below a dead man lay staring up through the wires undazzled by the bright sun. He had been under fire before, but this was a novel experience. As he approached the middle of the span the wires began to swing, forcing him to hold on tightly. At first the slope had been on his side, but after the centre was passed it rose against him; his feet slipped often backwards, and the wires commenced to cut into his armpits.

Two-thirds of the distance were safely accomplished, when the wires

under his left foot parted with a snap and dropped like a whip-lash against the wall of the opposite house. His weight fell on his shoulders; the pain was sharp; he twisted,—slipped,—clutched wildly, and recovered himself by a tremendous effort.

A man at a lower window pulled back the mattress behind which he was firing and thrust his head and shoulders out. Tiro looked down and their eyes met. The man shouted in mad excitement, and fired his rifle point-blank at the Subaltern. The noise of the report prevented him from knowing how near the bullet had passed; but he felt he was not shot, and struggled on till he had passed the street.

It was all up; yet to turn back was equally fatal. "I'll see it out," he said to himself, and dropped from the wires on to the roof of the house. The door from the leads was open. Running down the attic stairs and emerging on the landing, he peered over the bannisters; no one was to be seen. He descended the narrow staircase cautiously, wondering where his enemy could be. Presently he was opposite the front room on the second floor. Keeping close to the wall he peered in. The room was half-darkened, the windows being blocked by boxes, portmanteaus, mattresses, and pillow-cases filled with earth; broken glass, mingled with bits of plaster from the walls, littered the floor. By the light which filtered in through the chinks and loopholes, he saw a strange scene. There were four men in the room; one on his back on the ground, and the others bending over him. Their rifles were leaned against the wall, and they seemed to have eyes only for their comrade who lay on the floor in an ever-widening pool of blood, gurgling, choking, and apparently making tremendous efforts to speak.

The Subaltern had seen enough. Opposite the front room was a doorway covered by a curtain, behind which he glided. Nothing was to be seen, but he listened intently.

"Poor chap," said a voice, "he's got it real bad."

"How did it happen?" asked another.

"Oh, he leaned out of the window to have a shot,—bullet hit him,—right through the lungs, I think,—fired in the air and shouted." Then in a lower but still audible tone he added, "Done for!"

The wounded man began making extraordinary noises.

"Su'thin' he wants to tell 'is pore wife before he goes," said one of the Revolutionaries, who seemed by his speech a workman. "What is it, mate?"

"Give him a pencil and paper; he can't speak."

Tiro's heart stood still, and his hand stole back for his revolver.

For nearly a minute nothing audible happened; then there was a shout.

"By God, we'll cop him!" said the workman, and all three of them stamped past the curtained door and ran up-stairs. One man paused just opposite; he was loading his rifle and the cartridge stuck; he banged it on the ground, apparently with success,

for the Subaltern heard the bolt click, and the swift footsteps followed the others towards the roof.

Then he emerged from his hiding-place and stole downwards. But as he passed the open room he could not resist looking in. The wounded man saw him in an instant. He half raised himself from the ground and made terrible efforts to shout; but no articulate sound came forth. Tiro looked for a moment at this stranger whom chance had made his implacable enemy, and then, at the prompting of that cruel devil that lurks in the hearts of men and is awakened by bloodshed and danger, he kissed his hand to him in savage, bitter mockery. The other sank backwards in a paroxysm of pain and fury and lay gasping on the floor. The Subaltern hurried away. Reaching the lowest storey he turned into the kitchen, where the window was but six feet from the ground. Vaulting on to the sill he dropped into the backyard, and then, with a sudden feeling of wild panic, began to run at top speed,—the terror that springs from returning hope hard on his track. The yard gave access to a mews, along which he sped swiftly, pausing only to seize a stable-blanket which lay on a pile of litter. With this he concealed his uniform and so ran on,—a strange figure but unmolested.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY PARSON OF 1799-1899.

THE publication of a cheap edition of SCENES FROM CLERICAL LIFE, bringing them within the reach of the humblest class of readers, suggests an interesting comparison between the clergy in the days of Old Leisure and the clergy of our own more bustling and self-conscious era,

When every hour
Must sweat its sixty minutes to the
death,

and when not only clergymen but almost everybody else must always be doing something. It is unnecessary to draw a distinction between these and other stories of the same date in which clergymen are introduced. ADAM BEDE, for instance, is just as much a scene from Clerical Life as JANET'S REPENTANCE; and whatever one's opinion of George Eliot as a literary artist may be, the characters and manners surviving into her own time, of which she was an eye-witness, are described in her pages with that peculiar power which impresses us at once with a conviction of the truth of what we read, as often on looking at a good portrait we feel sure it must be an excellent likeness though we have never seen the original.

In 1799 Mr. Gilfil was vicar of Shepperton and Knebley, Mr. Irwine was rector of Hayslope, and Mr. Crackenthorpe, we may fairly assume, was rector of Ravelhoe; all three representing different varieties of the clerical character as it existed a hundred years ago, yet all three exhibiting a kind of family likeness which marks the period, the last days,

that is to say, of the jolly old eighteenth century before the demon of strife, both civil and religious, let loose again by the French Revolution, had done much either to disturb the repose or shake the traditions of English middle-class society. Two of Miss Austen's novels contain clerical portraits of so nearly the same date that they may fairly be included in our gallery. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE was written in 1796, NORTHANGER ABBEY in 1798, and in Mr. Elton and Mr. Tilney we have two other varieties of the country vicar which must be glanced at in due course. The country clergyman of 1799 may be taken as a type of his class at any time during the last quarter of the eighteenth, and the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Individual specimens lingered on into our own age; but as the prevailing species they went out with George the Fourth and the ancient *régime*.

The most conspicuous point of difference between the average country clergyman, such as he was during the last decade of the last century and such as he is in the last decade of the present one, is this, that at the former period he neither was, nor was expected to be, in any way different from the smaller class of country gentlemen among whom he lived and who were his principal associates. Their habits were his habits, their pursuits were his pursuits, their virtues were his virtues, and their faults were his faults. It entered into the head of nobody to complain of this. To hunt, shoot, and fish, to give dinner-parties, go to balls, breed

prize-cattle, and attend fairs, markets, and the Bench of Magistrates was thought to be as natural in a clergyman as in anybody else. Here and there a rising Evangelical party might mutter a protest, but it did not penetrate to Shepperton or Hayslope, and would not have been minded if it had. The parson of the parish was so secure of his position, he looked down on Methodism and all that savoured of it from so lofty an eminence that it never occurred to him to treat any such criticisms seriously, even if he heard of them. They ran off him like water from a duck's back; or, to take a better comparison, they were to him what Burke's grasshoppers were to the stately oxen who browsed beneath the British oak. He was the head of the parish, a magistrate, and a member of the class by whom the English counties were governed. It may be said, of course, that he continued to be all this for many years afterwards, and is so to some extent still. But there is this difference: he may have continued to be so down to our own time, but it has been more and more under protest. His life, when such as I have described, has been, ever since the great awakening of the modern period, passed more or less under the uneasy consciousness that it was disapproved of. The fox-hunting parson of sixty years ago did not sit in his saddle with the same perfect satisfaction which Mr. Gilfil would have felt, and which Adam and Eve enjoyed before the fall. In those days, when "not a breath disturbed the deep serene" as Pope has it, the country parson had no secret misgivings of any kind with regard to the life he was passing. He heard nothing, saw nothing, read nothing to make him ask himself whether he ought to be anything else than what he was. He did not go his own way in defiance of public

opinion, as some of his successors have done; he had it on his own side, and had nothing to fear or to distrust.

What sort of a man, then, was he in his own parish, in the church, in the Sunday school, in the warfare with ignorance and vice, in the consolation of sickness and poverty? According to all tradition he was none the worse in these respects for being like the rest of the world in others. If he hunted, or if he shot, he could not go out every day in the week, and most of his time was spent at home. In the morning he might be seen on his glebe or in his garden, standing with his hands in the pockets of his knee-breeches looking at the meadow-grass and calculating his hay-crop, or noting the progress of his peas, potatoes, and strawberries, or marking the trees about the parsonage which required lopping. These agreeable duties over he would perhaps take a peep at the pigstys; after which it would be time for his early dinner, with a moderate glass of port wine afterwards. Perhaps this would be followed by a short nap, refreshed with which he assumed his low-crowned hat and stout walking-stick, and sallied forth on his village rounds. He chose the afternoon because at that time the labourers' wives had cleaned up their rooms, swept the hearth, and would perhaps be at tea; and when his broad-skirted black coat, and black worsted stockings were seen at the little garden-gate, a fresh cup and saucer would be brought out, and his Reverence would partake of a dish with much enjoyment. He would talk to his hostess about her children, her bees, and her flowers, about the pear-tree at the back of the cottage, and about the denizen of a snug little hovel at the corner of the garden whence came at intervals an impatient grunt denoting that feeding-time was at hand. He would bespeak some honey and some fruit, and perhaps

a spare-rib to which joint he was known to be partial. His discourse did not as a rule take a religious turn ; he thought his admonitions had more effect if they were few and far between, and came softened by the memory of his genial manners and pleasant social chat at other times. To the men in his parish, the labourers and the farmers, he could give sound practical advice on the subjects which concerned them, taking care every now and then to season it with some suggestion or allusion of a graver character which should recall to their minds that there was another world to be thought of as well as the present one. When his pastoral visits were finished he came home to his tea. After this meal he would play whist or chess till supper-time when he retired to bed with a good digestion and a good conscience, perfectly satisfied that he had done his duty for the day.

It is unnecessary to say that such a man had a deeply-seated horror of fanaticism or over-strained enthusiasm of any kind, and that as a general rule he was far more acceptable to a rural parish than the more emotional and demonstrative Evangelical whose sphere of activity was in the towns, and whose throne was the pulpit. His influence with his parishioners was unbounded. His power to compose quarrels and settle disputes saved many a breach of the peace, and many an appeal to the local attorney ; in these cases his magisterial office came to the aid of his clerical office, and the two together were usually irresistible.

His sermons in church were of a purely practical character, "clauts o' cauld parritch" as Andrew Fairservice would have called them ; without enough gospel in them to save a tomtit, as a learned bishop of our own days might have added. But they had their effect. His hearers were made to understand that the precepts

to which they listened were supported by a divine authority behind them, perhaps all the more impressive for not being perpetually invoked. And the parson knew how to apply Whately's well-known argument. Sacred history rested on the same kind of evidence as profane history ; if they believed the one why not the other ? Yet how could they be thought to believe it if they persisted in ignoring its teaching ? After this fashion would he reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come ; and this was his manner of connecting faith and works.

To suppose that his religious influence was in the slightest degree diminished by his wearing top-boots when he rode into the neighbouring town on market-day or to take his seat on the Bench, would be to entirely misunderstand the temper of the bucolic population a century ago. It was the clergyman's duty to read the Church service on Sunday, to see as far as was in his power that the people under his charge believed in Christianity and its Author, and endeavoured in some imperfect manner to act up to its precepts. No doubt he was bound to practise what he preached ; but it would have been impossible for them to understand that a run with the hounds in the morning or a rubber of whist in the evening were hindrances to a reasonably good and useful life.

The country vicar of 1799 was usually, in name at least, a High Churchman. He belonged to the party in the Church which had cheered Sacheverel to the echo, and which had long been loyal to the Stuarts. The parson who was fifty years of age at the close of the last century might no doubt have met with many clergymen of the old leaven in his boyhood : Dr. Routh, who died only in 1855, remembered

them at the University of Oxford; but in the rural world, in the drowsy wood-girt villages which sheltered the class of clergyman in question, Jacobitism, if ever thought of at all, was regarded almost as a myth. For all practical purposes it was extinct and forgotten; but the clergy who bore the name of High Church, or High and Dry, had preserved one characteristic of the party from whom they were descended, and that was a deep-rooted antipathy to both Romanism and Calvinism. The first was dormant at the period I write of, the Gordon Riots notwithstanding. But the second had been roused by the proceedings of the ultra Methodists; and though many such parsons as I have just described did not trouble themselves about it, either secure in the impregnable fortress which they believed themselves to occupy, or sympathising to a certain extent with a religious earnestness to which they did not wish to close their eyes, others were not equally tolerant; and there is this to be said for them that in the rural districts popular feeling was emphatically on their side. Thus the easy-going rector of 1799, if he did not fear dissent was very often annoyed and irritated by it. It has been said of somebody that he regarded Dissenters very much as a hunting-man regards the foot-people; they get in the way, head the fox, and are altogether a nuisance. But it never entered into the heads of the clergy of those halcyon days to regard Dissenters as rivals, as a body who would some day call themselves a Church, or if not that, call the Church of England a sect. Could our pleasant old gentleman who took life so easily among his roses and beehives, his pigs and his poultry, have foreseen such an audacity as this perhaps even his serenity would

have been ruffled; but another generation had to pass before even the beginnings of such a change became visible.

The Churchman then of that date was a High Churchman because he believed in the exclusive authority of the Church of England, in the divine origin of episcopacy, and in the validity of episcopal orders only; but he went no further. Logic, no doubt, would have required him to think out what this theory really meant, and to endeavour to reduce it to practice. This did not occur to him; but the men of that school who lived to hear the teaching of Keble and Newman at once recognised its consistency with the abstract beliefs in which they had been educated. A hundred years ago, however, all this was undreamed of. Our country vicar was a High Churchman simply because he was not a Low Churchman; and that was all.

But in 1799 he was on the brink of a controversy which was to bring all the Protestantism in his nature to the tips of his fingers, and to banish from his lot for ever the careless repose and absolute security of the eighteenth century. The nineteenth rose upon the Roman Catholic question; and from that time forward he became more or less the victim to religious agitation. Scarcely had the Roman question been settled than the Tractarian question arose. But I am anticipating and must return to the days before the flood. It is necessary, however, to observe that concurrently with the Romish question came the rise and progress of the Evangelical school, and perhaps in the difference between Miss Austen's clergymen of 1798 and of 1815 may be traced the influence of this religious movement. Edmund Bertram in MANSFIELD PARK is such

a totally different person from Mr. Tilney in *NORTHANGER ABBEY* that one cannot help suspecting that the Evangelical revival had a hand in her picture of the former character. Also it may be noted that in *EMMA* (1815) the dancing, dining-out parson (what female novelists would now call the Society clergyman) is made thoroughly ridiculous. Whether the difference is accidental or not I cannot say; and it may be thought that, if it was intentional, Jane Austen would have altered the character of Mr. Tilney before it was introduced to the world, which was not till after her death in 1817, though it was drawn nineteen years before. She may have intended to do so; or, as is more probable, may not have thought the point of sufficient importance to call for any revision of the story. The strong contrast, however, between Bertram and Elton, if we leave Tilney out of the question, is very noticeable.

That the country clergyman a hundred years ago exercised a good moral influence in his parish there can be no manner of doubt. I am speaking only of the average clergyman of the period; of course there were black sheep among them, as there always have been and always must be; "the Doctor of tremendous paunch," who could see everybody under the table, was not extinct in those days, but he belonged to a small minority. The average man was such as I have described; and the influence of his character and his position had more perhaps to do with the morals of his flock than the influence of his teaching. When the drunkard or profligate mended his ways, it was probably rather because he dreaded the displeasure of the parson more than the displeasure of his Maker; but still in the eyes of the peasantry of that date the parson

was in a vague sort of way the representation and embodiment of all that they knew of religion, and neither farmer nor labourer could come under his severe censure without being greatly troubled by it.

By the bedside of the sick or dying his ministrations were as far as possible removed from the emotional exhortations which we have learned to think characteristic of a different school. He did not as a rule correspond to Goldsmith's pastor,

At whose control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul,

for his people had not been brought up in a manner to make them familiar with despair and anguish even on their death-beds. Mrs. Patten, in *AMOS BARTON*, thought it very bad taste in the clergyman to tell her of her sins; "I've niver been a sinner," she said. Even Mr. Gilfil, I think, when it came to the point, would have tried to set her right on this score, but his consolations would have been more like those described by the dying girl in Tennyson's *MAY-QUEEN*. Our parson would not say much about the Church or the duty of Confession as at present understood, still less about Election or Conversion. He was content with the homely assurance that if the sick person was really sorry for what he or she had done amiss, they might hope for mercy and depart in peace.

This sketch of the clergyman of 1799 is generalised from many particulars. Such a man, I believe, was the average country vicar of that day; but there were many varieties. There was the scholarly clergyman who kept up his classics; there was the squire-parson (*Squarson*) a powerful man in politics, who was invited to the Castle, and was very active at elections; there was the Honourable and Rever-

end, whose daughters visited in London and were among the leaders of county society. But one and all were more secular than clerical in their habits, ways of thought, and style of conversation. It will be seen that in my sketch I have said nothing of the country parson's studies. Our vicar of a hundred years ago was, I suspect, no great student, and what he did read was not theology; yet here again there were, of course, exceptions. Such men as Jones of Nayland still kept alive the old Caroline idea of the Church of England, and while the country vicar was slumbering at his ease an active Evangelical party was rapidly gaining ascendancy in the towns. But with these developments we are not now concerned. I have been taking the country parson as he stood in his shoes in 1799 before either Methodism, or Evangelicalism, or the threat of Roman Catholic Emancipation had become prominent enough or powerful enough to affect his position, or shake his faith in the stability of the national Church with all her exclusive rights and privileges such as she was down to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act in 1828. Entrenched behind these in a fortress built upon a rock, he looked down upon the gathering hostility outside with calm indifference, till at length it became too formidable to be overlooked. With the legislation of 1828, 1829, and 1832 the old order perished both in Church and State, and with it the country parson who formed part of it. Specimens survived under favourable conditions for a long time; but that was the end of them as a class.

If we turn to the average country clergyman of 1899, we shall find that what at once marks him off from his predecessor in the eighteenth century is that he is, and is expected to be, something different from the rest of

the world in habits, manner, and even in dress. As he has become less secular he has become more professional. To that change a variety of causes have contributed. For some years after the Reform Bill the Church of England was believed to be in great danger; and the TRACTS FOR THE TIMES, whatever we may think of the Oxford Movement in general, taught the rising generation of clergy that, if they would avert the storm, they could no longer take life in the same easy-going fashion as Mr. Irwine, Mr. Tilney, and Mr. Gilfil. Even clergymen who had grown grey in the hunting-field were heard to say that if they had to begin life again they would not be seen at the covert-side. The Evangelical Movement had by that time nearly spent its force; and more than that, it did not show to the people that side of the Church of England which it was necessary to turn to them, if they were to recognise the only ground on which she could be logically defended. The spiritual life of the Church had now to be renewed from a different fountain; and the country clergyman, who as a rule had never been in sympathy with the Low Church party, however much he might respect their motives, now felt it necessary to emulate their earnestness, and to show himself more alive to the religious and pastoral duties imposed on him at ordination. Schools were more diligently visited; morning-prayer began to be said in the village churches; the Communion was more frequently celebrated; and the black gowns began to disappear from the pulpit. The clergymen who carried out these changes almost necessarily underwent a corresponding change themselves. They became conscious of greater responsibilities leading naturally to a more serious deportment; while the new work which

they had undertaken left them comparatively little time for either moral or secular pursuits. The transformation was very gradual: many clergymen indeed believed that they could perform the duties which they desired to discharge faithfully without relinquishing their old amusements; but as a general rule this was impossible, and a generation of clergymen grew up among whom this combination was a rare exception.

Another cause of the great contrast to which I would call attention is of course closely connected with this. In the old days the life of a country clergyman in a pleasant rural district was rather coveted. Many men of good position, accustomed to the life of the hall and the manor-house, found no difficulty in transferring it to the rectory or the vicarage. They did not neglect their duties so far as they understood them; but they suffered them to sit lightly on their shoulders, and not to interfere with the kind of life which they had promised themselves on entering the Church; they could be clergymen and country-gentlemen at one and the same time. Now so long as the country clergy continued to be recruited principally from this class in society they enjoyed a social status wholly irrespective of their clerical character. They mixed on equal terms with the squirearchy round about them, and having usually some little private fortune of their own could indulge in all the rural amusements to which they were inclined. But as the position and the work and the public estimate of a clergyman changed, this class of men were no longer so eager to take orders. They knew that they could, if they liked, take a good rectory and live as the rector of old had lived fifty years before without any offence against the law; but they knew also that they would be living under the constant

disapproval of public opinion, and few of the better sort cared to do that. Gradually therefore these men disappeared from the parsonage and the pulpit and the village-school, from the stubble and the turnips, and were succeeded by a different class to whom their clerical position was all in all, their cloth their sole distinction.

It will, I trust, be understood that I am writing generally, and am not unmindful of the large margin which must be left for exceptions in this bird's eye view. But I contend that it is true in the main; and thus it will be seen that the improvement in the character of the English clergy during the last half century, like most other human improvements, has not been without its alloy. To my mind there can be no doubt whatever that the change which has taken place in the social position of the clergy is answerable in some measure for the spread of Ritualism and Sacerdotalism, by which it is endeavoured to regain in one way what has been lost in another. Sacerdotal influence is to compensate for the loss of social influence. The man who enters county society from the outside, not belonging either directly or indirectly to the classes which constitute it, is obliged to find some mode of redressing the balance. Many of the Evangelical clergy for a time were in a like predicament, and now such of the High Church clergy as come from a similar social stratum seek to grasp as priestly superiors the position which they no longer command as social equals.

So they put off the collars from their coats, choke themselves in stiff white stocks, eschew evening-dress, and do all they can to make themselves, externally at least, as little like laymen as possible. We must pay the price, if we choose to call it so, of increased clerical earnestness,

energy, and zeal. The village-priest, as he loves to call himself, is a much more active and ascetic leader of religious life in his parish than the rector of a hundred years ago. But with the loss of his secularism has come also, it is to be feared, some loss of his Protestantism. The man who wore top-boots at least wore a black gown; if he loved port, he at least hated the Pope; if too indulgent to the sins of his parishioners, he at all events eschewed the confessional. In all human affairs the tares are mixed with the wheat. Those scrupulous religionists who inveigh against what they call the sloth, the self-indulgence, the Erastianism of the clergy of the eighteenth century should sometimes ask themselves if they have not got King Stork for King Log.

We must remember, too, that the position of the country clergyman, while losing much of its security, has also lost much of its dignity. The Parish Councils Bill has robbed the parson of his legal status as head of the parish, a change which has still further lowered his social rank, and made him fear perhaps that the final blow of all cannot much longer be delayed. What wonder then if he falls back upon his position as a priest, which is immutable and unalterable at least by any human agency? In that he has a sure footing, while the Establishment is quivering all round him. Nothing can deprive him of the prerogatives and powers which he claims in virtue of his orders, and in a disestablished Church he would probably be able to assert them more successfully than he does now.

The gulf which separates the clergyman of 1899 from him of 1799 to those who stand on this side of it seems, as it really is, a very wide one. Yet we have crossed it so gradually that it is not till we look back that we are fully conscious of its breadth.

The country clergyman's life now, whether he is a Ritualist or not, is full of cares and anxieties unknown to those who flourished in the days of old. His schools and his services, the aggrieved parishioner and the aggressive Dissenter are ever on his mind, and gnaw at his very vitals. He runs up and down his parish, from cottage to cottage, in a perpetual endeavour to counteract the machinations of his enemies. The calm repose, the ancient peace, indolence, if it must be so, which brooded over the English parsonage a hundred years ago is gone never to return, in its old shape at all events. In its place we have a hard-working clergy who devote their lives and their substance to their sacred duties with exemplary diligence and self-denial, labouring to maintain the discipline and equipment of the Church at the highest possible level. But the more they cease to resemble laymen, the more prominent becomes the professional element in their calling, and the greater their tendency to develop into a clerical caste with interests wholly distinct from those of other classes in society. This growing isolation cannot be regarded with satisfaction. Of course it has not yet spread through the whole body of the clergy; but it is decidedly on the increase, and should the Church ever be disestablished it will become more powerful than ever. I can only repeat what I have already said, that great is the price we have to pay for what is termed the higher spiritual life of the Church of England at the present day; and I can only conclude with the words which apply to most of the stages of human progress:

I fear to slide from bad to worse;
And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle, and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new.

T. E. KEBBEL.

ANOTHER CHELSEA MANUSCRIPT.

(EDITED BY RONALD MCNEILL.)

"HAST thou duly considered the significance of Woman?" asks the learned Professor Jeremiah Grubbinmückh in one of his atrabiliar moods, wherein he is above all mortal professors prolific of platitude. "Nay, hast thou as much as comprehended with what of understanding is in thee, the deep meaning of this;—that every son of Adam since Time began, be he Hero or Flunkey, has had in this world—a mother; without whom indeed neither Hero nor Flunkey had been? Herein, one may surmise, lies somewhat more than is so much as conceived possible by your 'Scientific Thinker' of this Epoch."

On which matter, I perceive that Woman herself has now for some time past diligently pondered; denying, not without fiery indignation, that the Destinies have, as the Professor elsewhere obscurely hints, ordained the rearing of Heroes or Flunkeys for her lot under the sun; believing rather, with what of faculty of belief is in her, that she has quite other Destinies than that; nay,—roundly asserting that even Heroes and Flunkeys in this world have need not of mothers only, but of fathers; that the rearing of such is committed to her by no inexorable decree of Heaven; in short, that she proposes to be served up at the banquet of Fate, be she goose or swan, with no other sauce than is relish also for gander or he-swan. Thus, by female logic and all manner of audible asseveration;

with "Woman's Rights Associations," Newspaper puffery, Platform windbagery, Parliamentary-suffrage babble, Wollstonecraftish Improper-Femaleism, shallow-pated feminine *cacoethes scribendi*, Problem-Novelistism, Ibsenism, and,—oh Heavens!—"rational" costumery, and apery of every conceivable species;—woman in an Emancipated Century raises a notable cackle under the stars and proclaims through God's Universe—"Equality of the Sexes."

Regarding which Bedlamite fermentation, our nebulous Professor observes that Woman, having now got her little cranium filled with hydrogen gas, makes boast that she is "New." Ancient Seers did indeed prophesy a New Heaven and a New Earth. Our modern Blockheads (who, if one consider the matter strictly, are perhaps the strangest *make-believe* Seers the world has yet endured) proclaim no New Heaven or New Earth, but a New Woman; will give us our Millennium, not by chaining up the Devil for a season as we had hoped, but rather by loosing his "female relations," veritable daughters of Belial, on God's Earth. Sorrowful enough! Tragic!

Our friend Grubbinmückh, however, digging as is his wont into the heart of that ever-living, ever-working chaos of Being which men call History, by resolute search discovers (he would have us believe) in that "age of French Revolution," first audible hooting of she-owls, now become of tragic portent. "In the

year 1789," says the Professor, "at the Café de Foy in Paris on a Saturday evening, a new thing is seen, not the last of its kind; a woman engaged in public speaking! She with her shrill tongue will speak, denouncing ——." Peace, good Jeremiah, let her shrill tongue denounce—it concerns us not what. Was ever woman yet—nay, thinkest thou there ever will be woman, "engaged in public speaking" that denounces not *somewhat*? This then, sayest thou, was the authentic origin of the business? Oh Heavens! thou nameless female of the Café de Foy, thou did'st beyond all question sow seed in the world on that Saturday evening. Tares? Indubitably tares, or worse than tares, I fear;—rank poisonous herbs befouling the firmament. "Jean Jacques evangel and Rights of Man"! I can hear our fair sisters exclaim in an emancipated age: "why not then, in Reason-Goddess's name, Wollstonecraft evangel and Rights of Woman"? To which incontestablest female logic your "Scientific Thinkers" seek reply vainly enough. Nay, do not some such,—our poor spectral logic-chopping Mill for example, and such-like—become veritable Apostles of said evangel; become a goodly company of Preachers proclaiming with *syllogism, sorites, dilemma*, and all manner of cunningest logic-fence, the "Subjection of Women," and the approaching "Emancipation" of such? Forward then subjected Women!—Courage! Not Helots we any more, but Amazons rather. Sound the tocsin; march, Mænads, if not to demand bread at Versailles, now happily in the dust,—at least to demand Liberty, Equality, *Sorority*!

Liberty? Oh, queenly wife of Roland, had'st thou but lived till now, in very truth had'st thou seen strange things enough done in

Liberty's name.—*Equality*? (of the sexes?) Can'st thou then, fair sister, by filling thy little heart with fire, thy poor little head with hydrogen gas, get thee thews and sinews of Goliath,—nay, of "the average Man"? Can'st thou by such strange alchemy win Austerlitz battles, write "Iliads" and "Hamlets," paint a "Transfiguration," build a Giotto-tower? Philosopher's Stone by such alchemy thou mayest, indeed, perhaps find; "Equality of the Sexes" is, I fear, somewhat harder to come by. Mythical Greek Amazons hewed off their very breasts that their fighting bows might have "equality" with bow of Heroes. Mythical!—yet symbolical enough! Verily, fiery-hearted sister, thou mayest likewise;—but meanwhile can'st thou so much as hold thy tongue?—*Sorority*? Aye, truly, a veritable Sisterhood of Parliament-Suffrage-seeking phantasms, fuddle-brained cohort of fiction-scribblers raking from lowest Tophet, with continual croakery as of crawling things, all manner of Unfortunate-Femaleism, prurient blockheadism, shallowest quack terrestrial philosophy, "rational" costumery, and apéry of whatsoever sort. Verily, of such species is our Wollstonecraft evangel and "Rights of Woman."

"Women," says Grubbinmückh elsewhere, "are born worshippers; in their good little hearts lies a most craving relish for greatness. Yet how touching also to see for example our London dames, all rustling in silks or other richest haberdashery, press forward to embrace with tenderest emotion some fiddle-scraping Prodigy;—to fall at feet of some tangle-haired, piano-pounding Professor, and crave token, as from the greatest." On which passage, I would remark that my obscure friend, notwithstanding his chivalrous if not amorous disposi-

tion, is manifestly not unable to discern Insincerity and Flunkeydom of the feminine gender. Wherefore, leaving my obscure friend in that nebulous chaos of his, let us examine what of authentic there may be in this "Woman Question."

I perceive, then, that seedling planted in the Café de Foy on Saturday evening has now grown somewhat; women, everywhere "engaged in public speaking," everywhere with shrillest tongue, — "denouncing." What would they, then, these unmelodious she-owls? "Where is our 'Equality of the Sexes,' " I hear them hoot, "seeing that ye men have your 'Suffrage,' while we have no 'Suffrage'?" What are *ye* but forked radishes with heads fantastically carved? And are not we likewise? Sundry blockheads have indeed in times past with voice of calumny affirmed that there lay funded within us a certain faculty of Reverence, of gentle-tending Service; that we had of all things need chiefly of Love. Silence, base calumnious Blockheadism! Verily, of all things in God's universe we would have—*Votes*. Did not Apostle Wollstonecraft (in manner once upon a time quite unmentionable, but now respectable enough) link her apostleship with a certain 'Political Justice'? Is not 'Political Justice' then indissolubly joined together with 'Woman's Rights' in holy, or at least in *un*-holy, matrimony?"

Thus do unmelodious she-owls audibly hoot. Yet I perceive that our shrill-tongued trebles do not altogether lack *bass* to their chorus. Benthams, logic-chopping Mills, indeed, we no longer have in this world. Nevertheless a Balfour will perhaps, not without *quantum sufficit* of "Philosophic Doubt," make what harmony he may. Canary-breasted Cornish Courtney (who, if occasion serve, can right lustily raise Dutch

psalm whether Gregorian or, as is more like, Krugerian) will come from—oh Heavens!—*Chelsea* (where, as Dryasdust assures me, he has for some time now been in some sort "Sage" or philosophic Cassandra), and with deepest sackbut-voice do his part. Must not all forked radishes of what gender soever indubitably give ear to such battle-song of unmelodious fowls out-hymning the music of the spheres? Nevertheless, chant they never so shrilly, a century that boasts itself to be Nineteenth and destructive of Reverence will, as I perceive, sink into the preterite tense, leaving our shrill sopranos with still all unsatisfied hunger for votes. Yet, with what of chivalry may still be found in any son of Adam, can we not at least devise for our fiery-hearted angels some quite unarmful toy to amuse them withal? If Parliament-Suffrage be denied, they shall at least have votes for some County Councils or other palavering pseudo-Parliaments;—nay, shall even be grandmotherly "Inspectors" of this or that species; shall sit members of all manner of "Boards," and, as at the Café de Foy, be "engaged in public speaking"; shall, if they will, strut hither and thither discharging from their fantastically curled heads chiefly, one may surmise, hydrogen gas.

At which point I pause to observe that your fiery-hearted female in an age of Scientific Thinkers will be learned withal. "Have not daughters of Eve," asks a she-philosopher, not without sulphurous indignation,— "have not daughters of Eve authenticst title to fruit of Tree of Knowledge?" Whereat every son of Adam is tragically silent! Thus, without faltering, do daughters of Eve, fearing no Cherubim or Flaming Sword, assault high Paradise-gates; fearing no Proctor (whether *Queen's* or other) be he never so be-bulldogged, assault

Universities; and by toilful pedagogy get what of philosophic or other profoundest learning may be come at, and bedizen themselves with all manner of "Certificates," "Degrees," and suchlike gaudiest livery-buttons of Scientific Thinker; become, in fact, veritable Scientific Thinkers, or if not, then palpablest *Flunkeys* of such, bedizened with livery-buttons unmistakable by gods or men.

With which decoration, were not some "career" in the world wholly relishable, if some such were but attainable by modern woman? "Assuredly it were no true age of Scientific Thinker," exclaim our fair sisters, "lacking 'Woman's Career,' Woman's Professions. Age of Distaff, of Homeward, now happily packed away, we will proceed to acquire all manner of medico-scientific erudition,—Physiology, Anatomy and the like; will in company with dullards of the male gender witness skilfullest dissection of defunct bodies; will assiduously study artery and entrail, and fashion for ourselves career of learned Medicine-woman." Or, again, Newspaper Press being clearly Spiritual Pulpit of a Scientific Era, may not a modern woman, intent on "career," scribble the wisest articles, diffusing enlightenment in the world,—if not of the deep Spiritual sort, then of the Personal, the Sartorial; and at least expound cut of corset and skirt? Nay, should such "learned Professions" prove wholly unattainable, some will at lowest discover womanly career in barber-trade, splashing egg-yolk on bald or hairy pate; scraping, with a sufficiency of lather, chin of Hero or Flunkey! Our fair sisters thus tragically "careering" with infinitude of hubbub through Time and Space provide spectacle whereat, if one consider it, the very gods must in silence weep.

If however, as my transcendental

friend avers, "Women are born Worshipers," may we not hope that in this "Higher Education," "Woman's Rights," and the like, lies somewhat of worth for the spiritual condition of Society?—that by female Reverence and Intuition we might come by some regenerated faculty of belief in the Godlike? Alas, it is not so. Some semblance of such regeneration is indeed discernible; credit for such being perhaps due for the most part to certain transcendental but wholly un-female "Writers of Books." Such faculty of belief as was in our fair sisters has become, alas, for the most part faculty of pitifullest superstition; of windy chatter of speculation; true philosophy being found to have unhappily the least conceivable chemical affinity for hydrogen gas;—when mingled therewith to become properly no philosophy, but only palpablest simulacrum of philosophy, deceiving none but our fair sisters. Our fair sisters, moreover, having now become New Women full of the incrediblest quantum of learning, find the Christian Religion in great measure out of repair. In an age of prodigiously learned women, were it not well to patch up said religion with brand-new Yankee patent renovators, and rechristen the same—"Christian Science"? Verily, that were a notable product of pseudo-philosophy and hydrogen gas! With such wonderfullest alchemy and thaumaturgic *Thought*, our fair sisters will add, if not a cubit to their stature, at least bile to their stomach! Further, it now grows clear that a Hebrew Bible is like to be obsolete enough in such an age. Indeed, if one consider it, a Bible whereof the writers were but Seers and Apostles,—must not such be palpably obsolete in an age of New Women learned in Christian or un-Christian Science? Courage, however, fair sisters! Without doubt some inspired Yankeedoodle

she-prophet—inspired by Heaven, or, at lowest, by prompt cash profits—will by quickest patent machine fashion us a Bible, as Chicago machine fashions potted pork.

Such tragic phenomena we will, however, resolutely hope may prove but temporary overflow of pestilent bilge-water now boiling in the fiery hearts of our fair sisters. Nevertheless I perceive that New Woman has for the most part the wonderfullest faculty of credulity. Under Heaven is perhaps nothing remarkabler in an age of Scientific Thinkers! Insatiable vulturous hunger has New Woman for all manner of Familiar Spirits, Magic Occultism, Fortune-telling, Crystal-gazing, Palmistry, Spookery, Cagliostro-Archquackery;—all which products, if one reflect upon it, are but veritable Tartarean vapour brewed by Beelzebub, Father of Deceit;—which nevertheless in a Progressive Age it were better perhaps to name, not Gullibility, but “Psychic Science.” Into which, why should we here so much as cast a glance?—which on the contrary (remarking merely that we had hoped all bewitched hag-ridden ages had long since been swept back to their place in blackest Gehenna), we will here resolutely pretermit.

Notable too are the strivings of our modern women to attain through Literature coveted “Equality of Sexes.” If no “*Iliad*,” no “*Arma Virumque*” of the feminine gender is so much as conceivable; if no Heavenly Inspiration fall upon our fair sisters; may they not at least be delivered of “Heavenly Twins,” or in pitifullest melodramatic fashion weep tears of woman (or crocodile) for “Sorrows of Satan”? Thus do our fair sisters become fiction-scribblers with lightest heart. Is there not some hope, then, that Romance will in these latter days attain to quite

new dignity and beauty?—will become purged of certain ill-humours disfiguring the stalwart sincerity of a “Tom Jones,” a “Roderick Random,” and the like, and proclaim herself veritable daughter of Chastity and Grace? Will not our fair sisters, having now acquired unheard of learning, freedom, influence—will they not, think you, take Literature by the hand, and with pure radiant smile as of Angel gently point upward? Alas, it is not so. Woman, consumed with vulturous hunger for “Equality of Sexes,” discerns for most part but noisome waters surging up from black swamps of Tophet into Man’s life;—in which Man’s life is too often tragically submerged. “Go to,” exclaim our fair sisters gazing thereinto, “may not we too plunge in; may we not at least take samples of said waters, and with cunningest scientific learning analyse the same? Thus shall we attain our Equality, Chastity and Grace? Are not such clearly obsolete, not so much as to be tolerated in an age of Scientific Thinkers and Equality of Sexes? Reticence? Neither is such to be endured, being to all learned feminine minds indistinguishable from hypocrisy. Let us have Courage, rather—Sincerity.” Whereat with hollowest reverberating cackle of applause, innumerable “Literary Critics” of the screaming cockatoo species raise echoes of Earth and Hell. “Sincerity of Contemporary Literature”! “Oh Sincerity,” cry we rather, “what strange things are written in thy name”! Sincerity of muck-rakes delving in sewers for foul garbage whereon children of the God of Flies may greedily batten!

Here let us observe, however, that our female scribblers, having, it may be surmised, some minimum of Imaginative Faculty, do for the most part employ said faculty in

imagining themselves to be of some import in the world; to be in fact toilful investigators of scientific-psychological "Problems," with such "sincerity," "courage," "outspokenness" and other Godlike qualities as cockatoo critics may find requisite for that trade. Nevertheless these "Fictions," "Problem-Novels" of theirs, as I perceive, are in shortest possible space quite unremembered, properly unrememberable and clean gone to Oblivion and outer Darkness; whence, without help of Smelfungus, no scientific or unscientific historian can so much as recall the very names thereof.

Yet, perhaps no Icarus-flight of New Woman, or busiest careering of her, is on the whole wonderfuller than those endeavours of hers in the "Sport"-trade. In our modern tourney-jousts no queen of Beauty sits on high awarding prize to conquering knight. She too in this epoch will be in the lists; will mount, if not on warhorse, at least on Humber-cycle, and ride abroad; will, with her unsatisfied craving for "Equality of Sexes" even endue her frail body in breeches and hose for the job, emulating Hero or Flunkey. Nay, does not Dryasdust in incredible fashion report that a very "Lady of Title" in a democratic age finds slenderest welcome from mine host at rural hostelry,—mine host having, it appears, but admiration of a *minus* quantity for all cyclic heroines in breeches and hose? Furthermore, New Woman thus palpably striving to become androgynous, is now engaged with no inconsiderable assiduity in—preserving her game; shoulders fowling-gun and all due and proper sporting appurtenance, and marches, not without tobacco, over English stubble, over Scotch heather, her fiery little heart aglow with truculent joy, her thin catgut

soul being now merest phantasm of soul; swills *usquebaugh* like veritable slaughtering buccaneer; nay, will even demonstrate ("Equality of Sexes" clearly requiring such demonstration), notwithstanding quite premature prophesying of a certain politico-play-acting Comedian, that not yet have "damns" altogether "had their day"!

All which immeasurable products of a Progressive Era having been now happily harvested by Womankind, were it not meet to celebrate the same in some sort by general feminine Thanksgiving, or "Harvest-Home" festivity? Some such I do indeed discern to have been held in England,—Nineteenth Century now on its last truckle-bed and about to vanish into circumambient Eternity. By indomitable wrestling in Tartarean abyss of "Reports," old Newspapers, and all manner of cobwebs, at British Museum or elsewhere, a certain "International Congress of Women" grows dimly discernible;—said Congress being, to whomsoever hath some modicum of vision, clearly some such feminine "Harvest-Home" festivity. Was there ever since building of Babel such confusion of tongues, such Apotheosis of Windbagery? Verily, in said Congress, women are "engaged in public speaking" not on Saturday evening only at Café de Foy, but in all manner of London Assembly Halls and Palaver Palaces, holding "Sections," "Subsections," "Meetings" and Feasts of Verbosity of all sorts past computation. "Purpose of said Congress"? Nay, friends, to discover such were indeed a thirteenth Labour whereat a very Hercules might shy. A Columbus, sailing unploughed oceans, will discover Americas enough;—purpose of said Congress he will indubitably fail to discover. But may we not at least come at what matters were discussed therein? Yea, verily, thus much is

not impossible ;—what matters were left *un-discussed* therein being perhaps a tougher business to come at.

In the main, then, it appears that this riot of Talk busies itself with “Women’s Work” of what sort soever. To discuss which with quite infinite cackle, an innumerable swarm of International Females, bearing with them, they would have us believe, the incrediblest burden of scientific learning, mercilessly settles like locust-plague on London ; and there, evoking laughter of men and gods, emit an unfathomable ocean of Talk, significant of naught. In whale-breeding Northern Seas was never such spouting,—spouting not of Northern sea-brine, but of—hydrogen gas !

Of solid Worth,—what we may call

unvaporous product or *residuum*, our International Congress of Women leaves, it is clear, no infinitesimallest fraction. Reflecting on which tragic circumstance, Grubbinmückh in his *Opus Magnum* on “Transmutation of Energy,” calculates that force of tissue expended in said Congress by women of all nations, might, if properly applied to patent grinding-mill, friction being reduced to minimum, have produced some seven bushels of wheat-flour. We, on the contrary, declining to cast so much as a glance at such utilitarian calculation, reflect rather, not without thanksgiving, that International and other New Women, like all else in whom is breath of life, are even now journeying inexorably towards the Eternal Silence.

THE NEAREST VILLAGE TO THE NORTH POLE.

THE remotest spot in the old world where human beings live, — that sounds very far off indeed. Yes, this most northern settlement in the world is a long pilgrimage for you and me ; and yet a few of us have been there and can tell you what we saw. But how can this far outpost of life in Nova Zembla be reached ? Well, just in this way and no other.

First of all, you sail across the North Sea and then up that great inner lead of Fiords which runs along the whole of the coast of western Norway, and so round the North Cape under the light of the Midnight Sun. You have now marked off nearly two thousand miles on your chart. Then from the North Cape you sail east along the Lapland coast, with schools of Finner whales spouting all round you, and pass into the dreaded White Sea (which is free of ice for barely three months in the year) and, safely crossing the treacherous bar of the Dwina, you reach Archangel in Northern Russia. That makes some seven hundred miles more. Then at Archangel you find the stout little steamer, built for battling with the ice, which annually sails for the two settlements, — Karmacula, the southern and Matotchkin Schar the northern—in far-away Nova Zembla, and you beseech the British Consul there (kind, energetic and diplomatic official that he is, and for three weeks my most considerate host,) to leave no stone unturned to procure you the privilege of a berth on this Government steamer. The Governor-General of the Archangel province is the model of a good administrator, and

red-tape does not tie his hands. After a painful suspense you at last get the necessary permission, together with a big sheet of paper bearing his august signature and seal, and containing directions to his officials to help you, whenever and wherever possible, under pain of his displeasure, —and, mind you, he has the power of life and death, this genial, pleasant, blue-eyed Governor.

Then at last you hear that the steamer is ready to start, and you go on board to find what accommodation you can, and a great mass of stores for the uncivilised inhabitants on Nova Zembla—all useful stores such as potatoes, cabbages, onions, rye-flour, fishing-nets, timber, and tools. And you further find several potential brides and bridegrooms who have been brought hundreds of miles from the Samoyads of the frozen *tundra* and are destined for certain Nova Zemblans known to be of age and willing to marry. They are so few on that far island that the Russian Government is almost comically paternal in the way in which it enters into every detail of their life. And so you sail out of the White Sea, turn northward and eastward, and ploughing through the stray outliers of the summer ice-pack, you go up into the Arctic Ocean, and leaving the island of Kolguef far behind, you skirt the long jagged edge of the pack and slip through this or that lane in the ice, and finally, after some nine hundred miles of anxious navigation, you drop anchor off Matotchkin Schar—the strait which cuts Nova Zembla in half and on the shores of

which is the most northerly outpost in the world. You have now marked off some thirty-six hundred miles on your chart, and at last you have reached your goal.

What an odd scene of welcome it is as you row to the shore and jump out on the gritty beach! Never were there such rough little bundles of humanity, such shaggy specimens of man. About five feet high and apparently four feet wide, it is really surprising how nimble these Samoyads are upon their feet. More often than not, they wear nothing on their heads but their long, matted, and indescribably filthy hair, which streams out into the wind some ten or twelve inches behind the yellow brows. These brows are seamed with the furrows of exposure, seams that are filled up with the grime of dirt which has never once been intentionally removed. Their body-clothing is merely a huge baggy tunic, closed behind and before and slipped over their heads. It is made of reindeer-skin, with the hair inside. A belt of thongs girds it tightly round the loins, and then the tunic is pulled up and allowed to fall over in great baggy folds. This is an ingenious device of the native who, taught by Nature and dire experience, has learned that it is easier to keep warm with a good big layer of heated human atmosphere between him and his outer covering than if he wore his garment tight against his skin. His breeches are also of deerskin, and so too are his long boots, or *pimmis*, the former with the fur inside and the latter with it outside. An inner tunic of dried deerskin completes his toilet.

But how unsavoury it all is! Recollect that he seldom washes from the hour of his birth to the day of his death. Recollect, further, that these skin clothes are of material so tough, and sewn with deer-sinews so

strong, that they often outlast the life of the wearer and thus, in a manner, become heirlooms in the family. Now, putting all things together,—the animal nature of the clothing, the life-long filth of the wearer, and the conditions under which he lives—you can get some idea of the verminous state of this Nova Zemblan. Are you fond of the Zoological Gardens? Are you a naturalist? Particularly, are you interested in minute animal life? Well, then, go to Nova Zembla, and when you weary of the white bear and the white fox, of the walrus and the seal, of the wild geese and the snowy owls, go into the skin-tents of the Samoyad and sit down with him cheek by jowl, and eat with him of the red meat of the reindeer, and speak with him in monosyllables Anglo-Samoyadian, and you will be content indeed. Even the keenest naturalist will be more than content, while you and I will have had such a surfeit of things minute and irritant as we shall never forget.

Filthy in person, he is also filthy in habit. "Customs have they none and their manners are beastly," once wrote a dejected observer. He might almost write it again of this Nova Zemblan, for his strange old customs are frowned down by the Russian authorities and his manners still remain beastly. To eat with him is an experience such as most men would sooner go without, and none would willingly repeat; an experience, in the poet's words, to be dreamed of, not to tell. For we live in a more genial climate and physically revolt from the very food for which their bodies are clamouring. Thus, their preference for raw meat and copious draughts of blood is not mere barbarism; it is simply the demand of nature for food which is of the freshest and is the richest in vital-

ising power. All the children of Arctic lands resemble each other in this,—their practical appreciation of the value of raw meat, blubber and blood in renewing for them the heat and the strength which the Arctic climate is for ever sapping. All who have come as strangers to such lands have learned by experience that this is true; and that it is on account of his food that the Eskimo, the Chukchi, and the Samoyad live comfortably and grow fat where the white man grows weak and dies. Scurvy is not to be fought with limejuice and tinned vegetables, but, rather, by fresh meat which, as a concession to life-long prejudice, is cooked, though ever so lightly, and in which the life-giving blood remains as the great vitalising element. It is really true that, unless you are civilised out of all recognition as the natural man, you must live as Nature provides for you in each part of the world; and, taught by Nature, the Samoyad keeps himself fat and warm on a series of feasts which in the absence of spoons and forks and all dread of Mrs. Over-the-Way and her windows become veritable revels in blood. Like most primitive people and all wild animals, he gorges when he has the chance, and sleeps it off in the course of days when he as often as not goes fasting. Simple and disgusting enough as the food and its eating appear, I am quite sure that should he ever exchange fresh meat and warm blood for tinned-tongues and potted tomatoes, he will become even less able to battle with his already formidable foe, the Arctic climate, and have made a long stride towards his final disappearance.

But how natural and artless he is, this child of Nature, this product of the countless centuries in which he has fought for dear life in the howling wastes of Arctic *tundras*. For Nova Zembla did not produce him; he

came from the frozen swamps which stretch across northernmost Russia and all the way along the Arctic coasts of Siberia. There he wandered to and fro throughout the centuries, living on his deer, clothed by them, housed by them, drawn by them, fed by them; worshipping his gods of wood and stone and that one great spirit, Num, who transcended all other gods and dwelt behind the stars, for ever unattainable; and so he maintained himself and his own characteristics, until the Russian traders, pushing north and east, found him out, and gave him strange sweet food for his furs, and vilest of *vodka* for his undoing. And in his greed of the food that tickled his throat and the drink that fired his slow blood, he sought out with renewed zest the white bear and the blue fox, and the walrus with his great store of fat, and so came to the limits of the world, even to Nova Zembla, that great finger of land, seven hundred miles long, which stretches out from Europe far into the ice-covered sea and crooks its rigid joints for ever Poleward. And here he fought again for dear life, and was often beaten, as were beaten those white explorers who came hither from the far south in search of wonders, and found graves in a soil that never thawed,—the great Dutchman Barents and many another. But the Samoyad of the *tundras* fought on: where one fell another came; and here the Russian Government found a handful of them, when some twenty years ago it built a hut of refuge for the hardy sailors who venture thus far after walrus and seal. Then several Samoyad families were transported to keep the hut from the bears, and to hunt the valuable wild game; and from that time, though irregularly at first, it has been the policy of the Govern-

ment to send them stores and fishing-nets and timber, and exchange them fairly enough for furs and fish ; and to add to the inhabitants, until now there is no inconsiderable colony of the Samoyad race native to Nova Zembla and entirely dependent on the Russian Government for the ameliorations of the absolutely savage life they would otherwise lead.

What shall I recall of the daily life among the Nova Zemblans ? Well, here is one feature ; the journeying on sledges drawn by dogs, dogs that are half wild and never so happy as when they are slaying and eating one of their own comrades. Ten or twelve of them are harnessed by deer-skin thongs to the sledge, and there are no reins : you compose yourself on this light wooden frame as best you may ; and then the driver jumps on and at the same moment brings a ten-foot pole down upon the team with a resounding whack. All is immediately noise and confusion. The twelve wild beasts break into a frenzied howl and simultaneously attack one another. Another whack, and they start off at a furious gallop. Into the mossy pits and swamps, over the rocks and ridges, headlong into the ravines with steep ice-slopes leading to glaciers as cold, and all in one inextricable heap together you roll down high banks into the rivers that rush from the cliffs above. Happy you, if you remain on that sledge ; happier still, if no reindeer or fox cross your path ; for the hunting instinct of your team is ineradicable, and your career then becomes a furious race to any sort of end so long as it spells disaster. But nevertheless it is an experience, and you gaze anew upon the wild man who takes his pleasure so sadly, and reflect not a little.

And is he really a brute beast, this Nova Zemblan ? I think not, nor do

I think this of any savage, however primitive he may seem to my eyes. Under his filthy skin, there is the man : and you may find here, as in England, men who are lazy and men who are industrious ; men who are sober and men who are wanton ; those who are cruel and those who are kind ; some naturally polite, others as naturally rude ; many intelligent, if more are stupid ; a few who are at all points irreclaimably bad, and a few who possess all the virtues we are wont to claim for the good citizen. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," is true enough of some Russians, and is a phrase which, when the names are changed, will fit many another race. It is so with the Samoyad of Nova Zembla and elsewhere. He is the product of an Arctic swamp, and a Mongol by ancestry : he has the monotonous horizon of the one and the callous Stoicism of the other ; but at times his experience cuts the plane of our common nature, and then you find that he, like our nearest neighbour, is a man and a brother.

It is so, too, with the children ; indeed, I think that children are much the same all over the world. I have noticed them in all latitudes and as far east as west. They always seem to me to be comparatively free from the inexorable etiquette of custom which makes their parents so difficult to understand. Here, in England, they worship power and Nature, and imitate their elders by playing at trains, at soldiers, at horses, at professions and trades ; and here in Nova Zembla they do just the same, only the imitators have other models. For here they play at bear and walrus, and slay them with the bow and arrow and "make believe" with guns ; they drive toy-sledges and noisily keep in order imaginary teams of dogs. Now they raise the heavy

skin-tent and now they strike it; and now, as always and everywhere, they play at the most ancient of all games, the game of Mother and Child. And I must not forget, that here, as elsewhere, you find the fine old game of ninepins, as well known and as much practised as ever it was in an English playroom. Happy enough they are, and happier than many an English child; and yet their home, with its surroundings, is one of the most monotonous and dreary on earth.

Imagine, for example, a country where the giant of the forest is scarcely twelve inches high; where the grey-green creeping vegetation is only visible for barely three months in the year; where, to be sure, the tiny forget-me-not opens its sweet blue eyes for a summer month, but so exhausts its strength in doing it as to leave none for leaves; where on no exposed ground, and only in the low moist valleys turning to the kindly South, is there the least sign of herb; where for nine months in the year there is nothing but ice and snow and the white bear; where rage the most violent gales, the very breath of which is icy death; where falls that dark Arctic night, which waits three long deadly months for dawn. Here indeed is the end of things and the worst of places; yet even here you find, as all over the vast Russian Empire, the sturdy simple heroism of the Russian monk.

For the Apostle of the Nova Zemblans is not only a giant in

physical strength, he is, and has to be, a hero to overlook the awful desolation of the life. Good Father John, with his flowing hair and great beard, his deep chest and gentle voice, is a volunteer, and so far back as 1887 came here to help these uncivilised savages to lose their fear of those numerous evil spirits which they believe beset their path. Health failed him once, and that once he returned to the Russian monastery which had trained him; but homesickness for Nova Zembla and its handful of inconsidered savages proved the worse disease; and with the breaking up of the ice he came back. Great is Father John, for he has a wonderful way with these people: he can bear a strong hand at any work that they can do; he can use a strong voice for them when the Government steamer comes each year; and, chief of all, did he not voyage out into the awful Kara Sea, where ice piles on ice and wildly drives hither and thither as foam flies before the wind, and did he not there, on a lonely island, defy and dare and splinter into a thousand pieces that huge solitary shaft of granite, the most sacred of Samoyad gods, who kept watch and ward over all the reindeer and gave them increase, and then, even then, returned with all his company safe and unharmed? Yes, great is Father John, say the Nova Zemblans; and, knowing the living death to which he has given his years, I echo it.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE BRICE.

A BULLIFANT.

"THE Political will now tell us one of his *shikar* stories," said the Subaltern.

"Tell us how you shot the crocodile with snipe-shot," said the Major.

"Or how you pulled a cobra out of his hole by the tail," said the Doctor.

"Or about the man-eaters," added the Major.

The Political laughed. "You do not appreciate my stories as you might, I am afraid," he began; but he was interrupted by a chorus of, "We do, we do!" "Tell him to tell us how the bear walked into his bedroom, Sir," said the Subaltern to the General.

"I did not know you were a great hunter," said the General to the Political. "But tell us any tale you like; never mind the boys."

The Political reflected. "Well," he said, "I *will* tell you a *shikar* story; I do not mind your insinuations. This one is about an elephant."

"Hold on, you fellows," muttered the Subaltern resignedly, and the Political plunged into his tale.

"Some years ago I was up in Wynaad, which is a forest and hill country on the west coast of India. There are a number of coffee-planters there, capital good fellows, who are delighted to see you, and will put you up for years, if you like; and there is capital good shooting. I went up for the shooting and had a royal time, stopping a day or two here and a day or two there. I forget how many sambur and muntjac and panther I didn't get; and I had several stalks for bison, but without any luck. My last few days were spent with a man

named Willocks. He was a funny old fellow, a gardener, I think, who had been brought out by a company to manage one of their estates. He was a bit of a rough diamond, I must tell you, and nothing of a sportsman: I do not believe he had ever fired off a gun in his life; but he was hospitality itself, and if I did not go to bed as tight as a drum each night it was not his fault.

"I went there to try and get a bison before I went back to the plains. It was supposed to be a good place, but I trudged over the mountains for two days and never saw a horn of one; so I made up my mind to clear out.

"We were sitting in his verandah after tiffin when I told him, and he was disgusted. 'Go away, man,' he said, 'and no bison! Why the hills just swarm wi' them. What'll your friends say?'

"I said I would have to bear their remarks in patience, but I must go, as my leave was nearly up. As to the bison swarming in the hills, I had walked from dawn to dark for two days and never seen a hair. 'They're afeerd of ye, man,' he said. 'They heard you was coming, no doubt. They're just shivering and hidin' in the forest for fear of ye.' Then he laughed his great broad laugh.

"I didn't mind his chaff any more than I do the Subaltern's, but I was sorry to leave the old fellow without having had a shot. He felt it a reflection upon his hospitality, so I decided to stay yet another day and have a last try. 'And ye'll just have a drop of whisky now,' said Willocks,

'to drink luck.' We were drinking the luck when there was a patter of feet outside and a Tamil ran up into the verandah. He was covered with dust from head to foot, his turban was gone, there were spots of blood on his arms and chest, and he looked scared out of his life.

"As soon as he had recovered a little breath he began to pour out a torrent of words upon us. As for me, I did not understand the tongue, but Willocks listened in amazement. I was naturally burning with desire to know what had happened, but when I attempted to ask Willocks he only put up his hand to demand silence. It was not till the native had talked himself into exhaustion that Willocks turned to me. 'Well,' he said, 'did ye ever hear a tale like yon? It is a pretty tale to tell a man, of his own carts too.'

"'I didn't hear "yon",' I answered. 'You forget that I do not understand the damned lingo. What is it, a tiger?'

"'Hoots,' he said, getting up angrily, 'tiger! What's a tiger? It's that damned temple elephant that's gone *must* and destroyed my carts, I tell ye. Did you ever hear the like? He's trod the bullocks into the mud and strewed the coffee all over the country-side,—my best coffee, too. Didn't ye see the man waving his arms?' I nodded. 'That was the way the elephant waved his trunk, he says. He just came on some of my carts carrying coffee to Calicut and he destroyed 'em; and not satisfied w' that, the brute, he's put his trunk into the coffee and thrown it miles; and it's worth ten rupees a basket, no less.'

"While Willocks was talking he had been putting on his hat and boots, and I did the same. Then I picked up my rifle and followed him down the hill. The path lay for a

mile or more through his own land, between coffee-bushes planted in rows; then it passed a strip of forest and joined with the high road. About half a mile along this we found the carts. There were three of them: two were upset over the side of the road and lay broken to pieces half way down the hills; the other was right in the centre of the road. Directly we sighted the carts, Willocks took shelter behind a tree. 'Look out for yourself!' he yelled to me. 'I don't know that the beggar's not hiding about here waiting for us.' Then I also took shelter. However, we could see nothing of the elephant, and by dint of keeping carefully under the shelter of the forest that lined the road we got up to the spot.

"It was a dismal sight. As the driver said, the bullocks had been killed, just trodden into the road, making a red, disgusting mess in its white dust. The cart was broken to atoms. The coffee which was loaded in bulk, not bags, was scattered all over the road. Willocks groaned. 'The vicious beast!' he said. 'Four hundred rupees won't cover this.'

"The coolies from the estate, hearing what had happened, came down to see; and after carefully satisfying themselves that the elephant was really gone, they set to work to raise the carts that had fallen down the *nullah*. The road was cleared, and children were put on to pick up as much of the scattered coffee as could be found.

"Willocks and I went back to the bungalow. 'I'll sue that heathen old temple,' he said, angrily. 'This isn't the first time the bullifant's gone *must*. Last time he killed two men; this time likely he'll kill a dozen.'

"I was itching with anxiety to shoot him, but Willocks shook his head. 'Ye'll have to get him proclaimed first,' he said. 'If you go

shooting a tame elephant you'll get into trouble.'

"'Good heavens!' I cried. 'Do you call this a tame beast?'

"'The priest of the temple will,' said Willocks. 'It's a very famous beast, this bullifant; he's the tallest in the province and has the biggest tusks. There'll be a holy show if you shoot him.'

"'Is he to be allowed to go on killing people freely?' I asked.

"Willocks shook his head, and mixed some more whisky and soda-water. Not a word more would he say that evening about the bullifant, but he was evidently brooding on some idea. We went to bed early, which alone showed that he was not in his usual frame of mind.

"When I got up to *chota hazri* next morning Willocks was not there. 'Where's master?' I asked the butler.

"'Master going out early,' explained the butler as he poured out my tea. 'Master gone ilphant-catching.'

"'Gone what?'

"'Catching ilphant. But master leaving one *chitti*; I fetching it now only.'

"The butler fetched the note and I read it; it was scrawled hastily in red pencil on a piece of rough brown paper. '*Dear B. I am off to try and trap the old bullifant. Did not like to wake you, as you were sleeping like an angel. I shall probably not be back till the afternoon; do not wait breakfast. If you'd like to see the brute trapped, look over about eight o'clock; but mind, no rifle.*'

"'Trap the elephant?' I asked the butler in surprise.

"'Yes, Sar,' answered the man, and then he explained to me Willocks's plan. This was not the first time that the elephant had gone *must*, and his habits were therefore known. He would spend the night in the valley below, eating the plantains of the

villagers and stealing sugar-cane; but as soon as the day began to get hot, say about ten o'clock, he would return to his temple-grove for coolness. Willocks knew this, and also that the elephant would pass up a path which went over some of his land. His idea was to dig a pit in this path, cover it with bamboos and earth, and thus catch the beast.

"'Where is this place?' I asked the butler. It appeared that it was about a mile away, so about eight o'clock I went out to have a look at what Willocks was up to, taking a coolie with me as a guide. We went along quietly in the morning freshness, passing through little belts of coffee and strips of forest; there were jungle-fowl feeding on the edge of it, and spurfowl here and there calling, but of course I had not brought my gun. Then we entered into a thick forest, clothing the side of a hill on the top of which stood the temple. We must, I supposed, be coming near the place, but I could not see anything for the forest, nor could I hear the coolies digging. Suddenly my guide stopped, gave one horrified glance ahead, and disappeared into the forest. I was so surprised at this performance that for a moment I only gazed after him stupidly. Then I looked forward to see what had occasioned his flight. For a moment I could see nothing; I stepped forward a few spaces, and became suddenly aware that the duskiness ahead was no shadow of the forest, but an elephant. His back was turned to me and I saw only his great behind and his tail. A minute later I was up the nearest tree.

The coolie had made some good running through the forest, and I had made better climbing the tree; but the elephant did not pay us any attention. He seemed to be busy about something. As soon as I was

safely ensconced in a fork of the tree, well out of reach, and had regained my breath, I peeped round the trunk to watch him.

He was behaving curiously for an elephant. He was investigating something, something that apparently interested him a good deal. He advanced a few steps and retreated; he turned his stupid head to one side and the other; he trumpeted; then he went down on his knees, and seemed to be reaching for something with his trunk. He was so excited about it that I grew excited too; but though I strained round all I could, I could not make out what he was after as his huge body blocked the view.

While the elephant was thus engaged I heard a voice. It came from the bowels of the earth, and sounded like the voice of Willocks. 'Ye red-eyed son of Satan' it said viciously, 'ye thought ye had me, eh?' The voice seemed to excite the elephant still more; his huge body quivered to the tip of his tail; he began making frantic efforts to get his head and trunk down to something. 'Ha,' said the voice again, 'how did ye like that?' The elephant had drawn back, and was waving his trunk to and fro as if in pain. 'Put yer dirty trunk in my hair, would ye?' said the voice. 'Just try again now!'

"Yes, certainly it was Willocks's voice. But where on earth was he? I clambered out cautiously upon a great limb to get a better view. The elephant paid no attention to me. I got nearly over his back, and some leaves I dislodged fell upon him; but he took no notice. Still I could not see Willocks. I could see just in front of the elephant a pit about ten feet square and apparently deep. This was no doubt Willocks's trap; but obviously the elephant had not fallen into it. 'Hullo, Willocks!' I said. 'Where the devil are you?'

"'Is that you, B.?'"

"'Yes,' I said. 'I'm up here in a tree. Where are you?'"

"'Where's yon bullifant?' answered the voice.

"'Under my tree, looking savage.'

"I heard the unseen Willocks cursing. 'What's the beggar doin'?"

"'Eating your sandwiches,' I answered; 'and, by Jove, yes, he's drinking your beer; pouring it down his throat he is, the devil!'"

"Willocks sighed. 'Mac Ewen's ale! Can't you drive him off?'"

"'I have just escaped with the skin of my teeth up a tree. Where are you, Willocks?'"

"'Man,' said the voice solemnly, 'did ye ever read Scripture?'"

"'No,' I shouted back.

"'Then more shame to ye, lad.'

"There was a moment's silence and I began to understand. I roared with laughter, till the elephant paused on his last sandwich and looked up reprovingly. 'Willocks!'"

"'Eh?'"

"'Do you mean the man who dug a pit for his neighbour and fell into it himself?'"

"I heard Willocks groan. Then I saw a head come up very cautiously above the brim of the pit. The elephant saw it also, and made a snatch at it with his trunk. The head disappeared; but the elephant was enraged at the fresh appearance of his foe, and again approaching the pit attempted to get his trunk down into it. I saw an arm with a pen-knife in it suddenly shoot up, and the elephant drew back his trunk in a hurry. 'Did I get him?' asked Willocks.

"The elephant's trunk was bleeding, so I suppose he had. I told him so, and he grunted; but the elephant's rage became awful. He snorted, he bellowed, he stamped round and round the pit in a par-

oxysm of fury, banging himself against the trees and crushing down the bushes like grass. 'Willocks,' I shouted.

"Eh, man, ye're a great one to talk. Dinna talk so much, but get down and drive off the elephant. Are ye afraid of it?"

"Yes," I replied. "How did you get down there, Willocks?"

"The beggar came two hours too soon," said Willocks. "The coolies had finished digging the pit, and gone to get bamboos and grass to cover it with. I was drinking a little beer; did ye say the elephant had finished it?"

"Every drop," I answered.

"Canna ye get one of the other bottles and just hand it down to me? It's dry work, man, in a pit, with an elephant reaching after ye with its trunk."

"No," I replied; "they are out of reach."

"Willocks groaned. 'I was sitting on the edge of the pit with the beer, when I heard a slight sound. I looked round and saw yon elephant behind me, his trunk within a foot of my head, his eyes just one red glare. Ah man, you'd ha' been afeerd if you'd seen him; he seemed a mile high! So I just jumped into the pit.'

"I began to laugh again. 'Look here, Willocks,' I said, 'it's getting on to breakfast-time. Come out of that.' But Willocks only cursed. As to the elephant, he was leaning up against a tree resting. He had put his trunk in his mouth as a baby does its thumb, and rocked to and fro; but he never took his eyes off the pit."

"Half an hour passed; matters were serious. 'How are we going to get away from this?' I said. Willocks did not answer. 'Do you suppose the coolies will go and tell some one?' I asked again.

"Who are they to tell?" said Willocks.

"Can't they tell the Police?"

"Oh, — ah, — yes, the Police," chuckled Willocks.

"Or get a planter-neighbour to come and shoot the brute?"

"Willocks laughed. 'My lad,' he said, 'as you know, there ain't a planter within ten miles of us that can shoot a *must* elephant. We'll have to wait till Colin comes; that is, if they take him the news.'

"When do you suppose he'll come?"

"Day after to-morrow, may be."

"We'll both be dead long before that," I replied. "Won't your servants do something?"

"What can they do?"

"They have our guns."

"Oh," said Willocks; "and you think they'll come and shoot the bullifant? Man, but ye're sanguine."

"It was now about ten o'clock, or past, and not a soul had come near us; no doubt the coolies had fled to their lines, and would remain there. 'Won't the elephant go away at sundown, to feed?' I asked again.

"May be he will," said Willocks, 'may be he won't. You see, we aren't friends exactly; he wants me, and he'll probably remain here. Can't you get down?"

"To get down I should have to pass within ten feet of the elephant, and I did not like his eye. 'No,' I replied. An hour more passed; it was desperately hot. The elephant never budged, only now and then he would come to the edge of the pit and eye Willocks savagely. I was getting terribly cramped. But help was nearer than we supposed. About half an hour later I saw the elephant give a start, and prick up his ears. 'Something coming,' I said to Willocks.

"Something *was* coming. It was

a horse; I could hear the tramp of his feet on the hard earth. I peered very eagerly along the bit of path I could see; the elephant gave a step forward. In a moment a man came round the corner leading a white horse. It was Willocks's *syce* with his old Arab. Willocks had told him to be on hand about ten o'clock for him to ride home; so here he was, only an hour late. Apparently the news of the elephant had never reached Willocks's house.

"Directly the *syce* saw the elephant he stopped; a moment more and he had dived headlong into the undergrowth. The horse too stopped and snorted; and like an avalanche the elephant charged him. But the horse wheeled in a trice, and was off down the path with the elephant after him. We could hear the clatter of hoofs rapidly growing less.

"'Quick!' I cried, dropping out of the tree. 'Climb out and hook it before he comes back!' But the poor old chap was overdone with heat and fright and thirst, and I had to pull him out of the pit. Then we plunged into the jungle and made for home.

"When we got there we found that the cursed coolies had never told anyone about the appearance of the elephant, and Willocks's servants knew nothing of his danger. The coolies had simply gone home to their huts and left Willocks to his own devices.

"The old white horse turned up in the evening without saddle and bridle, and much the worse for his violent exercise. The bullifant was shot two days later by Colin."

HENRY FIELDING.

IN THE DAYS OF THE RED TERROR.

It is probably safe to say that to a great many people the history of the Revolution in France is the history of the Terror in Paris, with perhaps a little of Lyons, Marseilles, and Nantes added without emphasis. As to what passed in the country districts, and in hundreds of provincial towns, there is scant knowledge; and nevertheless it is a tale none the less interesting because the scene is narrower than the huge chaotic struggles of a capital city. It is more human, if less national; more individual and more tragic in its very simplicity. It is not the history of a government,—whatever that government might call itself; it is the chronicle of little towns where each is known to the other, where all suffer, where some triumph, where one or two are heroes and martyrs. It is, no doubt, very small in comparison; but it comes the closer to those who read and look on. Also it is easier to understand, from the past, how the whole became possible and inevitable.

In St. Malo, for instance, the Revolution had been to a considerable degree anticipated and prepared. As a matter of fact, whether to Dukes of Brittany or Kings of France or any more temporary protectors, St. Malo had always borne her allegiance lightly. Even in theory she owed them little; in practice she paid them less, and withdrew that when it pleased her. It is one of her own historians who records her extraordinary independence from century to century; and he adds: "She was competed for by princes and remained herself indifferent; all parties had

need of her, but she sufficed to herself." Excessive and vain-glorious as this sounds, it is, nevertheless, geographically and historically true. During the long religious wars of the League it is an exact statement of her circumstances; she was absolutely self-sufficient, governing herself according to her own good will as a miniature republic, and recognising no prince or suzerain whatever, after a fashion that would be laughable, considering her size, were it not so amazing.

The time came, indeed, when the independent spirit of the little city led to an event so strange, so forestalling, to coin a word, that it is difficult to realise by how long a time it preceded the days of the Revolution; for in the well-known dislike of Saint Malo to all and every sort of domination, she fell so deeply in love with liberty, that when her own bishop came back by sea from Rome, her citizens took him prisoner as he landed, liking his nominal lordship over them as little as any other semblance of rule: "A bishop being no whit better than a governor," as it is written in a letter of the time, "though it is undesirable to kill him, by accident or otherwise." So they arrested him without more ado, and kept him close prisoner in his own cathedral precincts, where he had ample leisure to quarrel with his turbulent Chapter; and when, from the pulpit, the priests of the town inveighed against such treatment, the Council bade them "hold their peace and be thankful, for it was only in Saint Malo that in these days a man might eat his fill and sleep o' nights

without the fear of cold steel gripping the stomach of him." And presently they further ordered that, to prevent such complaints, no sermons were henceforward to be delivered from the pulpit, but only the gospel to be read aloud, *sans tire-lives* (without fal-lals).

No; St. Malo was at no time in her history humble towards her superiors, even when she acknowledged them. She was by ancient tradition, by character, and by custom, always in opposition.

When, for example, one Duke of Brittany (it was Francis the Second) sent a troop of men-at-arms to overawe his troublesome subjects, St. Malo opened her gates and let them enter in a silence of empty streets that seemed to promise humility and submission, but when once the portcullis was safely dropped behind them, and there was no possible escape, there swept out from every door and alley, from every corner and court, such a torrent of armed men, of clutching, howling women, that "there was strange meat hung that night in every man's cellar." And when the Duke sent presently a herald to ask how his men-at-arms had fared, having received no further news of them, the citizens hooted at him from their ramparts, and mocked him, crying, "Duke, go seek thy dogs (*Duc, cherche tes chiens*)!"—which has remained in their speech ever since as an address of infinite derision.

Again, when Anne the Duchess, whom indeed they were supposed to love, found them so unruly and so rebellious that she determined to enlarge and strengthen the castle, not to protect the town, but to constrain it, they demanded of their bishop to excommunicate the men who worked for her, and night after night with singular industry, themselves pulled down the stones that had been built up during the day. Only, since Anne

was not a Breton for nothing (and there is her inscription on the tower, *Qui-qu'en-grogne*, in witness of that,) they met for once their match.

But none the less they continued to guard their liberties and their rights with a jealous independence that was always in arms. In the days of their wealth,—and they threw gold out of windows to the beggars in the street!—they were willing to give millions to the King, but the smallest national tax they furiously opposed. Their corsairs fought for their own hand and St. Malo, and only accepted as an indifferent compliment the thanks of France. For it was only in rebellion that the Malouins grew patriotic; up to a certain period, "their country was neither Brittany, nor France, nor England; but in return for service rendered, they deigned to accept the protection of that power which for the moment was in preponderance,"—which means, to put it more crudely than her historian, that St. Malo had a knack of being on the winning side; and that while by accident or circumstance they might call themselves French or Breton, they were at all times only Malouin at heart.

Turbulent, proud, independent, holding their heads so high in the world that it seems a wonder they did not tumble off their little rock-city into the surrounding sea, this is what the Malouins were from the beginning of their history. It seemed but a very small step further than they had already gone to accept in theory the Revolution; but they had not foreseen the Terror. And yet, in spite of them, the Terror came to St. Malo.

It would be too long, and infinitely repugnant, to tell in detail the story of that sorrowful time; if indeed, apart from its greater facts, it can

ever be fully known. It is only here and there that one catches glimpses of the smaller lives that were uncelebrated, unremarked, and that yet were martyrdoms; the little tragedies perhaps of women who prayed in their churches till they were thrust out of them, who prayed on the church-steps till they were imprisoned, who prayed in their cells till they were done to death. It did not occur to them that they could do anything but pray; it was habit, perhaps, but a habit we call heroism. And in all the countryside there were priests, some of them old and ill, who were driven into hiding, proscribed, hunted, expelled, tortured with every sort of suffering and peril. Here is an extract from a letter written by one, a poor man, the son of a labourer, very simple, very unlearned.

Thrice I was torn by force out of the pulpit, hiding as I could about my parish. I slept more often with the pigs than in the cottages. Sometimes I found crusts of bread hidden in the hollows of trees; oftener, I went hungry. Men were paid to track us, dogs trained to hunt us by scent, watches were set at night in the ways where we might pass; once I was chased from dawn to dusk, with houses burning and guns firing on every side so that I could not tell where to go, and the next day I found four priests and ten or twelve of our friends who had helped us, lying dead in the pastures about me. It was seldom I was able to sleep; I had no time to be ill. . . . And yet, when I saw women and children flying in fear of their lives; when our poorest peasants grudged themselves bread and water that they might have something to spare for those that were in hiding; when I saw them creeping by night, at risk of worse than death, to pray at the foot of a cross or on the steps of a locked chapel;—oh, then it seemed to me that I ought to have suffered more, much more, to be worthy of them.

There is a plain stone cross on the dyke that joins St. Malo to the mainland, a cross of granite, about which

hang many memories. One is a legend of the days when the English were a terror in the land, a story of love and parting and waiting, ending in death; but there is another that ends also in death, and this one is true. For during the Chouannerie sixty-eight prisoners, taken at Dol, were brought to St. Malo; the women and children were left under guard outside the walls, the men shut into the church of St. Sauveur within the town. But at ten of the next morning they were reunited on the beach immediately below this cross, where they were set in a long line, their backs against the wall of the dyke, their faces turned towards the sea, while the firing-party loaded their guns. It is recorded that one of the prisoners, a little boy ten years old, let his hat be carried away by the wind and chased it till he was knee-deep in the water; "whereat the great number of people looking on laughed very joyously." Then the firing began. It lasted twenty minutes; when it was finished, the great tumbrils, that stood ready, were loaded and driven, leaving a trail of blood on all the road they passed over, to the cemetery, where the bodies were thrown into a pit. It is said,—and no wonder!—that sometimes on the beach at nightfall one can still hear the sobbing of children, the prayers of women, and the curses of men, mingling with the sound made by the waves as they run up the sand towards the granite cross.

There is another story of those days that is worth telling, if only for the sake of one who plays a part in it; the story of the great Chouan conspiracy, which might have altered the fate of France,—the history of Armand de la Rouërie and Thérèse de Moellien.

Armand was such a man as such times are apt to bring forth; so full

of what his countrymen call *initiative* that he had been a little of many things before he became a leader of Chouans, the accredited agent and lieutenant of the King in this part of High Brittany. He had been, for instance, an officer in the Guards; he had been also, for a time, a Trappist monk; he had held a post of some importance in the army of Lafayette. It is said by his adversaries that under the Monarchy he was a Parliamentarian; it is certain that under the Republic he was the most devoted of Royalists and served his cause to the death. And the story of that death is a pitiful one.

He had already been denounced as a conspirator, and was already more or less in hiding: at this time he had his head-quarters, as one may call them, at the Château du Fosse-Hingant at St. Coulomb, midway between St. Malo and Cancale. It was then the home of Marc Désilles, whose son André, the hero of Nancy, had flung himself in front of a cannon as it was fired, to check an insurrection among his soldiers; whose daughter, Madame de la Fonchais, was presently to become sorrowfully famous; whose niece, Thérèse de Moellien, was the Flora Macdonald of the Malouin country, as beautiful, as romantic, as devoted as she. If Armand de la Rouérie was the head of the conspiracy, she was its heart; she went from house to house, from farm to farm, from cottage to cottage, emptying her purse among the poor, urging the cause of the King, helping with all her courage, her faith, her beauty, to build up that great enterprise which might have changed the history of France. "She was so good, so innocent, we knew that what she told us must be right," the peasants said of her; she seemed to them then, and much more afterwards, a little saint of God. And presently, as one

declares of her who tells the story, she was to be called the Angel of the Chouannerie.

They had all met in the large low hall of the Fosse-Hingant, for the time had almost come when the sign was to be given which would set all Brittany under arms, to make of their enterprise not a series of small independent outbreaks, but the uprising of a great disciplined army under its appointed leaders, with a concerted and prearranged plan of campaign. But just when they should have been most sure of themselves, there had fallen upon them a strange and overwhelming discouragement and depression; they had with one accord unbuckled their swords and flung them upon the table in sign of abandonment and withdrawal. They urged Armand de la Rouérie to fly to Jersey from the peril that surrounded him; they had even gone so far as to have a fishing-boat ready and in waiting for his passage. And Armand had dropped his head upon his hands, and listened, in the midst of those who had failed him, desperately alone.

Suddenly a voice was heard among them, so timid and clear and young that it sounded like the voice of a child; that yet grew stronger as it went on, and gathered such a force into it as seemed miraculous. "It was like a trumpet, or a bell ringing the tocsin," said one who heard it; "and yet it made me think of my mother singing an old song of war to me as a lullaby." One does not know what she said; but when Thérèse de Moellien had finished, Armand de la Rouérie was standing with his head high and a new light in his eyes, and the men about the table had seized their swords and were swearing to follow him to the death.

But that night in the large low hall of the Fosse-Hingant there was a traitor; and before the sign could be

given that meant war, word had been sent to Danton, the agents of the Terror were on the track, and Armand began that last long flight that was to end for him only in death. It is a flight in which one cannot follow him ; no one but Thérèse knew all its stages. Henceforward he was never to pass two nights in the same place ; he must sleep under hedges, in willow-flats, beneath firewood piled in *noir-barges*, must creep from castle to cottage where Thérèse had implored for him a shelter, where her hand opened for him the door. In the darkness she brought him food, consoled him, guided him to a temporary safety ; by day she sat at home under the eye of the Terror, and stitched at the fine embroidery of her day with death waiting at her shoulder. And presently the end came for them both. Armand, in a last and supreme effort, had crossed the Rance and had taken refuge at St. Enogat, sleeping on a ledge of rock in the cave known as the *Goule-es-Fées* ; where few dared to enter, partly because the way in was closed at high tide by the water, and also because, as all the world believes, the fairies meet there by moonlight to dance and sing upon the sand.

But even here he was in danger, and by night he fled again, he, and an aged manservant, and Thérèse de Moellien. It was midwinter and snowing heavily, and in the forest of La Hunaudaye there were deep and dangerous drifts ; the horses they rode were worn out, fell, and could not rise again ; Armand lay as one dead upon the ground. Thérèse and the old serving-man carried him, one does not know how, for four long miles through the snow to the Château de la Guyomarais ; they asked for shelter for a peasant of the name of Gosselin, whom they had found lying by the way. He was consumed by fever, half-starved, broken-hearted,

and hopeless ; when next day he heard of the fate of the King, he turned his face to the wall, and "weeping for his good master, in great misery he died."

He was buried the same night in the garden of the castle, where he was laid in a bed of lime that his body at least might escape from the hands of his enemies ; but even here he was to fail. His grave was betrayed by the same traitor—his friend and physician, save the mark !—who had denounced him before ; his head was sent to Danton, and, being unfortunately implicated by some papers found in his coffin, the Désilles family were surrounded in the Château du Fosse-Hingant and put under arrest. This was nearly the beginning of a terrible massacre ; but as the agents entered, Madame de la Fonchais swallowed the list of names of those who had joined the conspiracy, and saved hundreds from certain death. It was not her fault that she did not save all. But, guided always by Cheftel the traitor, the agents found the secret place where the main papers of the enterprise were hidden ; there were letters from the princes, instructions, details ; if there was no complete list of the conspirators, there was enough to compromise many, and not one of these escaped. A hint, or an ill-will that suggested one, was sufficient in those days ; and with Danton's agent and Cheftel the traitor laying their wits together, neither was lacking. They arrested the few they knew, the several they suspected, the many whom it was convenient to get rid of ; men, women, some who were but children, they were all swept away to the guillotine.

Among those who thus died were two whom one cannot but remember tenderly. One was Madame de la Fonchais, who was arrested in mistake for her sister, but forbade the error

to be declared. "Your children are younger, and need you more," she writes. "Mine are old enough to remember me; I think I could not bear to be forgotten." The other was Thérèse de Moellien, the Angel of the Chouannerie, the Flora Macdonald of High Brittany, the fair young girl who was called by the peasants who loved her, the little Saint of God.

On the edge of the Bois de Pontual there is the hut of a *sabot*-maker, a thatched shed under trees and amid bramble-brakes, sweet with the smell of new-cut wood, of fallen pine-cones, of apples from the cider-mill beside the cottage. In autumn it is very silent, very sunny; there are no birds singing, no life among the trees, only now and then a faint rustle as of some small unseen thing in the grass, and the dull thud of the knife as it pares and shapes the butter-coloured wood of the *sabots*.

The *sabottier* wears a leather pad and apron, a loose shirt open over a hairy breast, great wooden shoes filled with straw on his naked feet; he looks out from a grizzled tangle about his face like some peeping creature of the forest, timid, fierce, cunning, suspicious. He has been telling us, as he works, the infinitely little he knows about the Revolution.

"*Dame, vère!* since the rich folk weren't strong enough to look after themselves, it was fine times for the poor. The masters ran away and left

their people in charge of the land; and of course you don't fancy they ever got it back! Would I have been such a fool as to let go ever so many *journées*,¹ because some one came and said it was his? Not likely, I suppose! You could always knife him and say it was the Chouans, my grand-dad told me, and *he* knew. There was a *sabottier*, as it might have been me, who found the papers of a big *château* hidden in the hole of a tree. Well, hadn't he luck, that fellow! When the *seigneur* came back, he just met him in a dark bit of the wood, yonder, and—— Ay, you wouldn't think Madame, with her coach and pair and all her fineries, was just the grand-daughter of a *sabottier*, as it might have been me, I dare say. But then, hadn't he luck, that fellow!"

He pauses to sharpen the high-pointed toe of the *sabot* in his hand. "Those rich devils!" he chuckles, with lips lifting over pointed yellow teeth. "Wouldn't I have liked to twist the white necks of all those pretty madames!"

He is carving a rose in his *sabot*; he will talk no more, for he is pre-occupied, busy, for the moment an artist. But it is not difficult to see in him what the men were who brought the days of the Red Terror to France.

¹ A measure of land, akin to the old English *hides* and *oxgangs*.

THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

THE moralist is justified in issuing grave warnings against sentimentality. An artificial excitement of good feeling, an expenditure of emotion without adequate cause and in pure waste, it is the foible or vice of effeminate men and half-educated women. Brought to the test of the real, it proves in most cases to be the comedy of sentiment; and, even if sincere, it undergoes a ludicrous collapse, being incapable of reduction into practice. Sentimentality, then, might loosely be defined as an indulgence of feeling for the feeling's sake, or as wasteful emotion; but so much is denounced under the term, that definition is rendered impossible. Indeed, the one thing definite about sentimentality is that the English-speaking races detest it thoroughly, whatever it may be. Nay, it would almost seem as if, under penalty of severe censure, we must embrace utilitarianism in its most rigid form, and decide forthwith that all sensibility is sentimental, and all feeling intrinsically disgraceful.

What, then, do we understand by this term of disparagement or condemnation; this term which, in our common usage, means everything, or something, that is very bad? Before we use it, we ought at least to have made it clear to ourselves what this everything, or something, is. And perhaps we may be helped to clearer comprehension by a little journey into the land of the sentimentalists; by a brief examination of certain writers who are commonly accused of sentimentality. To begin with, we shall find that these writers, each in

his own way, laboured to ascertain the permissible degree of sentiment, the not too much and the not too little; and that they were hampered in their task by a defective terminology,—a terminology which is still defective, and more confusing than ever. Thus our English writers of the eighteenth century required sensibility, and deplored its excess. But they could not express this excess by any simple word. The French of to-day can draw a distinction between the sensible man who is naturally open to sympathetic emotions, and the sentimental man who artificially excites his own good feelings for the pleasure, or presumed honour, which he derives from them. But our ancestors knew not what to understand by *sentimental*; and at present we are reputed *sensible* almost in proportion to our lack of sensibility; while, again, it is very possible for our French contemporaries, and barely possible for ourselves, to use *sentimental* as an epithet without implying summary condemnation.

It was in the middle of the eighteenth century, and considerably before the appearance of *THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY*, that one of Richardson's many devoted correspondents declared herself at a loss to understand the meaning of the word *sentimental*, so much in vogue of late. "In letters and common conversations I have asked several who made use of it, and have generally received for answer, it is—it is—*sentimental*. Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in the word; but I am convinced a wrong interpretation is

given, because it is impossible that everything clever and agreeable can be so common as this word. I am frequently astonished to hear such a one is a *sentimental* man; we were a *sentimental* party; I have been taking a *sentimental* walk." Now Richardson himself barely employs the word. In SIR CHARLES GRANDISON it is after a sententious tirade against romantic girls who prate of first love, more rightly styled first folly, that Lady Grandison draws up suddenly, fearing she is too sentimental: "The French only are proud of sentiments at this date; the English cannot bear them; story, story, story, is what they hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable." This is to say that Richardson, offering amusement in the hope to secure reformation, protests against the neglect of the lay-sermons which he embodies in his stories. Not that he really feared, or had need to fear, such neglect. He was indeed especially admired as a director of consciences. "A Friend" could collect, in a stout volume (*printed for S. Richardson*) what he calls the Moral and Instructive Sentiments, Maxims, Cautions, and Reflections, of the truly illustrious philosopher and modestly anonymous author, whose works amiably illustrate and strongly enforce the proper virtues of Man and Woman, Parent and Child, Old Age and Youth, Master and Servant! Nowadays, it may be, we do not consult this collection of "elevated thoughts, beautiful sentiments, and instructive lessons" in our hours of embarrassment with regard to the whole, or particular, duty of man. We remember Richardson, if we remember him at all, as an artist who furnished a noble tragedy in his account of that Clarissa whose virtue brought her no material rewards, and as a moralist who laid himself open

to caricature, who was ludicrously immoral when he celebrated the worldly success of the prudential Pamela. But it is worth while to remember also that Richardson possessed an extremely intimate and minute knowledge of the human heart, and laboured worthily to apportion the rightful dues of reason and feeling, of sense and sensibility. The sentiment he wished to inculcate is of the domestic and "proper" order; and his heroes are sentimental (as he understood the meaning of the word) because they are apt to deal in sententious maxims and moral aphorisms.

Here the question arises whether our ancestors, in the age of Richardson, were accustomed to improve the occasion, and favour their friends and acquaintances with spoken sermons-in-little. Unless English nature has wholly changed in a century, the mouther of fine phrases would most probably have been shunned, or treated to some such curt objurgation as was bestowed by Sir Peter Teazle upon his nephew. We can prove at most that the display of sentiments and of moral aphorisms was allowed and prized in epistolary correspondence; and that, in certain cases, this moralising was prompted by, or associated with, wasteful emotion. Thus Miss Seward, one of our "sweet sermonising epistolarians," could regret the absence of a friend in the following manner:

Pleasant were the weeks we have recently passed together in this ancient and embowered mansion! I had strongly felt the silence and vacancy of the depriving day on which you vanished. How prone are our hearts perversely to quarrel with the friendly coercion of employment at the very instant in which it is clearing the torpid and injurious mists of unavailing melancholy. . . . Virtuous friendship, how pure, how sacred are thy delights! Sophia, thy mind is capable of tasting them in all their poignance; against how many of

life's incidents may that capacity be considered as a counterpoise!

And not only could such a letter be handed about and copied as if it were written by Madame de Sévigné, but an admiring public, or section of the public, could welcome six volumes of the kind.

After Richardson came Rousseau, his admirer, and the first European writer, as Richardson was the first English writer, to awaken the enthusiastic admiration of women. In the midst of a polished and immoral society he gave forcible expression to the sentiment of peaceful and domestic life. French women were delighted to recognise themselves in the Julie of LA NOUVELLE HÉLOÏSE, and discover that they were possessed of hearts and feelings. They apostrophised virtue and principle in their letters, like their English sisters, but with the added fervour which distinguished Julie from the heroines of Richardson. And more than this, they followed their master in conceiving the necessity of a self-revelation which should be unpleasant and complete. As for the master himself, the apostle of Sensibility who was so potent for good and ill, Hume well described him in a letter to Blair: "He has only *felt* during the whole course of his life, and in this respect his sensibility rises to a pitch beyond what I have seen any example of He is like a man who was stripped not only of his clothes, but of his skin, and turned out in that situation to combat with the rude and boisterous elements." This physical image of a shuddering and mortal exposure is not a whit too strong. A life in which sensibility is taken as the sole rule of conduct will be a life of painful error. Reverie will usurp the place of action, and pleasurable emotion that of duty. Rousseau confesses, in the pride of

his humility, that he is exceptional, and wholly unfitted for a society which is based on obligation. He has his uneasy consciousness that the good-will of emotion is apt to come short of the deed; but a self-deceiver, and fully convinced that his heart is good, he lays the blame not on himself but on civilisation. In short, it was impossible for him to enter into reasonable relations with any single human being.

In England, Hannah More,—a blue-stocking of sentiment, according to De Quincey—is the first writer I find who employs *sentimental* in its disparaging connotation. Publishing, at the age of twenty-two, an essay on THE DANGER OF SENTIMENTAL OR ROMANTIC CONNECTIONS, she complains of the wanton perversion of that good and plain term, *sentiment*. Sentiment is now but the varnish of virtue to conceal the deformity of vice; and now the worst of men and women are sentimental, that is to say, they plume themselves on their ability to speak and write sentimentally. Upon which she proceeds to deal with that betrayal of rustic and confiding maidens by town rakes which supplies, as we may remember, the almost inevitable theme of novels in the eighteenth century. Your all too credulous damsel, according to Hannah More, has her head originally turned by the reading of pernicious romances, and confirms her insanity by sentimental correspondence, sweetest if clandestine, with a sentimental friend who encourages her to dwell upon the tyranny of sordid parents, and the supreme importance of romantic and disinterested love. She is now in a fit condition to become the victim of a designing man who, perceiving much vanity and some sensibility in the object of his pursuit, addresses his compliments to the perfections of her mind rather than to

those of her person, answers sentiment by rhapsody, and outvies her in contempt of illiberal prejudices. And our motherly Minerva of twenty-two, by way of conclusion, is inclined to think that the fatal error is due to a confusion of sentiment and principle; sentiment is of the head, whereas principle has its righteous seat in the heart. The proposition would be somewhat startling, did we not remember that she is reprobating what the French call *amours de tête*; and of course she is wholly free to indite a rhyming epistle in praise of sensibility, and tell over, on such fit occasion, the bead-roll of the contemporary great to whom the valued quality may be ascribed. These, and herself, are for deeds, not words. The true votaries of sweet Sensibility, she is sure, will not "waste on fancy what should warm the heart," or "weep o'er Werther while their children starve." She welcomes Mackenzie, "the tender moralist of Tweed," but will have none of the "perverted Sterne," however touching may be his page.

Censure may at once be passed on Sterne in his character as the philanthropist, if the censure is made proportionate to the offence. Such genuine sentiment as is to be discovered in his letters goes forth to his daughter. He is interested in the material comfort of his wife, but endures her absence with easy philosophy. Once on a day, indeed, he yearned to steal from the world with her to some little sun-gilt cottage on the side of a romantic hill, there to learn of Nature how to live. Once on a day, if she were absent, he would hire her lodgings, bedew his solitary meal with tears, and give a thousand pensive penetrating looks at the chair she had so often graced in their quiet and sentimental repasts; or he would visit the good

Miss S——, their *confidante*, and vent "such affectionate gusts of passion that she was constrained to leave the room, and sympathise in the dressing-room." But now, of course, the tone of his epistolary correspondence with her must be that of amiable indifference; for he believes, in all good faith, that matrimony is incompatible with sentiment. Yet he must ever have a *Dulcinea*, in order that he may "harmonise his soul." And pray how may you grudge him his method of harmony, if, like his Sentimental Traveller, he "never does a mean action, except in some interval between one sentimental passion and another"? He but needs, as he assures us, to make himself believe that he is in love, and then he may proceed in the French way, sentimentally; though indeed the French "have no precise idea annexed to the word," and are arrant bunglers, since they "make love by sentiments." It is amusing enough that he can report to his *Dulcinea-Eliza* that he has passed a sentimental and tearful afternoon with Mrs. James, talking of nothing but her "sweet virtues and endearing conduct," or with old Lord Bathurst, who "heard me talk of thee with uncommon satisfaction,—for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us." But when he holds out to two at least of his *Dulcineas* the possibility that he may some day be a widower, or asks his daughter to sympathise with him in his grief that "the incomparable woman," her mother's rival, lies ill, it is not so much ridicule as contempt which he deserves.

It is commonly understood that sentimentality is incompatible with the sense of humour. And yet Sterne ranks with the great humourists; he has added Uncle Toby to the scanty number of those typical

creations which serve to excite endless reflection and comment upon the mysteries and incongruities of human nature. It is true that Uncle Toby is an incarnation of sentiment. But he is presented humorously; and I know not whether it is more truly surprising that Sterne, being what he was, could approve himself, in this instance, the dramatic humourist, or that he could offer sentiment with so little admixture of doubtful elements.

Now the sensibility of the eighteenth century was, in its best form, humanitarian. Uncle Toby is the most humane of men, and not only benevolent but beneficent, when occasion offers. His sentiment is infused with faith, hope, and charity; he has the guileless and simple heart; his wisdom is that of love. But humour depends as it were on a conspiracy between writer and reader. In the case of Uncle Toby, we and Sterne perceive that he is an object for tender mirth, lovable and absurd, and lovable almost because of his absurdity. He delights in war, and is wholly humane; the man of sentiment, he may not understand his brother, or be understood by this brother, who yet does not fail in affection. And it is part of the humour that we should make a return upon ourselves, and consider that our instincts are for peace, but also for war; and that irony may play for ever upon our sympathetic and social intercourse. But Sterne is no Cervantes, and we may not be sure that his design goes further than to make us share his admiration of Uncle Toby, and laugh with him at his discovery that Uncle Toby lacks that common-sense which we and Sterne are proud to possess. Sterne did well also to seclude his hero of humane sensibility so thoroughly from the world, for

sensibility would fare but poorly in the press of men. A different hero were required, and a pathos other than Sterne could command. A Colonel Newcome, for example, proves to be a pathetic figure whose suffering is unmerited, or merited because he has not somewhat of the wisdom of the serpent added to his child-like simplicity.

Be this as it may, Sterne presently designed, in *THE SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLER*, to foster in the world at large that sensibility, that spirit of humanity, with which Uncle Toby was so admirably endowed. He would teach us to "love each other better than we do," and this by narrating a little journey of his own, "a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of Nature." But in giving free exercise, in this journey, to his natural affections, he has also set loose that personal humourist that jester with the satyr's leer, who remained fairly abashed and silent in the presence of Uncle Toby. He is journeying forth in quest of those adventures which he is sure will never fail to the man who interests his heart in the passing scene; but he mars his pathetic incidents by pushing into the foreground to display his tear-bedewed handkerchief and his superfine feelings. For he is both a master and a master-offender in the art of pathos. Yet if we set aside his tricks of false pathos and lewd innuendo, we can follow the Sentimental Traveller with delight, so natural is he in his affections, if not in his affections; and so engaging when he confesses, with a smile, his lapses from sentiment, or applauds with light malice the victories which his tender sensibility carries off against oppressing wisdom. And, besides, he offers us a series of vignettes so lively and vivid, that we are tempted to define sentimentality

as the art of extracting the picturesque from a given situation. Our Traveller is light of heart, facile in sympathy, amused and ready to amuse; an optimist who is expressly concerned to show that, if we but yield ourselves to the gentler passions and affections, we learn the better to appreciate not only one another, but, as he adds, the world.

And here Sterne parts company with his disciples; with Heine the Sentimental Traveller of the REISEBILDER, and with Jean Paul Richter, the main body of whose work is as it were a sentimental journey through life. For these two are humourists and pessimists; humourists whose sentiment is a rebellion against the despotism of fact. It matters not that Matthew Arnold, in giving this definition of sentimentality (a definition much the same as that which Heine furnished), was seeking to characterise the Celtic temperament. One may readily grant that the Celt is marked by sensibility or sentimentality (Matthew Arnold uses the terms as convertible), and yet not refuse the quality to the men of other stocks. There are families of spirits, families which are represented at various epochs and in different nations. Rousseau the Swiss, Heine the Jew, Richter the Teuton, Byron and Shelley, Petrarch and Tasso,—these speak, each in his own way, for that family of sentimentalists who are not to be satisfied with life as it is. Men of action are swift in condemnation of these sentimentalists as unfit for life; but the hasty judgment is the uncharitable, and the uninformed. Richter, for example, is a rebel of sentiment; but then he wields the lash against his own kin. In his TITAN he shapes forth a varied group of men of excessive feeling, that he may express his mistrust of them; and in his FLEGELJAHRE he divides

himself into two brethren, of whom the one is dreamy and unpractical, and the other decisive and energetic. Protesting against the form and fashion of this world, he is guilty, if you will, of taking refuge in an idyllic world of his own creation; but the inhabitants of this idyllic world are presented to us by a humourist, presented as creatures to excite our tenderness and mirth in that they are human, which is to say possessed of qualities that conflict together. It is this very conflict which furnishes moralists and theologians with arguments for the necessity of another life; man is unfit for this world, in the sense that the full harmony of his being, the complete satisfaction of his moral needs, is not to be realised under the present order. Indeed, from the pages of Richter you might bring together a whole breviary of aspiration.

Mackenzie's MAN OF FEELING, also, is a Sentimental Traveller. Like Sterne, Mackenzie would foster philanthropic sensibility by "recitals of little adventures in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves." But he is no humourist, either personal or creative; no Democritus and Heraclitus, the laughing philosopher and the weeping, in one. Sentiment, to him, is a sad and serious matter; it is as a weeping philosopher that he records "a few incidents in a life undistinguished, except by some features of the heart." The friends of young Harley fear that he is too careless of his interests, and would have him go up to London to press a suit with that spirit and assurance which becomes a man who would make a figure in the world. But Mackenzie cannot allow him to press this suit, for he sharply divides mankind into two classes; you are of the

wolves, or of the sheep upon whom they raven; a Man of the World or a Man of Feeling. Harley, journeying forth, has his candour traded upon, and finds ample occasion for the exercise of sympathy and beneficence towards the victims of an unfeeling world. Returning, with a heart "warm as ever in the cause of virtue," he falls sick of a fever caught in charitable ministrations. He has loved in silence an heiress of like sensibility with himself; and it is on his deathbed that he hears that his love is shared.

Mackenzie, to convey his pathos, employs a language of the heart that is all too soft and melting; but he is not without sense of the dangers of an excessive sensibility. He will deplore that "degree of sentiment which, in the bosom of a man destined to the drudgery of the world, is a source of endless disgust," and will approve his Rawlinson when he disclaims the title of a romantic lover. Like Hannah More, he is alarmed at the influence of "those poetical descriptions of the beauty of virtue and honour," which the circulating libraries afford. But he is all for "romantic enthusiasm" at the thought that it is held up to ridicule by the men of the world. "The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own." It is not the romantic turn, he considers, which needs discouragement in an age of frivolity and false honour. His Annesley, in *THE MAN OF THE WORLD*, "looks on happiness as confined to the sphere of the sequestered life"; and, in the education of his children, he has taken it for his task to preserve humanity of disposition without allowing it to degenerate into fatal weakness. But, then, Annesley and all his household must fall a prey

to Sir Thomas Sindall, the Man of the World. The world! Mackenzie will perish with the sheep rather than join the ravening herd. You have much, if not all, of Mackenzie in the paragraph with which he concludes his first, and more famous book: "I sometimes visit Harley's grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! Every beat of my heart awakens a virtue! But it will make you hate the world—No: there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but, as to the world—I pity the men of it."

Three years after the publication of *THE MAN OF FEELING* came that of *THE SORROWS OF THE YOUNG WERTHER*. Much in the same way as French moralists deplore the tears which *PAUL ET VIRGINIE* cause to be shed, Hannah More, as we have seen, would not have us waste sympathy upon the imaginary woes of Charlotte's lover. Now the design of Goethe, in his own words, was to represent a young man, endowed with deep and pure sensibility and true penetration, who loses himself in enthusiastic dreams, and is undermined by speculation, till at last, distraught by a hopeless passion, he commits suicide. Werther, indeed, is the full and sincere disciple of Rousseau. He has taken the heart for his guide in life. Protesting, but not rebelling, against an exclusive and aristocratic society which will not treat him as an equal, or will value him for his talents and not for his moral worth, he consorts with the good and simple who lead the pastoral life. Designing to embellish his days with innocent and spiritual pleasures, he is involved in a moral conflict, and refuses either to act or to renounce action. Goethe himself, relieved by artistic confession,

after his wont, speedily plied professing Wertherians with ridicule. In *PETER BREY*, he travestied the Alsatian Lenscheuring who founded a Secret Order of Sensibility. In *THE TRIUMPH OF SENSIBILITY*, he allowed his Prince Oronaro to dote upon a puppet stuffed with romances (including *WERTHER* and *La NOUVELLE HÉLOÏSE*) and to worship Nature, without the risk of taking cold, amid portable scenery which he owes to the stage-carpenter. Later, to Werther he opposed his active and practical Hermann; and he deferred his fruitful friendship with Schiller, the disciple of Rousseau, because he mistrusted the tendencies of Schiller's works, because the stormy and stressful Robber-Moor was a Werther in full revolt.

It is interesting to note that Schiller found in Goethe a chief representative of the naïve poets who are able to reproduce the real with charm and to inspire content, whereas he describes himself as a sentimental poet, a shaper of ideals which tend to make men unsatisfied with the present order. Something has been already said in the matter. It is enough to point out that Schiller, by drawing this distinction, does not imply disparagement of himself. And disparagement would be unjust; for content and discontent may, severally, be noble or ignoble, and men are as good as they are because they desire to be better. But Goethe, losing his friend, found occasion for new mistrust of sensibility. He could praise the author of *I PROMESSI SPOSI* because he possessed sentiment without sentimentality; but the young poets of Germany, he declared, lay sick,—were all sentimental, subjective, romantic. Against the Heine who was to bury the Romantic school of German poets with laughter and tears, against the Heine who defined

sentimentality as the revolt of the heart against materialism, he brought the charge of heartlessness. A terrible charge, surely, to bring against a sentimentalist! Goethe, explaining himself, declared that Heine lacked that spirit of charity of which the apostle writes. The charge is true from one point of view, and yet fails in completeness from another. For if Byron, in his *DON JUAN*, could pass from the tender to the sarcastic, and check the flow of his feeling to make a mock of the writer and his readers, Heine affords the unhappy spectacle of a double nature, of a nature that is in permanent conflict with itself. He is at once the fervent devotee and the railing renegade of love and poetry; a Don Quixote of the Ideal who gives himself answer by the mouth of a harlequin Momus, or a cynical and all-denying Mephistopheles. He dreamed, and life seemed to him the flat contradiction of his dream. Life was unlovely, the very mock of his dearest fancies. He would return mock for mock. Nay, life itself was but a dream; but then the sentimental dream within the dream,—how should it escape his practised mockery?

But we are far away here from the English sentiment, or sentimentality, of the eighteenth century, which was domestic and humanitarian rather than lyrical or revolutionary. Twenty years after the appearance of *THE MAN OF FEELING*, a young girl added a notable contribution to the endless debate as to the just mean of sensibility regarded as a virtue. A little later, in *EMMA*, she was to furnish a sentence which might serve as a critical epigraph to Mackenzie's work: "If we feel for the wretched enough to do all we can for them, the rest is empty sympathy, only distressing to ourselves." In *SENSE AND SENSIBILITY* itself, she exhibits common-

sense and self-control in contrast with romantic refinement and excessive sensibility. A close student of Richardson, but, unlike her master, gifted with the power of humorous observation, she is concerned to show that young maidens entering upon life should learn, for their own comfort, to see things as they are. Youthful enthusiasm and ignorance of the world may be charming; but there are decided inconveniences attached to them. It is well if the romantic views of life are exchanged for the prosaic with the least possible delay. Marianne Dashwood

Was born to discover the falsehood of her own (romantic) opinions, and to counteract, by her conduct, her most favourite maxims. She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen, and with no sentiment superior to strong esteem and lively friendship, voluntarily to give her hand to another!—and that other a man who had suffered no less than herself under the event of a former attachment,—whom, two years before, she had considered too old to be married—and who still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat!

Happy Marianne! although she had been forsaken by her Willoughby, whose aversion to second attachments and taste in the matters of poetry and the picturesque were identical with her own; and although she had failed to die of despair, as she fondly expected, or even to drag out the remainder of her days in solitude. Happy Marianne! for her husband could have told her how frequently it happens that, “when the romantic refinements of a young mind are obliged to give way, they are succeeded by such opinions as are but too common and dangerous.” Now her sister Elinor marries the object of her first attachment. But Elinor is sensible; which is to say that she guides her sensibility by common

sense, and does not consider it fit or possible for one’s happiness to depend entirely upon any particular person. Whereupon we remember that Jane Austen, thus writing at the age of twenty-two, was prophesying of herself. She was to have, it would seem, her brief and sad romance; but she remained sweetly reasonable and cheerfully unselfish to the end.

Jane Austen’s mistrust of sensibility and abhorrence of affected sentiment were such, that she has wholly escaped the charge of sentimentality which is so readily brought against the makers of literature. Thus we are apt to pronounce Dickens sentimental, and straightway relieve ourselves from consideration whether, or in how far, he errs against his own requirements that, in a work of art, there should be a pervading suggestion, and not a laboured exhibition, of sentiment. On the other hand, if Thackeray shows himself the typical Englishman by the restraint which he puts upon his deep and genuine sensibility; if, like the typical Englishman, he wishes to see things as they are, and discovers that generous feeling is not altogether common, we mistrust him, and fear that he is a cynic. While again, if he lends himself to moralising, we choose to remember that the English tendency to moralise is due to sentiment. How then may we be pleased? It is true that sensibility, the openness to impression and capacity of emotion, is a primary condition of genius. Dramatists and novelists are constrained, by the law of their art, to set forth the conflicts of heart and head, to raise questions of sentiment. And it would seem that literary talent in general, if it is to win popular recognition, must appeal rather to the heart than to the head. But our present makers of literature may well be afraid to make such an appeal; for

we respond to the appeal, but presently begin to mistrust both appeal and response, and seek to relieve uneasiness by prompt usage of the word *sentimental*, which at once condemns and begs the question, since it lacks all discrimination.

Perhaps our English embarrassment in dealing with cases and questions of sentiment and sentimentality is due to certain peculiarities of our racial temperament. By character we understand the clear head and the warm heart, the "blood and judgment well commingled" which Shakespeare praised in his Horatio, that ideal Englishman. We require

strength of intelligence joined to strength of feeling, and find strength best exercised in self-control. Reserved, and intolerant of all weakness, it follows that we shun all exhibition of sentiment on our own part, or on that of others. We judge that sentiment, if strong, is reticent; and that sentiment displayed is sentimentality, a manifest proof of weakness. And thus it would seem that we mistrust sentiment because we value it so highly; because we regard it as a treasure to be hoarded in jealous secrecy.

GARNETT SMITH.

THE STORY OF THE SECOND-LIEUTENANT.

"So I'm a moral coward, am I, Dicky?" asked Sergeant Harding, with a calm and contemplative air. "Now there are moral cowards and physical cowards, but I defy you to give me a universally accepted definition of either. Some of you people think any kind of physical rags and bones is enough to make a morally brave man. Rubbish! Moral bravery is not the same thing, though some of you seem to think it is, as physical cowardice. If you want moral pluck, you must have physical pluck to start with. By a plucky man, I don't mean a callous man who is not afraid. Very often your plucky man is very much afraid; but he goes through with things, and doesn't show his fear. And, if you come to that, what is cowardice, and what is bravery? And is there any man of whom you can say, without a doubt in your heart, 'That's a brave man,' or 'That's a coward'? Every man has a good deal both of bravery and cowardice in him; and the same man is sometimes brave and sometimes cowardly.

"I'll tell you a story to prove this. You know that the Duke's were through the Afghan campaign. We had, at that time, in I. Company, a Second-Lieutenant whose name I will not tell, for reasons, as you will see. As the campaign was, for us, one long round of piquet-duty, we were sick of the name of sentry before we got back to India. Now, one day, soon after the start, and before many of us had ever been under fire at all, the Colonel and

the Captain were riding all round our piquets; Lieutenant Tresidder was in temporary command of our Company, and I was sentry on the arms. All of a sudden, we heard one of the double sentries fire, and saw his companion waving his rifle over his head.

"'Take down the relief at the double,' said Lieutenant Tresidder to the Second-Lieutenant, 'and see what's the matter.'

"'Fall in the relief,' said the Second-Lieutenant. 'By the right, double,—march.'

"They went down to the front at the double. We saw a crowd of Afghans rush into view, firing matchlocks as they came, with a *moolah* in front of them carrying a green flag in one hand and a *tulwar* in the other. The whole mob, outnumbering our relief by a hundred to one, came on with a rush. As the two bodies of men met with a crash, the crack of Martinis, the clang of matchlock, and the clash of steel, we saw the handful of scarlet waver, break, and run. While the relief was approaching us with the Afghans at its heels, and while the Colonel and the Captain came galloping up, I saw that the first man in the retreat was the Second-Lieutenant. The Captain, forgetting the respect due to his superior officer, was cursing fit to damn himself for ever; but the Colonel said sharply: 'Ride to H. Company and tell them to turn on the Maxim. Never mind if they do blow away the relief as well; it will be a good riddance.'

"So the Captain rode, and H. Company laid their Maxim on till they sweated over it; but they were deliberate enough to get an elevation over our own men's heads, though they were swearing all the time that they would blow our relief to smithereens, just to restore the honour of the regiment. The Maxim tore little lanes through the dense crowd, and we saw the Afghans going down as if an invisible sickle were at work among them. It was not nice to use the best of science and weapons against men whose guns were no better than those which Noah used in the Ark, and to shoot down brave men with a barrel-organ; but it had to be done, and H. Company did it. A fair fight is one thing, but a machine-gun always makes me think of a slaughter-house. At last the enemy turned and ran, leaving many well on the way to Paradise, and our men dashed home, panting and broken-winded, half with and half without their rifles, and the Second-Lieutenant first, swordless and shaking with fear.

"The Captain began to speak, but the Colonel checked the words by holding up his hand. 'Fall in your Company, Mr. Tresidder,' said he, 'one hundred yards to the front.' Mr. Tresidder fell them in, and the only men left were the Colonel, the Captain, the Second-Lieutenant, and myself, being sentry on the arms.

"The Colonel turned to the Second-Lieutenant with a face as hard as that of the Duke at Hyde Park Corner. When he spoke, his voice had no more play in it than the length or shortness of his words. It was for all the world like the sounder the flag-waggers use, all alike except that dots are short and dashes long.

"'Of course,' he said 'you know what this means. After a thing of

this kind before all the men, it will be impossible for you to remain in the Regiment. Furthermore, it will be impossible for you to remain in the Service. I feel forced to make a report of this; but I will put it off till to-morrow. Now, mark you this. We assault the heights to-morrow morning. I. Company shall lead; perhaps they have had a baptism of fire to-day that will teach them to hold up their heads to-morrow when the bullets are singing. If they don't go forward, the next Company shall fire on them. As for you, sir,' he continued, specially addressing the Second-Lieutenant, 'I shall pray to God that I may not have to put in that report. I sha'n't, you know, if you're killed. Lieutenant Tresidder,' here he raised his voice, 'send a man down for me to order up K. Company, which will take I. Company's place. When relieved, you will take your Company back to the base.'

"The Second-Lieutenant stood there hysterically all the while, not knowing whether to laugh or cry; and his face looked like a rotten tomato.

"There were three men killed in the trouble, and, when we brought them in, they were disembowelled and cut up like cold pork. When they were brought in, after we got back to the base, old Colour-Sergeant Nale, who had stopped with Lieutenant Tresidder,—for a Colour-Sergeant on piquet always stops with the Officer commanding a Company,—took all the men who had run away, the rest of the Company, and all the Sikhs and Gurkhas he could find, and he showed the living our dead. Then he borrowed a Bible from A. Company (the only religious and respectable Company in the Battalion), and he swore runaways, heathen, and all on it, to give no quarter till each could count a hundred dead of his own killing.

"The next morning we had the rouse precious early, for there was a long day's work before us; and the greater part of the day we were fighting to get up the heights where the Afghans were. Four batteries were firing shrapnel for seven hours, and used over nine hundred rounds, so you can tell it was warm work. Sometimes we got part of the way up the hill, and sometimes we were driven back. But what can I tell you of how a fight goes? You can read all about battles in books and newspapers; but I, who have been there, can't bring it home to you. There were blood and yells, there were waiting and funking, there were hand to hand fighting and mad thirst of killing. Twice the red coats went up the heights, red coats and Sikhs and Gurkhas, and twice they were hurled back. The storm of bullets, the crashing down of boulders, swept them away. Each time they tried, one man in ten never came back. I can't tell you about it, though I can feel and see it now. When I think of it, I can see the red before my eyes, I can hear the ping and splashes of the Enfield in my ears. If I let myself go, and told you what is inside me, I should be running *amok*, and killing a few of you with this quart-pot before you could say *knife*.

"The General galloped to our Colonel and spoke to him. The Colonel spoke out boldly with a tone of joy in his voice: 'The Duke's will take the heights; I. Company to the front.'

"I. Company swung to the front with a cheer. The General put himself by the side of the Colonel and charged up the hill at the head of the Regiment. If the bullets stormed before, now they were a raging hurricane; if the boulders crashed down before, now the mountains seemed to

be heaping themselves on us. The General was shot through one thigh, and the Colonel's arm was broken. Twenty men of the Company were down, and, half way up, the rest wavered.

"'Steady, I. Company,' said the Captain. 'By your right!'"

"Still they wavered. The Captain and Lieutenant Tresidder were down, and a great stone hit the Colonel on the head. 'Come on, men,' he said; 'the skull may be cracked, but the brains are all right.'

"On went I. Company followed by the rest of the Battalion; but they wavered again and almost broke. Then the Second-Lieutenant looked at the Colonel and saw a threat in his eye; he looked at the second Company just behind, and saw the same threat in the eyes of every front-rank man. Then he went to the front, crying out: 'Remember yesterday, I. Company!'

"Then I. Company charged up what of the hill was left unsurmounted. Right to the front was the Second-Lieutenant. The first man into the fort on the top of the plateau was the Second-Lieutenant. He leaped in, sword in hand, and cut down three Afghans before the Company swarmed in to literally chuck the enemy out of house and home and down the cliff. There was a good revenge for the piquet business.

"During the Crimean War the Queen greatly wished to show her appreciation of the many gallant deeds that were brought to her notice. She founded, on January 19th, 1856, a decoration, the intrinsic value of which is threepence. The Royal Warrant says it shall be given for 'conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in presence of the enemy,' and 'shall consist of a Maltese cross of bronze, with the Royal crest in centre and escrol below *For Valour*.'

You know what it's called, and you know there's not a coward in the Army who wouldn't suffer a thousand deaths to get one of those threepenny crosses. So you may guess what the Second-Lieutenant felt when the General, with the bullet in his thigh, came up to him and said: 'I heartily congratulate you, sir; I congratulate your Colonel on having such a Subaltern, and I congratulate your Company on having such an Officer. The way in which you led your men, and the confidence they place in you, show you to be a man

absolutely devoid of fear, and show that your men know it too. I'm proud of you; your regiment is proud of you. Isn't it, Colonel?'

"Very, sir," said the Colonel grimly.

"By Jove," went on the General, 'the whole Army will be proud of you. I shall make a point of mentioning your name in despatches, and I shall recommend you for the greatest honour a British soldier can obtain, the Victoria Cross.'

"Now was the Second-Lieutenant a brave man or a coward?"

G. STANLEY ELLIS.

FROM THE UPPER SHELF.

"NOTWITHSTANDING this, I tell thee, Brother Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death doth not terminate," quoth the incomparable madman, whose lofty aberrations remain as instructive to-day as if they alone, among all things mutable, were destined to live for ever. Nor can it be gainsaid that this right of final quietus, which time keeps in store for the just and the unjust, for things great and small, is a blessing in disguise. It falls upon us, inexorable as beneficent, like the grave-digger's spadeful of churchyard-mould; or like a fall of snow overnight, which silently and indefatigably fills in gaping cavities, rounds off jagged edges, levels down and smooths over, until, by day-break next morning, the very refuse-heap is made to take a place in the wide-spread harmony.

Not last or least among our many ills to receive from Heaven their meed of the universal panacea, are those cruel stabs and wounds inflammatory which we so recklessly inflict, and so ruefully receive, in the course of literary warfare, civil or foreign. Turn back a few pages in almost any famous battle of the inkpots and note how completely the envenomed pen-thrust, which cut to the quick at the time, has lost its sting. Who would dream nowadays, for instance, of taking umbrage at Voltaire's strictures on our gifted, but *grossier* poet, M. Shakespeare, Monsieur Williams as he is sometimes called? Or who so lost to all sense of the ridiculous as to fly into a passion before the polished mirror held up to English nature by

that lesser luminary, M. Gayot de Pictaval, Avocat-au-Parlement de Paris in the reign of His Most Christian Majesty Louis, fifteenth of his name? A suspicion even intrudes that this last-named valuable impression may have become partially effaced, or has gone astray, by accident or indifference, or through the rush and confusion of later productions; and no time is to be lost if one would rescue it from the final limbo of dust and oblivion. Without further apology then (excepting to the learned author himself for our plentiful lack of ceremony) we hasten to offer the following brief revival.

The cult of the White Rose is perennial among us, and if called upon solemnly to take oath on that sacred emblem the most reluctant witness would be forced to admit to a more or less intimate acquaintance with the circumstances attending YE PURE KING'S MARTYRDOM, or, CHARLES STUART, HIS MOST RIGHTEOUS TAKING-OFF. In the early pamphleteering days of the last century, a plea of ignorance on this disputatious matter would have been even more difficult to set up, judging by the ink-tracks left behind, not only here, in England, but across the Channel, where another portentous event of the kind had already cast its shadow before. The headless king stalks through innumerable yellow leaflets, to warn, to testify, to avenge; and among the rest, M. Gayot de Pictaval (who likewise flies to print) feels called upon to resuscitate the uneasy spectre, from a strictly loyal and legal point of view, be it said in his case, despite

the learned gentleman's mildly Voltairian proclivities when in a lighter vein.

"Infamous justice! martyred death!"—we slip in at his eloquent peroration. Hands and eyes raised to Heaven, M. l'Avocat is heard crying aloud in holy horror, very much as a respectable householder of our own day and country might exclaim over the condition of unhappy France: "Was ever history so replete with unnatural bloodshed, with internecine crime and revolution as this of England? How many changes does one see on this throne, where neither long tenure, nor illustrious gifts, can fix the hearts of an unstable people! A new pretender to the crown appears, a new standard is unfurled, and the things of yesterday vanish like its growth of mushrooms." Love of change, in short, is the keynote of the insular character. Rivers of blood, treasures untold, are spent in the pursuit of any will-o'-the-wisp novelty that happens to turn up. A spirit of hardy insubordination, moreover, prevails, and scant is the deference yielded by inferiors to those set in authority above them. What avails it, for example, that an edict should be passed prohibiting the use of offensive language, *scandalum magnatum*, among the lower orders, when, at the same time, Milord's sacred person is no more respected in a street quarrel than any vulgar brawler, and that without the shadow of redress? Or to what purpose the privilege which exempts a peer from seizure for debt, since every crafty shop-keeper in town takes early precaution to deny him credit? On the other hand, the condition of the English merchant calls forth our advocate's high encomiums. This worshipful personage, we are told, elevated above small profits and petty avarice, attains such enviable consideration, such pomp and circum-

stance of living, as few even of the nobility can rival. His table, in particular, displays a sumptuous profusion on plate of gold and silver that might serve a king. And under the merchant-prince the British artisan of those halcyon days (the honoured sire of a degenerate race) receives a tribute of admiration on the score of integrity, industry, and skill. Even clod-hopper Hodges shows up in bright contrast beside his unlucky, brow-beaten brother of the soil, poor Jacques Bonhomme, across the Channel.

Alas, that a reverse should have existed, then as now, to so flattering a picture! For certain it is that so far back as history runs this English nature hath been compounded of startling incongruities, and its sound common-sense often figures in such close juxtaposition with absurd caprice that it would be hard to tell where the one begins and the other ends. Thus we find much true religious faith cheek by jowl with outspoken atheism, charity hand in glove with inhuman cruelty, immense activity with listless indolence. Foreigners in general are heartily despised, yet none the less servilely imitated, and in many instances exalted high above their actual worth; a quaint last-century touch this, by the way, which has not altogether gone out with periwigs and patches.

Several distinct races contribute their various idiosyncrasies to the composition of the mis-called Anglo-Saxon people. The Dane bequeathed his love of the chase; the Saxon an appetite for strong drinks; chicanery and false-swearing came in, naturally enough, with Norman William and the pack of needy adventurers at his heels; while more than four centuries of Roman domination could hardly fail to leave as its birthright that indomitable scorn of death and delight in bloodshed which are still

leading traits among all classes. The latter instinct especially predominates; and when denied its natural outlet through foreign wars, or sanguinary civil strife, solaces itself with savage sports, such as bull and bear baiting, and the gladiatorial arena, where carefully trained athletes are seen exhibiting their prowess before excited mobs, winning applause according to the brutal courage and butchery of the performance.

In like manner their drama revels in bloody spectacle, unpalliated by the first approach to artistic treatment. An interval of thirty or forty years is frequently supposed to elapse in a single night's performance, a fabulous history, preposterous and confused beyond description. The heroine invariably loses her wits, such as she has; the hero puts an end to his miserable existence in the presence of his audience; add to this a long-winded recital of battles, the apparition of a spectre or two, the tolling of bells and funeral pageantry, and *voilà une tragédie Anglaise*. In comedy, it must be admitted that these barbarians display a somewhat better invention, and are capable, now and again, of producing representations which shine out with surprising lustre, like jewels cast on the muck-heap. For the most part, however, their scurrilous wit and ribald sentiments are far more likely to shock than edify the ear polite, and the playwrights themselves seem reluctant to admit a single delicate personation amid such scenes of coarse-mannered pleasantries as their ingenuity can alone devise.

It is true that a certain school of good and forcible writers has taken root, the worth of which M. Gayot de Pictaval is far from denying. Following the lead of M. de Voltaire he counts them remarkably strong in works of science, philosophy, and

theology; but in the more refined walks of *belles-lettres*, in style, *gracieuse simplicité*, elegance, our critic describes a fatal deficiency. "The imagination of these Islanders," he observes, "resembles their own fuel of pit-coal, giving forth more heat and smoke than light."

Ecclesiastics of the Anglican Church appear to best advantage in the pulpit, where their sober and moderate oratory sets an example worthy the imitation of those who pretend (note again the trail of Voltaire) to greater sanctity and higher authority. Otherwise the established clergy can hardly be said to distinguish itself, either by outward or inner conduct of life from the rest of the respectable gentry-class who marry wives, ride to hounds, drink hard, and frequent the coffee-houses. For the accommodation of this last-named form of recreation an extraordinary demand has created a supply in proportion, suited to the requirements of all kinds and conditions of men. Half the male population, in fact, pass their lives in such congenial haunts, where they may be seen at all hours of the day and night, drinking, gaming, brawling, or, among the better sort, indulging without stint an inordinate appetite for political lampoons and savage personal attacks which the flying news-sheets of the moment purvey under a lax censorship.

The misanthropic Englishman, it is declared, spares neither friend, rank, nor age in his criticisms. He prides himself especially on his caustic sincerity, and shuns, from conscientious scruples, those harmless compliments, and little amiable civilities, which pass muster among the well-bred of other lands as the small change of common politeness. Morbidly sensitive to ridicule on his own account, and quick at detecting material for it in his neighbour, such is his in-

born eccentricity of disposition that a sudden freak may lay him open at any moment to the liveliest derision. Not a day passes that some extravagant catastrophe does not take place. Base and unlettered fanatics lead away crowds of disciples; men and women of good station join the Quakers, or discard clothing and house shelter for conscience' sake; great sums of money are staked on the speed of a horse, the colour of a woman's petticoat, the number of pips in a half-squeezed lemon; in short, "to bet like a mad Englishman" has grown to be a byword the world over.

Among other whimsicalities, hazard is sometimes made to play the part of a kind of *Epreuve - de - Dieu*. Quixotic noblemen are seen riding their own castle ramparts on restive steeds with the avowed intention of allowing younger brothers an opportunity of enjoying the family inheritance. Gentlemen, heated by debauch (which flies to frightful excess), swear by all things held sacred that they will run their swords through the first living creature they encounter in the streets, be it king, costermonger, or cat. Or a demoiselle of good birth and fortune takes upon herself a solemn oath that she will join in holy wedlock with the first disengaged man she meets on her morning-walk; and does so, in fact, without loss of time: all of which leads one to suspect that the first comer in those stirring days must have occupied a somewhat exposed position, analogous to that of the proverbial early worm, and would have shown the better part of valour by keeping well under cover at untimely hours.

Amid such extraordinary ebullitions of temperament the pendulum swings to and fro, from spendthrift wealth to abject poverty, from the

bog-trotter's cabin to a ducal palace. Ministers change places; political power shifts from hand to hand; the popular favourite of the morning makes a "queer grimace," like *mon cher-ami de Cinq-Mars*, for the evening entertainment of a fickle multitude in whose eyes the best of plays would soon grow stale through repetition.

M. Gayot de Pictaval proceeds calmly in his analysis of the influence of female beauty, and the *grande passion* upon this remarkable people. As a general thing he observes that Comus, god of the table, takes precedence over his mischief-making younger brother. Exceptions, however, prove the rule, and at intervals (the changing of the moon perchance, or some like inexplicable motive) both men and women are subject to mad caprice in love as in other pursuits, and extravagant cases of suicide, or raving insanity, have been known to supervene from causes most inadequate. All the same, a good deal of philosophic calm prevails. That excellent common-sense, of which mention has been made, again comes to the relief, and preserves our English Fair from the foolish indulgence and excessive idolatry which, in less well regulated communities, are apt to inflate light-minded feminine vanity. This moderation appears the more notable from the fact that Albion's gentle daughters are by no means found wanting in attractive qualities. Quite the contrary, indeed, if we are to believe our weighty authority, who in a moment of enthusiasm describes them as adorably fair, *toutes blondes et blanches* like newly descended angels; though possibly (he qualifies) a trifle insipid, after the manner suspected of Beings Celestial.

Our author goes on to insinuate that little Cupidon died long ago of

over-feeding in these fog-stranded islands. He declares outright that among hosts of beautiful faces few can bear the palm from his own country-women for spiritual grace and witchery. But here the man, and the Frenchman, has evidently got the better of the critic, and we do not, for our part, begrudge him his little flaunt of that pretty rag, yeilded of old my lady's favour, which, in humdrum times, is almost all that remains to boast of the once high-vaunted panoply of chivalry. Under vows, then, to the lively dames of France, it is not surprising that the learned gentleman should discover a singular lack of charm in our pink-and-white English beauties—wax images, he makes free to call them—and unlike Prince Charlie (whose Catholic tastes are celebrated) will admit no partiality for “a pretty girl as sweet as sugar-candy.” “Tall and slender of form,” he observes critically, “these Island *belles* lack in breadth of hip and shoulders, yet bear themselves with much grace, and a certain natural dignity. They are prone to neglect their teeth (low be it spoken) and cover their faces with a multiplicity of patches, displaying in this and similar modes of embellishment a flagrant disregard of the fitness of things. One discovers among them much modesty of demeanour, and a soft timidity which causes the eye to fall and the cheek to mantle blushes at the slightest emotion. Withal, habits of absolute idleness, and dispositions mild, naive, reserved at first, but soon gathering confidence, and easily carried away by tender sensibility.”

Behold, oh gentle reader, the portrait by a French hand of your great-grandmamas, the same who smile so bewitchingly out of Sir Joshua's canvases, or, led by the inimitable Grandison, swim from courtesy to courtesy

through the stately minuet, when not being spirited away by an aristocratic villain in a rattling postchaise and four. Study them now under another light, drawn straight from nature. Dear angels every one, they pass in review, fair, fresh and foolish, unspoiled as yet by their judicious countrymen, who, we are led to infer, enjoy quite at ease the entire and spontaneous devotion of such sweet simplicity. Does not a derisive chorus come wafted down to us from the bevy of saucy old-time beauties, the Bettys, and Belindas, and Relicta-Lovelys, and all the rest of them, in their high-flying hats and caps, their be-ruched satin pelisses, and black lace mittens setting off the snowy whiteness of their long Gainsborough hands? “Fie, fie upon it!” How lightly they laugh to scorn our musty-fusty counsellor, his profound observations, and mole-blind prejudices!

More at home in matters pertaining to the learned profession, M. l'Avocat bestows a large share of his attention on the procedure of English law, wherein of course he finds material for some curious reflection. But among various outworn illustrations, for the most part of anything but a savoury character, one is given, which, absurd as it sounds, is not altogether without parallel in modern courts of justice. “So literally,” our Frenchman declares, “does the letter of the law receive its interpretation in England, that a man found guilty of marrying three or more wives, all living, may yet escape the penalty inflicted for bigamy by pleading that very statute which expressly prohibits *two* wives alone.”

Of course, at parting, Monsieur must likewise take his fling at the much calumniated climate of these British Isles, following a precedent set long ago by the first jaundiced foreigner who mustered courage to cross the

narrow seas and caught a bad fit of indigestion in consequence. He repeats, or perhaps was the actual fabricator of that preposterous history which recounts how a Portuguese ambassador, writing home, begged that his *hommages respectueux* should be presented to *Monseigneur le Soleil*, as he had, by unavoidable circumstances, been prevented from addressing them in person since his arrival at the Court of St. James. "In fine," M. Gayot de Pictaval concludes, "the sun does not make himself unduly familiar in England, and was never known to outstay his welcome."

Taking the hint from so illustrious an example, we also, ere it wax late, cannot do better than to discreetly retire, and with our critic again seek oblivion amid the dust and silence of the upper shelf. A century of fogs gathers thick about which even his searching genius serves but fitfully to illumine, revealing, through the murky light, here a coffee-house in full blast, there a bigamist escaping round the corner with his three wives; anon milady, young and fair, and no more awkward than the occasion warrants, proposing herself in marriage to the casual chimney-sweep.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE JOHN HOLDER.

HE shuffled along the pavement in front of the shop-windows evidently quite satisfied with himself and his filthy coat, his hands in the ragged pockets of a pair of breeches embroidered with holes, and two dirty heels protruding from hopeless shreds of cowhide. Indeed he must have found it a veritable puzzle to put on these garments, so utterly tattered were they; perhaps they had been assumed in brighter days and never subsequently removed. A venerable felt hat found a precarious resting place upon his matted hair and completed the outfit. About half a dozen yards ahead of me he shuffled, now and then pausing to adjust one of the refractory boots, and he was whistling; I did not recognise the tune, but it sounded lively enough. As the average tramp is not usually a sprightly individual, I became anxious to catch a glimpse of this fellow's countenance, and I pressed on with the intention of coming up to him.

The thoroughfare was Winnipeg Main Street; the time, early evening in May. I had just finished my meal and walked out to take my tobacco and a constitutional.

As I reached the nondescript I turned to get a good look at his profile, while at the same time a cloud of smoke issued from my lips. I saw a face which could never have been handsome, while hard living had deprived it of what good appearance it might originally have possessed. Yet it was an intelligent face, though the eyes were heavy and the dirt thick; a scrubby beard spoilt the appearance of what must once have been an

elegant moustache; the eyebrows, I noticed, were unusually thick, and the nose large. I had stopped and might have gazed longer, for the fellow interested me; but I was decidedly taken aback to hear myself suddenly addressed after the following manner: "I presume you are fortifying your memory against the possible danger of not recognising me on the occasion of our next meeting. Also, I must infer by your breach of manners in deliberately puffing smoke into my face, that your delight at seeing me has rendered you temporarily oblivious of ordinary etiquette." This was said in a refined voice. Before I could stir or make reply, another tongue apparently, with an insufferable drawl and unpleasant accent, remarked with hearty familiarity: "Well, boss, and how goes it? Pretty good with you, eh?"

I felt as though a whip-lash had cut me across the back of the neck. "Who the deuce are you?" was all I could answer.

"John Holder, gentleman or black-guard, whichever way you like to take him. I have not a card unfortunately; had I such an article, these garments supply no space for its reception. The voice in which I first addressed you was the outcome of Eton and Christ Church; that in which I subsequently greeted you was a result of my sojourn in this land, the voice, in fact, of the Manitoban Tough, to use the inelegant expression of the native."

"I prefer the former," said I.

"You have my sympathy. The former life was preferable in every way. But to descend to a baser con-

sideration ; the tobacco-smoke, which you are still discourteously blowing into my face, is fragrant. It has awakened a hunger in my palate which might be appeased by the trifling gift of a pipeful of that excellent brand."

He drew a short clay pipe from somewhere, while I gravely handed him my pouch. He received it into a toil-marked hand and continued. "Scrape your pipe before borrowing your comrade's pouch. It is an excellent motto, and the consideration at once suggested is, get all you can out of a man, then drop him. I have been dropped in hard places by men who have got little out of me. Here is your pouch ; it is lighter, but not materially so." He adjusted an anomalous boot upon his right foot, and turned to me again. "If you will provide me with a match, my felicity will touch a point it has not reached for a fortnight, dating back from yesterday. A gentleman, by no means my social equal, laid his cigar-case down in the smoking-room of a certain hotel and, being called away suddenly, forgot it. I extracted the cigars, which were few in number, but excellent in quality. Then I made a hurried though dignified exit."

"Hardly the correct thing to do, was it?"

"At the present moment it would be an actual sin ; at that hour it amounted to a natural action bordering closely upon virtue." Seeing my eyebrows rise, he continued : "The explanation is simple. I have told you that I possess two characters, each engaged on different lines in working out the life of one miserable wretch. I have two sets of morals, two voices, two vocabularies, two individualities. Unfortunately I do not own two costumes, but at this time of the year that is a matter of secondary importance. At the moment of annexing the cigars I

was a Manitoban Tough ; therefore I was but living up to my character. Now that I am addressing you, I happen to be an English Gentleman. Had I not been, I should have failed to return you that pouch. The distinction is obvious."

I realised by this time that I had really encountered an original character, also a countryman. "Where are you going to?" I asked.

Regarding me loftily, he answered with an air of quiet dignity : "I am at a loss to understand whether satire is intended ; if so, your mode of applying the question lacks scholarship. An ordinary individual could see with half an eye that I am going to the Devil, that I am in fact hurrying there."

"I did not intend that. I simply wished to know where you are walking to,—which part of the city." I added the final clause, seeing the need of literal accuracy with this absolute individual.

"Anywhere and nowhere admirably answers your question. I am setting forth from nowhere with the prospect of ending at the same place ; in other words I am looking for a spot where I may sleep to-night."

"How have you spent the day?"

"Smashing stones, for which labour the City awarded me fifty cents ; a despicable amount."

"Then I suppose you have had supper?" I said, feeling myself on dangerous ground.

"I have fared this evening sumptuously," he rejoined in a critical tone. "Had you been at the back of the market rather less than an hour ago, you might have seen a dog sneaking along with a large piece of cooked meat between his jaws. Had you waited a little longer, you would have seen a man come up and wrestle with that dog for the meat, which was as much his as the animal's, for the latter

had probably stolen it and the former of course took the benefit of the doubt. The dog bit the man, but the latter secured the meat. The marks upon this hand will convince you that I was the man in question." He held out his left hand, which was still bleeding, and went on. "I am sorry for the dog, but it was merely a case of the survival of the fittest. We do not go completely to the wall, until we are crushed there and held there by force."

"You have come down pretty low," I muttered involuntarily.

"You are correct," he said with a condescending smile. "The downward descent is rapid, and the nearer the end the swifter the pace."

"But you had your fifty cents," I ventured.

"It was immediately squandered in a useless and unsatisfactory fashion. There was a woman crying upon the street, declaring that she was heart-broken and starving. She appealed to me, why I cannot guess, for I do not exactly resemble a millionaire in disguise. Of course I had to give her my money, for though I might be starving, I was not heart-broken. The balance of ills rested with her. It was annoying, as I had not the least wish to assist her, but it was necessary from a social point of view. It was but my evil fate that she should have fallen upon me, and not on someone better qualified to sustain the expense."

He made these remarks in a tone of complete indifference, and I began to wonder whether I had stumbled upon a man of genuine intelligence or one wanting in mental capacity. Either way I had quite made up my mind how to act. I am no philanthropist, but I hate to see any man down on his luck, and when the character in question is a countryman, naturally the desire to render some assistance becomes intensified. So I followed up

my thoughts with an invitation: "Come round to my rooms and have a chat."

"You will entertain me, I have no doubt, regally, until an advanced hour to-night. Then I shall have to wander forth to seek a resting-place, doubly discontented with my ill-fortune." He certainly possessed the most remarkable aptitude for discovering extraordinary answers to every question.

"I will give you a shakedown and a decent suit of clothes."

He fingered the tattered coat almost tenderly. "Doubtless the aspersion is deserved," he said thoughtfully; "yet these garments are allegorical. They cling to me like old associations, and as the latter are forgotten, so do the former drop into decay. Their early history has a musty flavour of antiquity. These clothes were perhaps the pride of the tailor's heart, the joy of the customer, whoever he was, for I cannot suppose him to be still alive. They were cut in the accuracy of fashion and fitted with care. Now, alas, they are a sorrow to civilisation and a grief to the eyes of the passer-by. It has been the same with me. Not long ago I might have been compared to these garments when first made; now they hang partially over all that is left of me, fit emblems of my present state."

Here was a different side to the complex character. Just then he might have been a Hamlet, soliloquising as he fingered the jester's skull. I was about to repeat my invitation, when we turned a street-corner. Immediately a most unmelodious voice broke upon my ear. "Hello, pard, how goes it?" A tramp came slouching towards us. It was my companion who had spoken, but the alteration in voice and manner was so complete that I quite thought it was the newcomer who had given the greeting.

"Bad enough. Nothing to pick up

round this place. How's yourself, John?"

"Pretty tough, I tell you," said my friend. "Guess I'll soon have to deadbeat it South."

"That's no go; they're down on us chaps there."

"Down? Well, darn their hides! I'd like to set a few of them on the road and see what they'd make of it. But can't stay, pard; here's a dude waiting for me. Solong."

"Solong, John." The tramp shuffled off, while my friend, with changed voice and manner, turned to me. "Upon consideration I will accept your proposal, although a bed and a decently furnished room are well-nigh forgotten luxuries. Have we far to go?"

Evidently he imagined he was the person conferring the favour. I scarcely knew whether to be amazed at his indifference or annoyed at his off-hand treatment of me. "Only another hundred yards or so," I said. "I have my rooms in the King block."

"Not a desirable part of the city to reside in, I should say, nor sufficiently central for general convenience. Still, there are many worse places, as I happen to know. May I trouble you for a match, as my pipe has gone out?"

Arriving at my rooms, I conducted Holder to my bedroom, gave him an outfit, and left him. I should have required a fresh introduction to the individual who stepped into the sitting-room later, had I again chanced suddenly upon him. Having taken the liberty to use my razor, he had mown off his scrubby beard, had curled his moustache, and washed his face. Indeed he looked, as he himself expressed it, more like the English Gentleman than the Manitoban Tough. He stretched himself indolently in my particular easy chair, which I had incautiously vacated, and gazed round

the room, remarking familiarly at length: "Nice diggings these of yours, though nothing to what mine were at the House. You live here without a wife to bother you, I suppose?"

I replied that I was still single, and asked him what he thought of matrimony.

"A complete failure," he said, with the air of a man whose opinion is worth seeking. "Either the man has to keep the woman, which is annoying, or the woman has to keep the man, which is degrading. If they are both of means, the one possessing the longest bank-account sits on the fence and crows day and night."

He made a few more philosophical remarks bearing upon the same subject, when I broke in with the question, "How long have you been here?"

He glanced at me almost contemptuously, then, reaching out a hand towards my tobacco-jar, said: "The subject is one of such exceeding paucity of interest that I should not have dared to broach it without your invitation." Having filled and lighted one of my pipes with cool deliberation, he continued. "I was educated at Eton, where I was considered the cleverest boy of my time. Never could I have been called popular, as I took no part in athletics, though by certain masters I was pointed at as a model of what a boy should be. During my career there I was never punished for any breach of discipline. Then I went up to Oxford, with the determination of adding to the lustre of laurels already gained. Continuing on the same lines, I read doggedly, took no share in sports, made few friendships, and ended by securing an excellent first in classical honours. There my triumph ended, for immediately I had taken my degree I fell to pieces."

"How did you manage that?"

"I went up to London with money in my pocket and more within reach. There I ruined myself a dozen times over. I had never known what life was, with my nose stuck between the pages of a classical author and my fingers inditing endless notes. I plunged wildly into the vortex, whirled round with the other puppets, drank deeply of every pleasure, and the dose was too strong for me. It killed me in every way; socially and intellectually I was a corpse. I shipped over here with what was left of my cash, and since then have been smoothly slipping down an inclined plane."

"And nobody has ever offered to do you a good turn?"

He glanced at me sideways with a vindictive gleam in his eyes. "You're a man of the world; how is it you haven't learnt the first lesson the world impresses upon you? When you see a man tumbling down hill, you must put out your hand, not to hold him back, but to shove him along faster, so that he may be sooner lost sight of and forgotten."

I saw that I had penetrated to his real nature, and that he had involuntarily been making me his confidant. It was not often subsequently that he subjected his moral constitution to the dissecting-knife of my intellect. "Have you ever tried to obtain employment?"

"Listen, and I will give you a couple of instances, though one is merely a repetition of the other. Soon after I came out, I heard there was a reporter wanted on one of the papers. I applied, along with a rough individual, one I would not have shaken hands with, who looked as though he could not have signed his own name. The editor asked me what my qualifications were and I told him;—Oxford man, first-class

classical honours. 'That's all very well,' he said, 'but what experience have you in journalism?' 'None,' I replied; 'but I could pick it up in very little time. I can write good English.' 'And stick it full of Latin and Greek quotations that nobody can understand. See here, we don't require good English in our newspaper. We want sharp reports and grammar may slide to the deuce. We want some one who has lots of gall, who can get an interview out of any man, and be everywhere gleaning up the news. You men come out here, with letters dangling after your names and your heads crammed full of rubbish, expecting to snatch up the best positions everywhere. But I tell you straight, fellows such as you are no good at business.' Then he turned to the disreputable being at my side and said, 'Well, sir, are you after the post?' 'Lightning shorthand, with type-written reports if necessary. Five years head-interviewer to WESTERN JOURNAL and only let four men escape me in that time. Here are my papers.' He rattled this out in a single gasp and chucked a bundle of papers upon the editor's desk. 'I guess you'll do,' said the latter, as I slunk away."

I smiled, though I could not blame the editor. Had I been in his place I should have acted in similar fashion.

"Later, when I had dropped a few rungs lower, I applied for a situation as clerk in a wholesale house. The manager, a red-faced, yellow-whiskered buffoon, as usual led off with the miserable question as to qualifications. I returned the stock answer, though with less pride than formerly. 'Oxford,' exclaimed he, pulling at his whiskers. 'Let's see now, where did I hear tell of that place? Down in the States somewhere, ain't it?' 'No; England, of course,' I replied, half bursting with indignation. He

brightened up at once and said, 'Ah, yes, now I remember. That's where they've got a big school or something, eh?' I couldn't trust myself to reply, but walked off without another word."

"But surely you have friends in England?" I said after another interval.

"Yes," he replied, falling back into his old mood; "I have several rich relatives, but I have thrown them over." He paused with remarkable suddenness, as a startled expression of genuine trouble broke out over his countenance; half rising from his chair he sank back again and fell to fingering his pipe irresolutely. At length he looked up with a vacant smile and rose with heavy movements. Across the floor he shuffled, pausing at the door to remark in a nasal voice, "Guess I'm going out to have a fling with the boys."

Slouching into the bedroom, he put on the filthy garments he would not allow me to throw away and shuffled out of the house all rags and bad language. About midnight he rolled back, drunk and helpless. I bundled him upon the bed, and next morning he rose, quite oblivious of his late conduct, the gentleman of means, anxious to commence a history of the siege of Troy, which he said would occupy his present leisure. He was a skilful draughtsman, and, much to my amusement, produced the city of Troy with ridiculous imaginary details, the Greek lines, the ships under different commanders; in a distant corner appeared a small tent by itself, with a black flag flying at the apex. "That is the tent of Achilles," he explained, in answer to my question. "He is sulking, and has raised the black flag, as a public signal of the fact that he is under persecution at the hands of the

general. You may remember that there was a girl even in that case,—it's strange how they creep in everywhere. Sulking must have been intolerable in those days, when there were no good cigars, or bad novels, to while away the hours."

Then he launched off into a discussion in which he pointed out that, however good the wooden horse might have proved in practice, theoretically it was utterly unsound; that, had Sinon not been possessed of an infinitely higher intelligence than Ulysses, the scheme must have failed miserably. "As usual, the laurel wreath falls upon the wrong head." He declared, also, that the snakes, which destroyed Laocöön and his sons, were entirely imaginary. "It is merely a poetical way of stating that the priest, together with the sons who followed in their father's footsteps, fell victims to the national beverage, and died of *delirium tremens*. This is the only reasonable supposition, and one not incompatible with the morals of that day."

So he went on, until past midnight, talking some nonsense, with a good deal of common-sense, casting in classical quotations everywhere, so that I found it difficult to follow his meaning to the end of a sentence. All the time he treated me as though he were a learned professor, and I the student. While he talked I was supposed to bite my tongue and absorb wisdom. Still he allowed me occasionally to express my entire agreement with his views, and I never ventured to differ from them.

I mention this, foolish though it appears, for the sake of presenting a faithful picture of this strange man's intellect, or rather, to reveal one distinct trait of his extremely complex nature. He was cursed with two definite characters, each of which possessed any number of phases,

changing with the frequency and speed of the kaleidoscope. I fed, lodged, and clothed him for a period extending a little over three weeks, but, during the whole of that time, not a single word of gratitude, or even appreciation, passed his lips. He regarded me as a social and intellectual inferior; probably he was right, but in the light of our respective positions he might have spared me the indignity of treating me as such. He was doing nothing for me, while I was doing everything for him. Yet I liked him in a way; I had hitherto found the long evenings tedious, and his startling conversation aroused me to reflect on subjects which had never before touched my imagination. It interested me also to note the unending conflict taking place within him, the struggle between the gentleman of refinement and the unprincipled Western loafer. This presented a curious psychological problem, which I have never been able to work out to my satisfaction.

On a later occasion I followed him, saw him consort with a throng of blackguards, the least repulsive of whom looked as though he would not stick at a murder if he could gain profit thereby; and this gang collected in a low saloon in the worst part of the city, drinking bad liquor and quarrelling loudly, though I greatly wondered where the money came from to pay for their treat. All I know is, that the foulest tongue and most pugnacious spirit in that depraved assembly belonged to my associate John Holder.

During the period of his stay with me I never once heard him laugh, nor indeed ever saw him smile in a really satisfied manner. When a gentleman, he was cynical and opinionative; when a blackguard, he was disgusting and offensive. He was not like most men, ready to relate the tale of a dis-

tant love-affair, or to harp upon bright incidents of the past. Once only did he ever display any leaning towards sentiment. It was a Sunday evening, and we were sitting together beneath the lamplight. He had been silent for several minutes, which, to say the least, was unusual. Suddenly I asked him what he was thinking about and then he raised his head and replied, indirectly as usual, to my question.

"A complete change may occur in an incredibly short space of time; the effects that such change may work are still more remarkable. Some men, by no special effort of their own, ascend hand over hand up the ladder of fame; in a year or so they find themselves dropping as swiftly in an opposite direction. A man rises from his bed in the morning, to find his name on every one's tongue; shortly after he may sink to his bed at night, wondering how he can find the courage to face the morrow. It is a fool's dance, and every pleasure, every success even, wears the ugly mask of death."

I feared he was only going to philosophise and I did not feel in the mood to listen to his metaphysical ramblings. However he started off on a fresh tack.

"About a month ago, I was hovering in my usual voracious condition by one of the principal hotels, waiting for the indefinite something to turn up. Suddenly a buggy came along, containing a lady and gentleman. The latter sprang to the ground with the intention of entering the building. Being English, he did not grasp the use of the hitching-weight, and as the horse was restive he did not like leaving his partner. At length the lady drew his attention towards the loafer, and he called to me to hold the horse while he went into the hotel. Glad of the job, I obeyed, though when I glanced fully at the lady's face, I thanked Providence for having done

at least one thing for me,—endowed me with nerves of iron. There sat a girl whom I had met constantly in society, whom I had taken in to dinners, sat out with at dances, whom I had accompanied to various places of amusement, until her name and mine became linked together in society journals. There I saw the girl, whom in the country I had ridden with, whom I had rowed upon the river, whom I had walked with in the garden of an evening. And now, there she was and there was I. It had only been a few years before, yet we had not a word to say to each other. She looked as beautiful as ever and I was still a man, even though my face was seamed with dirt and my clothes would scarcely hang together." I think he forgot the presence of a comparative stranger, as he rambled on in lower tones: "I believe I loved her once; I think she liked me before the blow came. I sent her a bouquet of roses late in the year with the last coin of ready money I possessed. Then secrets leaked out; rivulets trickled together from all sides, collecting into one big stream which carried me off my feet. I died then, and now am passing through purgatory."

I coughed slightly and Holder started at discovering me. "Oh, Talbot, I was telling you a yarn, wasn't I? Well, now, where had I got to? Yes, I recognised the girl whom I had known in England, and when her husband came out I knew him well enough too. He was a good fellow, and many a time have I assisted him into a hansom after indulging too freely in my champagne. I got hold of a paper that evening and saw they were mentioned as passing through the city on their wedding-tour." He fell again into the musing fit. "Did she recognise the loafer who held her horse? He

didn't, as he gave me a quarter; but as they drove away I noticed her face was pale and her lips were compressed tightly. As the buggy moved off, she drew her hand from her pocket, half turned, and a second later I saw something fluttering to the ground. I picked it up and found a twenty-dollar bill."

"So she did recognise you?"

He started, as though he had again forgotten my presence. "I suppose so," he said shortly, and then added, "she always had a wonderful memory for faces."

"And the money set you up for a time?"

"I was dead drunk two days on it," he said brutally. "It was that or the river, and I preferred the former. I will ask you to excuse me now," he continued with his customary indifference, "as I wish to retire to rest. I am unusually tired to-night."

He departed, while I reflected on what I had heard. After a time I fancied I noticed a curious sound, which at first I supposed to be the wind outside, but soon recognised that it proceeded from the bedroom. I crept into the passage and listened at the door. I was not sure then, I could not swear to it now, but I think, I really do believe, that this strangely constituted individual was sobbing and striving to stifle his emotion in the pillow.

Next morning he was as unpleasant as ever. I had just bought a meerschau pipe, which I intended as a present to a man who had lately done me a service. Naturally I was a good deal annoyed to find Holder sitting in my easy chair, calmly smoking this new pipe with every sign of satisfaction, and supremely indifferent to the fact that he was spoiling the article for the purpose intended.

I could fill a volume with his original sayings and a detailed account

of his actions, for he was nearly always talking when I was there to listen, or doing something extraordinary. But after three weeks I felt I had seen quite enough of him, for his extreme selfishness grew monotonous. Work was very difficult to find in the city, but, after some not very pleasant labour, I managed to secure for him a clerkship in a small firm and hurried off to tell him the good news. It was not a very excellent berth certainly, but might easily have led to something better. Imagine therefore my feelings at his reply. "It is quite impossible for a gentleman of my position and attainments to think of accepting the obscure post you have been authorised to offer me. Pray let us drop the subject; it is distasteful to me." And so the matter had to drop, though I felt strongly inclined to remind him of a profane ruffian I had seen disgracing the streets only the day before.

As I was every day expecting orders to start on my northern trip, I informed him that he might accompany me as assistant-clerk. His reply was exactly what I might have expected. "The cultured intellect naturally shrinks from being brought into contact with the untutored savage; the civilised mind also revolts from the manifold discomforts of camp-life and the enforced solitude of the northern regions." His tone also said plainly enough: "The idea of being placed under you, to have to look to you for orders, is insufferable."

What was I to do with him? How was I to get rid of the hulking cuckoo I had foolishly placed in my own nest? Inexplicable as it may appear, I could not summon up courage to give him his marching-orders. Somehow I could not go up to this condescending gentleman who hung about my rooms day and night, looking complacently down upon me from his great height of social

position and learning, and tell him plainly that I could not keep him any longer and that he must go. I had opened my door to the wolf, and, if I did not take care, it might end by the wolf becoming master and closing the door against the rightful owner. It was necessary, however, that I should get rid of him before starting north, for I was far from well off and my parasite (I dare say he called me his) was a continual source of expense. As I was glad to have a companion, I would have grudged nothing within my power, if he had only given me a single word of thanks, or if he had only treated me as a gentleman. I had never mingled in London society; I was not a University man, and my classical knowledge was limited. Therefore I was a nobody, a mere atom amid a like crowd of nonentities. I was allowed to feed, lodge, clothe, and provide him with necessities, even with luxuries, and he would take all that I could offer; but the indebtedness still lay on my side, not on his.

On my way home one evening I passed the lighted window of a pawnbroker's shop, where I had frequently picked up a bargain in the shape of books or furniture. It struck me, as I hurried by, that I had caught a glimpse of something exposed in the window that was familiar to me. Turning back I, much to my surprise, saw three volumes which I felt certain were mine, and entering the shop, I found my surmises correct. The books had been presented to me years before by a friend since dead, and I would not have parted with them for any ordinary consideration. It was in no pleasant frame of mind, therefore, that I entered my rooms, for it was surely intolerable that a man, whom I had practically rescued from starvation, should rob me behind my back and deliberately make away with my property as though it were his own

Holder was lying in my easy chair, and glanced at me as though I had no right to intrude upon his privacy. As my blood was up, I went straight to the point, accused him of pawning my books, and demanded an explanation. He looked at me with a half insolent, half pitying smile, and, as I concluded, yawned ostentatiously. "I have always prided myself on the excellence of my memory," he said, "but on this occasion it seems to have failed me. For the last few days I have been carrying this in my pocket, intending to give it you on a first opportunity; but whenever you appeared the matter chanced to slip away from my mind." He drew from his pocket an envelope addressed to me, handed it across with a stately bend of his head, and then began to break open a box of cigars I had brought in with me.

I tore open the envelope and found inside—a pawn-ticket!

He extracted a cigar, clipped off the end, and continued: "I presume you understand the process. All you have to do is to present the ticket, pay the amount advanced, together with a trifling sum of interest, and reclaim the goods. It is perfectly simple."

"But what right had you——?" I stammered.

His eyebrows went up in aggravating fashion. "My dear sir," it was the first time he had thus addressed me, "you must surely understand me now. My identity changed at a moment when I required a small amount of ready cash. There was nothing for it but to pawn something, and it struck me those books would bring in about the amount I required. Of course in my present state I could never take them, for the act would be both ungentlemanly and dishonourable."

I gazed blankly at the empty space in the bookcase, with the volumes

falling helplessly against each other. "Is there anything else,—have you stolen any other article?" I asked at length.

"Stolen is not a pleasant word; in fact I resent the use of it. Abstraction to meet a pressing emergency more accurately describes the situation. No, there is nothing else; had there been, you would have received the pawn-tickets collectively. But this subject does not interest me; let us converse on some other topic."

And I was actually so overmastered by his consummate impertinence that I weakly gave way and never reverted to the incident.

Our separation occurred soon after this, though I was not the one to make the final move. Indeed, left to myself, I doubt whether I should ever have found courage to suggest the change; for I was beginning to realise that Holder was as firmly astride of my shoulders as ever the Old Man of the Sea was upon Sindbad's.

A few days after the incident just narrated, I was called away on duty in connection with an Indian Reserve half a day's journey across the prairie. Not reckoning on being absent more than two days, I did not think that my companion, who absolutely refused to accompany me, would have time to indulge in any serious unpleasantness. However, as is generally the case, I was kept longer than I had anticipated, and about a week had passed when I again reached Winnipeg and made towards my rooms. I opened the door with my latch-key. There was no Holder, and there were likewise missing a great many other and far more important articles. The wretch had made a careful sweep: everything, except weighty articles of furniture, had been taken, books, pictures, ornaments, all my most cherished possessions; boxes had

been broken open; the whole place was in confusion. But, piled on the centre table in neat array, were numerous little heaps of pawn-tickets, and also half a sheet of note-paper bearing the following words: "Abstraction has again become necessary, this time on a larger scale. You should find all the tickets here, unless the caretaker has interfered with them. I should consider myself guilty of culpable negligence if I had overlooked a single one; for then I should feel that I had committed a dishonest action. It is unfortunate that the less interesting side of my character should have been so much in evidence during your absence; but you must attribute this to your bad luck."

Well, I had to overdraw my account to regain my property, for I would not take the remedy the law afforded and proceed against the pawnbrokers. I was only too pleased to be rid of the incubus, though I half expected him to return and attempt to reinstate himself in his old position.

Once again I was fated to set eyes upon this strange character. It was early in the autumn of the same year, immediately after my return from the North. I had been dining at a certain hotel and, as I stepped from the lift into the entrance-hall, I caught sight of a stooping figure, apparently searching for something which had been dropped. But when I glanced at the face, adorned again with the scrubby beard, I shrank back quickly behind the news-stand, for I did not wish the recognition to be mutual. Thus screened, I observed how he was occupied, and a thrill of pity visited my weaker nature when I saw that he was engaged in hunting for cigar-ends, gathering these remnants of other men's enjoyment from under chairs and tables, shoving them into his

pocket to smoke at leisure by way of supper. Yes, I was very sorry for him, when I saw the long thin hands, shaking with cold, for the night was extremely chilly, moving about over the tiled floor; but I did not dare speak to him or even show myself, for I had learnt his character and I am not to be bitten twice by the same dog. So I slipped out of the hotel, leaving the former scholar of Eton and Christ Church to his pathetic occupation.

As several weeks passed after this without another glimpse of the gentleman, I concluded that I had really heard the last of him and might consider the incident closed. But Holder remembered me after I had well-nigh forgotten him.

I was finishing my breakfast one morning about mid-winter, when a friend broke in upon my solitude for a morning chat. "Have you heard the latest news?" he asked, as he entered.

I replied that my paper hadn't come yet and asked what it was.

"Nothing more important than a suicide in one of the low-class hotels; but it seems to have been a bit curious. As the deed was performed in the presence of a witness we have the details. The fellow who gave the description is an ordinary whisky-shark, and he declares that the deceased confided to him last evening that he had got a little cash, and proposed they should take a room in some hotel to have a good soak. Of course he agreed, so they went to the Star, hired a room up-stairs, and began to drink. About midnight (this is the statement of the survivor, you know,) his companion rose and said: 'Well, the money's all gone, pard. What are you going to do?' The man made some sort of reply and the other continued, 'I've got my biz, anyway. I settled it for midnight,

and midnight it is. So, good-bye pard.' He put out his hand and naturally the fellow asked what he meant. 'I've got an engagement,' he replied, 'an important one I can't miss; solong.' They shook hands, and the speaker walked across to a mirror at the opposite side of the room, looked in it for a moment, pulled out a revolver, and deliberately shot himself through the chest."

"Dead, of course."

"No; there was a curious mistake. He was looking in the glass and intended to shoot himself through the heart; but he drew the revolver with his left hand and, being a little muddled by drink, I suppose, sent the bullet through his right lung."

"But you said he was dead."

"Well, he can't live, any way. They've taken him to the hospital, where he can die in peace. I bet you he's a broken-down Englishman."

"I reckon he is," I muttered, for I could not help associating him with my late companion.

The next day a medical student called at my rooms and left a letter addressed in a shaky hand to *Edward Talbot, Esquire*. Hurriedly, I tore it open and found, scrawled on a dirty scrap of paper, the following scarcely legible words: "Has the descent ceased at last? I am standing on the edge of darkness with eyes blinded. Before me lies the Infinite; behind [the word was utterly illegible]. It is a satisfaction to think I am passing my last few hours as the English Gentleman, and trust that my final exit will prove more dignified than

my late life. To you I bequeath the History of the Siege of Troy. It is interesting as being the sole remaining expression of a remarkable mind. Now, dear sir, it is my sorrow to have to bid you farewell." There his dignity had forsaken him. Lower down a few more words were scrawled, which after much labour I made out thus: "I am sorry I robbed you, for you are the only one who has ever been kind to me out here. Yet you saw little. You could not know how I felt——"

Here the writing broke off and I knew the mask had fallen. *Only the heart knoweth its own bitterness*; in vain may you search Heaven and Earth for a truer saying. I could not think of his baseness to me. Even now, when I want to recall him, I think of the man who gave all his little money to the starving woman, and who sobbed himself to sleep that Sunday night in my bedroom.

Mechanically I drew on my fur cap and coat, and walked out in the direction of the hospital. Before long I met a doctor, whom I stopped and asked how the wounded man was.

"There was no hope for him from the first. He was in no state to struggle against illness, as he must have been next door to starvation for a long time. He was just skin and bones, with hardly a rag to cover them."

"Then is he dead?"

"Certainly. His body has gone to the anatomy-class for dissection. He died early this morning."

ERNEST G. HENHAM.

No. 475]

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Notes on New Books

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have now issued in one compact volume at a moderate price the popular edition of *Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Memoir*, by his Son, the present Lord Tennyson. Another announcement of equal interest is that the entire poetical works of Lord Tennyson (exclusive of the dramas) have just been added by Messrs. MACMILLAN to their famous "Globe Library." This edition, which for the first time brings the poems within the reach of all lovers of poetry, should make the late Laureate's name a "household word" in the most literal sense, for no household will any longer have an excuse for being without its copy of Tennyson in a readable and permanent form.

* * * * *

The numerous readers of that charming and popular book, "Elizabeth and her German Garden" (which has reached a sale of four thousand copies, and is still in constant demand) will be glad to learn that Messrs. MACMILLAN have now issued the new volume from the pen of the same author entitled *The Solitary Summer*, which they recently announced for publication, and in which she takes her readers into her confidence as to the results of passing a summer in her delightful country home without any interruption from visitors.

* * * * *

The new and cheaper edition in one volume of Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's *France* has recently been published. It embraces all that was contained in the two large volumes of the original edition, together with the index, and is printed in a perfectly clear and readable type. This edition should prove a boon to the generality of students, and to all those interested in the history of France since the Great Revolution and in her present condition. Mr. Bodley's introduction to the work is full of valuable and useful explanation and information, as readers of the original edition will remember.

* * * * *

Mr. Stephen Gwynn contributes the new volume to the *Highways and Byways Series* of travel and topography in Great Britain and Ireland, and conducts his readers to the picturesque and interesting

surroundings of Donegal, and Antrim. He is ably seconded in his literary tour by the well known pencil of Mr. Hugh Thomson, which has added so greatly to the attractions of the former volumes in this popular series—"Devon and Cornwall," by Mr. Norway, and "North Wales," by Mr. Bradley. On this occasion Mr. Thomson appears for the first time as an illustrator of landscape, undertaking this as well as the studies of life and character by which his reputation has chiefly been made. It will be remembered that in the previous volumes of the series the landscape was treated by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

* * * * *

The new work from the pen of that popular writer, Major G. J. Younghusband, Queen's Own Corps of Guides, F.R.G.S., author of "On Short Leave to Japan," joint author of "The Relief of Chitral," etc., has recently been brought out, and is entitled *The Philippines and Round About*, with some account of British interests in these waters. The issue of the book, which describes the recent incidents in these islands, appears particularly opportune in the present condition of their affairs. It contains illustrations and a map.

* * * * *

The thirty-fifth annual publication of *The Statesman's Year-Book* is now ready for 1899, revised after official returns, and edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL.D., Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society. Of this publication *The Times* wrote: "Few books can be said to be indispensable; but among the limited number to which this praise can be given, room must unquestionably be found for *The Statesman's Year-Book*. It fills a place in the reference literature of the world such as no other publication of its kind, in any language, quite occupies." In the new volume there have necessarily been considerable alterations as the results of the events of the past year—the American war with Spain, the operations in the Soudan, the action of the European powers in China. It will be found that these various changes have been duly recorded. In other respects various modifications have been made, and the statistical and other information brought up to date throughout the whole work. The maps include a map of Africa, showing the railways, river routes, and telegraphs existing and projected; a map of Newfoundland, illustrating the French shore question; and a map showing the addition on the Chinese mainland to the colony of Hong-Kong. There are preliminary tables showing the Revenue, Expenditure, Debt, and Debt-charge of the principal countries of the world, as

also the commerce of these countries. It is believed that no other annual is of so much service to all who have to do with public affairs.

* * * * *

The ever increasing taste on the part of the public for the great astronomer poet of Persia, *Omar Khayyám's Rubáiyát* as interpreted for modern readers by Edward Fitzgerald, has induced Messrs. MACMILLAN to add this version to their well known "Golden Treasury Series." It is thus brought within the means of all, and will doubtless achieve an even larger measure of popularity. Indeed the first orders for this edition were so extensive as to cause a week's delay in publication.

* * * * *

The sixth volume of Professor Clifford Allbutt's *System of Medicine* is now ready, and Professor Welch's valuable paper upon Diseases of the Arteries is included in it. This volume of the series contains treatises on Diseases of the Circulatory System, of the Muscles, and of the Nervous System. The publication of the seventh and eighth volumes, completing the work, may be looked for shortly. They will include the treatment of Skin Diseases and Mental Diseases.

* * * * *

The re-issue of Mr. M. D. Chalmers' valuable book on *Local Government*, re-written at the hands of Mr. Blake Odgers, of the Middle Temple, will be a source of satisfaction to many. The book not only gives minute details as to a citizen's duties in his own county or parish, but adds the necessary and picturesque touch of the origin and history of those customs and laws which exist to day in forms, many of which have but little altered since the Anglo Saxon period. In the Introduction to the book it is stated that its object is to describe the existing machinery of local government in England, and to give a short account of those matters which are administered locally but which do not form the subject of separate volumes of the "English Citizen Series," and as no English institution is intelligible apart from its history, a brief historical sketch has been included in the description of the various local institutions which in the aggregate constitute our system of local government.

* * * * *

The ninth volume of Miss Yonge's popular *Cameos from English History* has just been published, and, beginning with the year 1730, gives forty clearly cut "cameos," or chapters of principal historical events in England, India, America, and France, bringing the volume up to the year 1796, and the Reign of Terror and the National Convention

in France. The series is so well known that to give details concerning the plan and style of treatment of the subject would be superfluous.

* * * * *

One of the Grenvilles is the title of Mr. Sidney Lysaght's new story, and readers of this author's last successful novel "The Marplot," will doubtless be attracted by this new work from his pen. It is a story of love and adventure in England and Ireland, and at sea, and the main thread of the narrative is of compelling interest.

* * * * *

A new and cheaper edition of some of the more popular volumes of that admirable collection of fiction hitherto known as *Bentley's Favourite Novels* is now being brought out by MESSRS. MACMILLAN at the moderate price of two shillings a volume, and already several of the best recognised stories have been issued. Other volumes of the Series and also some novels selected from MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S own list will be published two at a time, and twice a month, so that it will not be long before the public has access to a large body of excellent fiction at a price which is certain to attract a large demand.

* * * * *

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are now adding to their popular Three-and-Sixpenny Library the four best known novels of Mrs. Parr, viz. : *Adam and Eve*, *Dorothy Fox*, *Robin*, and *Loyalty George*. They have also reproduced the Life of *Marshal Macdonald*, *Mr. W. P. Frith's Reminiscences*, and *The Story of Richard Savage*, by Charles Whitehead, in this series ; while in their Half-Crown Prize Library, Kingsley's ever popular work for young people, *Madam How and Lady Why*, takes its place in addition to Mr. Warde Fowler's *Tales of the Birds*, both volumes being attractively and appropriately bound.

* * * * *

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. are issuing in monthly instalments an entirely new edition of the works of the eminent Canadian historian, Francis Parkman. The edition, which will be complete in twelve volumes, will be illustrated with twenty-four photogravure plates executed by Goupil from historical portraits and from original drawings. The text is that of the latest issue prepared for press by the author, who carefully revised and added to several of his works, not through change of views, but in the light of new documentary evidence. The works, the six first of which are already published, will be issued in the following order :

1. *Pioneers of France in the New World.* 1 vol.
2. *The Jesuits in North America.* 1 vol.
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9. *The Oregon Trail.* 1 vol.

* * * * *

Two new works of more than usual interest on ecclesiastical and theological subjects have recently been published. One is the Hulsean Lectures recently delivered at Cambridge by Archdeacon Wilson, now collected and issued under the title *The Gospel of the Atonement*, the other the collection of letters contributed by Sir William Harcourt to *The Times* on the various aspects of the Church question, and entitled *Lawlessness in the National Church*. The Bishop of Gibraltar has also issued through Messrs. MACMILLAN a pamphlet on *Confession in the Church of England*, which is a timely discussion of a question which is engaging much attention.

* * * * *

Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, the well known writer upon Economics, has just completed a new work which Messrs. MACMILLAN have published. It is entitled *The Philosophical Theory of the State*. The author explains in his preface that the present work is an attempt to express what he takes to be the fundamental ideas of a true social philosophy. He has criticized and interpreted the doctrines of certain well known thinkers only with the view of setting these ideas in the clearest light. This is the whole purpose of the book, and it is one which should commend it to a large circle of readers.

* * * * *

The Rev. E. H. Askwith, Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge, has enlarged and put into book form his Norrisian Prize Essay for 1898 on "The Locality of the Churches of Galatia." It is entitled *The Destination and Date of the Epistle to the Galatians*. In the author's able preface to the work will be found a clear exposition of his sources and intentions in respect to its composition and publication.

* * * * *

The latest addition to Messrs. MACMILLAN's very popular Sixpenny Series of favourite works is Mr. W. E. Norris's *My Friend Jim* which

has just been issued. Miss Florence Montgomery's "perennial" *Misunderstood* is to be the next volume of the series.

* * * * *

The fourth volume of the "Eversley Shakespeare" is now ready, and contains "Pericles," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest."

* * * * *

The reading public will doubtless welcome the new volume of *Interludes* (the 3rd of the series) which Messrs. MACMILLAN have just published for Mr. Horace Smith, whose former volumes of short essays and poems, grave and gay, have been so well appreciated. The present volume contains more miniature essays, poems both humorous and serious, and also some short stories.

* * * * *

Mr. Charles Booth, the writer of the well known work upon *The Aged Poor*, has supplemented his former efforts with a pamphlet in which he discusses the means by which the conditions of old age among the labouring poor may be alleviated through pensions. He goes into the matter, as might be expected, from a thoroughly practical point of view, giving tables and data in support of his proposals. The work should find its way into the libraries of economists as well as of philanthropists.

* * * * *

In an unpretentious pamphlet Dr. James Gairdner, under the title of *The English Reformation: What it Was, and What it has Done*, has reprinted from *The Guardian* his letter dealing with that most important crisis in the history of the Church of England. He states facts with great impartiality, and places his views of the position clearly before his readers.

* * * * *

Another pamphlet—from the pen of Dean Church—re-appears most opportunely at the present time when questions of ritual, and of the powers of the State in regard to the Church, are being so warmly discussed, and will probably attract a good deal of attention. It is entitled *On the Relations between Church and State*, and it originally appeared in the *Christian Remembrancer* as far back as 1850, but a clearly reasoned and temperate statement on this subject from such a writer as Dean Church can never be out of date.

*The following Publications were issued by
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* * * * *

The sixth volume of the *Cambridge Natural History*, which is now ready for publication, completes Dr. David Sharp's treatise on insects, the first instalment of which has been generally recognised as an invaluable contribution to entomology. The new volume, dealing with bees, wasps, ants, beetles, butterflies, and moths, should appeal to a large public. It will contain about 300 illustrations specially drawn for the work.

* * * * *

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* * * * *

A work on steam, gas, and oil engines coming from such an authority as Professor Perry should meet with a ready welcome from all engineers, and particularly when it is found that the admirable lucidity of the author's explanations is enhanced by innumerable and equally clear sketches and plans both in the text and as separate full-page illustrations. The work is likely to become a standard one in the literature of engineering.

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* * * * *

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